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THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

VOL. IV.

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THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

JUNE, 1894.

GRADUATES IN ARTS, 1894.

WILLIAM M'MASTER.

William Wardley McMaster, B.A., son of James Short McMaster, Esq., of Toronto, was born in Lancashire, England. He spent two years in a private residential school at Hornsey, near London, after which he completed a four years' course of study at Amersham Hall School, near Reading. In January, 1885, he came out to Canada and went into business with his father, in which he continued over four years. He was one of the most active and intelligent men on the staff, developed more than usual business capacity, and made himself so familiar with all departments of the trade, that he promised soon to become one of his father's most trusty and valuable aids in the management of his heavy business operations. But God had other work for young McMaster. Soon after his arrival in Canada, he had publicly professed his faith in Christ, and now the Lord laid upon his soul the crying necessities of the mission fields, and sounded loud in his heart the call for more earnest and consecrated laborers for the Master's vineyard. William McMaster resolved to leave the prizes of business to others, and prepare himself for the work of preaching the gospel. Entering McMaster University with the first class, he worked his way up, earnestly and indefatigably, in the face of serious drawbacks.

more especially an affection of his eyes, and succeeded in securing high standing, taking first class in most of his subjects at the final examinations. His graduation essay, published in our May number, received high encomiums from the Professors of Political Economy for its clear and masterly exposition of the principles and facts bearing upon the subject in hand. As a missionary, our young brother, by his manly Christian conduct, his faculty of easily and naturally adapting himself to even the humblest circumstances, and withal by his whole-hearted devotion to his work, soon wins the confidence of his people and finds a ready welcome to their homes and hearts.

WILLIAM POCOCK.

William Pocock, B.A., was born at Goderich, Ont. He gave early promise of future scholastic success in that he obtained his High School certificate at the age of 16. He was converted to Christ, and at 20 years of age began to preach. Woodstock College fostered this young preacher for two years. He then matriculated into McMaster University, and as a result of faithful steady work in a good all-round course, we find him ranking high among our first graduates in Arts. Indomitable pluck, rugged independence, and unflinching conscientiousness are among our brother's characteristics. He is withal a devout student of the Word of God, a zealous defender of the truth as it is in Jesus, and will doubtless prove himself an able minister of the New Testament. May God send our country and our denomination many such men! The fortunate church which has secured his services for the present is at Riceville in the historic Ottawa valley. It will be little wonder if he should be persuaded to make his permanent abode in some part of the "valley."

J. R. C.

HENRY ALFORD PORTER.

Henry Alford Porter, B.A., born at Fredericton, N.B., is a nephew of Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., of Calvary Church, Brantford, Ont. He received his preparatory training for University work in the Collegiate School of his native city, where on graduation, he won the Douglas silver medal for proficiency in Clas-

sics. In October, 1889, he matriculated into the University of New Brunswick, and was awarded the Wilmot scholarship for general proficiency. In the autumn of 1892, he joined the classes in McMaster University, where he was at once recognized as a student of bright promise, and with eminent qualifications for the legal profession which he had chosen for his life work. In February, 1893, however, it pleased our Heavenly Father to reveal to him the wondrous love and self-sacrifice of His Son Jesus Christ, and with new views of life and its responsibilities, came the full surrender of all his plans and aspirations to the will of God. The influence of this new experience upon Bro. Porter's life has been most marked; it has given great joy to his friends and class-mates with whom he is a general favorite, and been a matter of peculiar satisfaction to his professors, who all rejoice that talents of so high an order, and unusual powers, developed by long and thorough study, are now to be devoted to the Master's service. As was to be expected, Mr. Porter graduated with honors, receiving first class in regular and special work in Classics. He is spending the vacation in mission service at Sunderland and Brock, where we wish him a happy summer and encouraging success in his new work.

EDGAR RUSSELL.

Edgar Russell, B.A., spent his boyhood on the farm and at the country school near Millbrook, Durham County, where he was born, August 14th, 1867. At the age of fifteen he entered the Port Hope High School, and in three years had taken a position as a public school teacher. In 1889 he went to Woodstock College to prepare for matriculation, but also with a secret hope that he might find the light for which he longed. Through college comrades and professors he was led to Christ. His sympathies at that time were with the Methodists, and some of us know how well he stood by them. Returning home after a stay of three months at Woodstock, he was baptized and received into a Baptist church in the following September, and shortly afterwards decided to study for the ministry. He matriculated into Toronto University and also wrote on first year work. Though strongly inclined to continue his

course there, he finally decided to join the first class of McMaster where his course has been marked by success in every department. He has always been regarded by both professors and students as among the best students of the class of '94. In Philosophy especially, his work has been eminently satisfactory. As a speaker, he is forcible and convincing. His style is suggestive, rather than exhaustive. He has made many close friends at college and is esteemed by all. Judging from his success in the past, as pastor and preacher, we predict for Mr. Russell a sphere of very wide influence and usefulness, while his sterling worth and thorough scholarship will bring nothing but honor to his Alma Mater.

JOHN R. CRESSWELL.

John R. Cresswell, B.A., a noble representative of his nation, came from England just in time to cast in his college lot with the aspirants for Arts graduation in '94. He had, after a good Post Office discipline, taken a year in Nottingham College, England, and had done considerable preaching before he determined to try the life of a Canadian. We think he did very wisely in coming here to take his college c urse, since he intended to serve Canadian Baptist Churches. Every man has his strong side. Mr. Cresswell, besides surpassing the average student, in general culture, possesses special advantages in his gift for public speaking. He is a practical, forcible and popular preacher. He easily and quickly wins the hearts of his hearers. In his deliberate delivery, fluent use of language, fine presence and magnificent bass voice, he bears, as I have heard a good many remark, a striking resemblance to one of Boston's famous preachers. If he did not stand among the first as an obtainer of marks, he certainly added considerable lustre to Class '94 by his literary and preaching talents. W. P.

BENJAMIN W. N. GRIGG.

Benjamin W. N. Grigg, B.A., is a native of Exeter, Ont., where, on leaving the public schools, he for some time assisted his father and brother in the book and stationery business. Here it was, while selling books, that he became desirous of

knowing something of what they contained. The influence of a thoroughly Christian home gradually awakened in his mind deep spiritual anxiety which resulted in his conversion. With his brother Ernest, now a missionary in Burmah, he was baptized in the Talbot St. Church, London, by Pastor Alex. Grant. His heart, already inclined to active service for the Master, was strongly drawn to the ministry by his brother's example, and after careful study of God's Word and prayerful consideration, he decided upon the same course. In Sept., 1887, he entered Woodstock College, where he pursued his studies with diligence and success. His work at McMaster was from the first earnest and thorough, and made him a strong man in the esteem of his instructors. His teachers at Woodstock had fostered in his mind a love for English literature, and kindred spirits had taught him to feel the beauty and charm of the poet's art. The English Course in McMaster responded generously to his heart's deep longings, and probably no student in the class has drunk with more satisfaction than he at this fountain of wisdom and delight. His own poetical powers have been quickened, stimulated and cultivated to the point of fine fruition, many of his numerous contributions of verse to the columns of the McMaster Monthly being, in respect of conception and imagery, finish and beauty of expression, deserving of high praise. Mr. Grigg has through his whole course given much attention to elocution, and ranks high as a public speaker. During vacations he has preached on several mission fields; his work at West Toronto Junction last summer was productive of great good. At present he is preaching, and we have no doubt, doing honor to McMaster and Canadian Baptists at Farmersville, N. Y.

MINNIE SMITH.

Miss Minnie Smith, B.A., daughter of Elder Smith, well-known to the Baptist Churches of Western Ontario, came to McMaster from the Orangeville High School, where she had completed the course prescribed for the First Class departmental examinations, and where she had enjoyed special advantages in the study of English Language and Literature. She has been throughout her whole course an earnest and faithful student,

has read widely in all her subjects, especially in English and Modern Languages, in which she took the extra work, and always gave a good account of herself in her classes and examinations. She will now devote her life and excellent training to the teaching profession in which she has already had considerable experience. Miss Smith is one of McMaster's warmest and most loyal friends, and recognizes in an admirable spirit her responsibility in maintaining the fair name of the University. She wields a fluent pen, and we shall not be surprised if the public, ere long, have the advantage of it. There is abundant room for every form of Christian influence and life in our wide land, and McMaster students will, we believe, do their part worthily in every sphere. In this morning's papers (June 25), the name of Miss M. Smith figures in the list of successful candidates for First Class Certificates at the School of Pedagogy.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

Leonard A. Therrien, B.A., son of Rev. A. L. Therrien, of the French Baptist Church, Montreal, was born at St. Michel, P. Q. After courses of study at the Feller Institute and the Vermont Academy, he entered Brown University in Sept., 1889, where he proceeded to the end of the sophomore year. Coming to McMaster in the Fall of 1891, he took one year in Theology, then entered the Arts Department *ad eundem* and completed the regular course of the Third and Fourth Years, with special work in English. Young Therrien's efforts to earn his way through a college course are greatly to his credit, and furnish another striking proof of the fact that no manly young Canadian need doubt of success who is determined to win his spurs, and holds himself ready to seize and make the most of any honest work which may offer itself. While an ardent student and admirer of French Literature, including the magnificent poetical productions of his own province, Mr. Therrien is a good English scholar and speaker, possessing in a large degree the natural eloquence and gracefulness characteristic of so many of his countrymen. Our brother's heart has for a number of years been in the work of French evangelization, to which he will devote himself after further special preparation.

HENRY C. PRIEST.

Henry C. Priest, B.A., is in every respect a product of our own schools. He is a graduate of Woodstock College, for which he ever cherishes the warmest friendship. He entered McMaster when the Arts Course was begun, has just donned the white hood of a Bachelor of Arts, and will come up next October to take a full Theological Course. Intense earnestness of purpose and great powers of application and endurance were necessary to carry to splendid success a heavy course of study, and at the same time bear all the burdens involved in the faithful discharge of the manifold duties of the pastorate. Mr. Priest has gained the reputation of being a very thoughtful student, a careful and yet rapid worker, conscientious and painstaking in preparation for his class exercises. Though by no means disposed to neglect any part of the course, he early showed a strong predilection for the study of Philosophy and Ethics, and in this department has read and studied with the assiduity and enthusiasm of one who finds in lectures and textbooks the very joy and life of his soul. Of course he could not fail to be one of Prof. Foster's right hand men. His essay on Ethics and Evolution, which we publish in the present number, is the production of a man who has thoroughly studied his ground and is sure of his position. He is conscientious and accurate in his presentation of the points under discussion, so that Darwin and Herbert Spencer themselves would certainly accept his statement of their theories, whatever they might think of his acute and fearless criticisms of their claims and conclusions. McMaster has among her students and graduates no man more loyal to her high ideals, and his interest in the University, and indeed in all departments of Christian education, promises well for her interests in the years to come.

ELIZA P. WELLS.

Eliza P. Wells, B.A., was born at Woodstock, Ont., and received her preparatory training in Woodstock College. After finishing the course prescribed for Junior Matriculation, she left school and took a course in stenography, which she taught for several years in Toronto, and afterwards in a Ladies' College in

New Brunswick. On the opening of McMaster University Arts Department in 1890, she joined the first class and took the full Arts Course with special work in English. Miss Wells' course in English has been in the highest degree satisfactory. Naturally fond of study and passionately so of English literature, she has thrown her best energies into her work, and being quick to improve every hint and with a mind disposed to independent research, it is no wonder that her exercises were a never failing source of pleasure to her instructors. As a writer she displays a wealth of information which comes only from wide and thorough reading, a power and confidence in development and exposition that mark maturity of thought, and that accuracy of taste and judgment which secures success. She has been a frequent contributor to the pages of the University magazine; her poems in THE MCMASTER MUSE are admittedly among the very best of the selection. As a teacher of English, we predict for Miss Wells an exceptionally brilliant career.

ANNIE M. MCKAY.

Annie M. McKay was born in Grimsby, Ont. Here she spent her early school-days and passed the entrance examinations to the High School. After this she went to London and attended the Collegiate Institute for four years. In 1890 she went south and while there attended the Southern Female College at La Grange, Georgia, graduating, and taking a gold medal for proficiency. On her return to Toronto in 1891 she entered McMaster University, where she has taken the full Arts Course, in addition to special work in Mathematics, in which she has shown exceptional ability. She now holds the position of Mathematical Teacher in Moulton Ladies' College, where her success is already assured.

CHARLES N. MITCHELL.

Smallest of old '94 in physical stature but by no means so in mental endowments, Charles N. Mitchell, B.A., has won the esteem of his class-mates by his steadfast adherence to principle, oftentimes at the sacrifice of popularity. Let Charlie but once be sure in what direction his path of duty leads, and he

will pursue it through fire and water. Occasionally it happens that he even kicks up the dust in the face of his friends, but this only increases their respect for him, as it soon becomes manifest that it has been done in fearless integrity, yet none the less in the spirit of love. Believing that character rather than brilliancy is honored by God in the regeneration of society, we predict without any misgivings a career of great usefulness for our class-mate. Another prominent trait of Bro. Mitchell's character is best described by the popular term *stick-to-it-iveness*. Though compelled to spend in hard work on the farm the precious years which others better favored pass in high schools, he has not only kept pace with a strong University class, but by patience and perseverance secured a very honorable standing in the different years of his Arts Course. From such a union then of integrity, tenacity and culture, large and satisfactory results may be confidently expected.

CARSON J. CAMERON.

Carson J. Cameron, B.A., son of Rev. John Cameron, Tiverton, Ont, was born in Peterborough. For five years he attended the Public Schools of Claremont, Lindsay and Almonte. Another period of five years was spent in High School work, at Almonte, Walkerton, Hamilton Collegiate Institute and Woodstock College. Mr. Cameron began teaching at the age of sixteen, which he followed for about seven years, interrupted only by attendance at the Normal School in Toronto. Having already completed one year in Arts at Toronto University, he entered McMaster in 1890, joining the Arts Class the following year. He took honors in Mathematics at Junior Matriculation, but at McMaster he specialized in Classics, taking first class standing in regular and special work at the final examinations. On the establishment of the UNIVERSITY MONTHLY three years ago, he was elected Business Manager, and has rendered most efficient service, the success of the advertizing department especially being almost entirely due to his untiring energy and remarkable powers of persuasion. His advice to young hands at this work is quite characteristic: "Have a skin like an elephant, and so time your visit and choose your words that you

are master of the situation within two minutes after entering a man's office." A man of so much energy and unusual executive ability must of necessity be a lively element in college life, and certainly nothing has been allowed to stagnate with which Carson had anything to do. Trustworthy and obliging at all times, he is a favorite with students and professors alike, and one whose place will not easily be filled. He is a ready and telling speaker, and having had considerable experience in mission work, we have no doubt he will satisfy the great expectations of even so intelligent and critical congregations as those at Cheltenham and Edmonton which have this summer been entrusted to his care.

HARRY L. M'NEIL.

Harry L. McNeil, B.A., son of Rev. D. McNeil, of Toronto, was born in Paisley, Bruce County, and received the greater part of his public school training in Ormond, near Ottawa. Harry took kindly to study. At an early age, he entered the Walkerton High School where he spent more than three profitable years and successfully passed the Third and Second Class departmental examinations. Here too, under the able instruction of Mr. Joseph Morgan, M.A., he prepared for Junior Matriculation into Toronto University in 1889, at which he obtained first class honors in Classics. In 1890, having decided to consecrate himself to the work of preaching the Gospel, he was led to enroll himself in the first Arts Class of McMaster University. His excellent ability, commendable diligence and thorough preparation enabled him to take and maintain a high stand in all the subjects embraced in his course of study. The four years spent in McMaster have, he claims, been to him "years full of the highest advantages not only intellectually but also spiritually." The high place which the college records accord him as a student is only surpassed by the still higher place his modest bearing and many amiable qualities have won for him in the esteem and affection of both his instructors and fellow-students.

P. S. C.

HARRY E. STILLWELL.

One of the foremost members of the historic class, both in point of ability and of general work, is Mr. Harry E. Stillwell, B.A., a brother of our honored and successful missionary, Rev. J. R. Stillwell. Born near Cheapside, Haldimand Co., he spent his boyhood days on the farm, where he acquired the strong frame and robust constitution which have stood him so well in all the arduous efforts of his student life. Fond of study and possessing a natural aptitude for teaching, he early found his way into the teaching profession, in which he spent some years with eminent success. Two years ago, during Prof. Robertson's illness at Woodstock College, Mr. Stillwell was recommended by the Faculty of McMaster to fill the temporary vacancy, which he did with such ability as to call forth the highest praise from students and teachers alike. His brother's departure for India drew his thoughts to the appalling needs of the heathen world, and he determined to prepare himself for foreign mission work. The character of his University course has gained him an enviable reputation as a laborious and successful student. His labors in various mission fields during vacations have proved him to be an efficient workman, and won in a marked degree the affections of the people. At present he has charge of the church in Tiverton. Bro. Stillwell is a manly man and a Christlike Christian. His unaffected manner, his Christian bearing and sterling worth have won him hosts of friends, both in and out of college. We predict for him a life of great usefulness in the service of his Master. H. C. P.

JAMES JOSIAH REEVE.

James Josiah Reeve, B.A., was born in Guelph, Ont., but spent most of his life until the age of 22 on a farm in the Township of Puslinch. He then entered the Collegiate Institute of his native city, where he remained about two years and a half. It was during this period that our brother, after years of conviction and anxiety, was led by the divine spirit into the light and liberty of the gospel, and made a public profession of his faith in the Second Baptist Church (now Trinity). Beginning to

preach soon after his baptism, and meeting with encouraging success in these efforts, and besides seeing other convincing indications of divine guidance, Bro. Reeve decided to consecrate his life to the gospel ministry. He joined the first Arts Class at McMaster in the Autumn of 1891, and soon came to be regarded by his professors as one of the strongest men in the class, particularly in the subjects of Philosophy and Ethics, in which his strong grasp and thorough mastery of his work have been most favorably commented upon. His essay on the Mechanism of Consciousness, read before the Faculty, gave evidence of profound study and remarkable familiarity with the best thought on this subject; and taken with other essays on kindred topics by the graduates, reminded one what a powerful influence in the moulding of our young Baptist thought is wielded by our Professor of Philosophy, and how deeply grateful all interested in McMaster should feel that he who occupies this so important chair is the scholarly and spiritually fervent Christian gentleman, Dr. George B. Foster.

HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN ITS RELATION TO HOME LIFE.

Fifty years ago, when the so-called "woman movement" was just beginning on this continent, there were only thirteen occupations open to women, and but one college,—Oberlin—where they might pursue an advanced course of study, if they had sufficient resolution and courage to overcome the obstacles in their way. The struggles of the would-be educated woman of those early days are well illustrated in the career of the brave and self-sacrificing, if peculiar, Lucy Stone, who for years picked berries and taught district school for a mere pittance to earn enough to take her to college. Once there, she managed to live on fifty cents a week, and indulged in but one new gown during all her college course. Nor might a woman-graduate in those days do anything so unfeminine as to read her own essay in public. (One of the professors did it for her.) But the star of woman's education had begun to glow, and before the life work of Mrs. Emma Hart Willard and Mary Lyons was finished, it shone with a light that shall never grow dim. To-day, fifty years from the time when Lucy Stone entered Oberlin, nearly every college-door in America is open to women and they hold their own in no less than 342 occupations. The latter fact was abundantly testified to at the World's Fair last year, where the Woman's Congress was a revelation to many of what women are doing in the busy world. The spectacle of the thousands of many nationalities, representing every occupation and profession conceivable, filling the Woman's Building day after day, to listen to the reports of the enlightenment and progress of their sisters the wide world over, while they also discussed, through a multiplicity of organizations, themes religious and political, literary and artistic, social and sociological, called forth divers opinions and comments from the thinking public. True, there was a grand massing of the forces of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, The King's Daughters, White Ribbon Societies, and many other such noble organizations which argued well for the protection of the most vital interests of heart and home, but it was nevertheless evident that the predominating element in this great gathering was the professional woman,—an element of

conscious and growing power. This fact with its apparent inferences has tended to confirm in some minds serious doubts concerning the results of higher education for women. "Where will this craze of our educated women for public life stop? they cry. Is not this college-training robbing our homes by rendering our daughters discontented with the simple duties and pleasures of domestic life, and impelling them to seek instead the turmoil and excitement of a 'career'? Let us keep our girls from too much book-lore if our homes are to suffer on account of it." And to this conclusion not a few would say "Amen," it it could be proved to rest on a sound basis. But those who argue in this fashion should remember that it is a law of reforms to run to extremes; that the great pendulum of change never stops at the golden mean, but swings far past, till it reaches the point at which reaction must begin. So, reaction must come in the woman movement; and the present rush of our ambitious girls into every department of active life is no more to be considered as the final and only outcome of higher education, than is the first soaring of a long-caged bird eagerly trying to the utmost its unused power of wing, the measure of its average future flight; or than the first dashing surge and spray of a mighty torrent against the sides of a newly found channel marks its real depth and force. The true and permanent result of higher education for women must be judged not alone by the achievements (brilliant though they be) of the comparatively small number who make their way into public life, but chiefly and rightly by its effect on the majority of women, the average women, who control the destiny of the nation from the seat of its greatest power, the home. If this test hold, if the standards of home life become higher, its influences stronger and purer because of the increased intellectual development of the women who make or mar it,—then through its sovereign sway all life will become richer and better.

But there is still a widely-held opinion that there is a sort of antagonism between higher education (using the term in the commonly accepted meaning of University training)and domestic life. This arises in part, no doubt, from the conception of education as a means to a practical end,—a utility which must be directly convertible into dollars and cents. Many have a feeling

that it is a waste of time for a girl to study Greek and Philosophy, if she intends merely to live quietly at home afterwards and play the part of daughter of the house in domestic and social relations. To the son, not infrequently, the college education is given as a matter of course, while to the daughter it is too often granted rather in the spirit of Mr. Glegg in the "Mill on the Floss," when he says to his nephew "Now's the time to let us see the good of all this schoolin'. Let us see whether you can do better than I can, as have made my fortin' without it." So many a girl feels it incumbent upon her to enter some special calling simply to show expectant and perhaps cynical eyes that her education *can* bring her in some sense a fortune. But the first and greatest end of education is not to enable one to earn a livelihood, but to fulfil life; not to make one an "intelligent tool" for practical purposes, but to develope the nature and strengthen every power of mind and body with a view to the *complete* man or woman. To this supreme end all practical aims are subordinate, and may not in all cases be necessary or desirable. In the words of Dudley Warner, "the world will take a long step ahead when people get the idea that education is a good thing in itself without reference to its practical uses."

Again, there are those who, although they do not consider the higher education of women as antagonistic to home life, still fail to see its importance in that connection. How often we hear such expressions of opinion as the following:—"Yes, we have sent two of our daughters to college, as one of them intends to teach and the other to become a doctor, but Millie is going to be our home-bird, so she will get all the education she needs at the High School, with perhaps a year at some good boarding school to finish with." Such reasoning, especially where financial considerations are not involved, leads one to enquire "On what ground is this difference made in the preparation of these girls for their life work? Why should the girl who expects to live at home receive inferior educational advantages to her sisters who are to find their work outside the home? Is not the mental training that enables one to perceive, to grasp, to think, to judge, clearly and strongly, as necessary in the home-sphere as in the duties of the teacher and doctor?" If not, the natural conclusion is that the home-sphere affords a lower and

less noble calling for a woman than a professional career, for it is true that in every department of activity the highest and finest grades of work demand the best-trained and most skilful workmen. But since this conclusion will not be granted, even by those most strongly opposed to the higher education of women, it is necessary to look for other reasons to support this position. One of these undoubtedly is the idea referred to before, that too much education has a tendency to unfit a girl for home-life by rendering her discontented with its simple and quiet duties. It is feared that its tasks will become drudgery in the light of her wider knowledge and higher aspirations. Hence the caricatures that are so often drawn of the girl just returned from boarding school where she has acquired stronger inclinations for the hammock and novel-reading than for making herself useful. Such a product, let it be most emphatically said, is never the result of too much education but always of too little, or of none at all. A process that develops frivolity and idleness and that gives, instead of high ideals, false and shallow views of life, is the very antithesis of every true conception of education.

This brings us to the question "What *is* this higher education and what does it do for one that so fully repays the large outlay of time and money, and the absorbing demands that it makes upon some of the best years of life." A very common notion of what a college-course means may be inferred from the frequency with which the graduate is greeted by her friends with such remarks as "Well, you have spent four years learning things, but I suppose four months will be long enough for you to forget them in"; as if the mind were a sort of warehouse for the storage of facts which were presumably shelved there in packages labelled "Latin," "History," "Mathematics," according to contents, and which were to be disposed of by degrees, till in course of time the original condition of emptiness would be restored. It is indeed true that many of the facts accumulated by the toil of these years of study will be lost; but the impress made upon the mental fibre by the effort of mastering them will never be lost, it is a possession that will be transmitted to all the ages through the contact of mind with mind. The value of education does not lie in the facts acquired, but in the power it gives of acquiring facts, or to borrow a phrase, "Not

in the having but in the getting knowledge." The student learns to see where formerly all was dark, to think for herself instead of unquestioningly accepting the conclusions of others, to form unprejudiced judgments because of her wider knowledge of conditions and relations. More than all, education is a lasting process. It is not like a flower that has reached its maturity on graduation day and immediately begins to wither. It is rather like a vigorous living tree which continues to send forth fresh branches and to strike its roots ever deeper all through life. A course of study cannot take the student very far into the vast wonderland of knowledge, but it should thoroughly equip him for the journey and furnish him with a guide whereby he may safely and profitably conduct his own explorations.

To come more closely to the subject, let us take into consideration some of the practical ways in which higher education benefits a woman in the ordinary walks of life. In the first place, it brings new and wider interests into her life by giving her an intelligent apprehension of what is going on in the world, and awakes a spirit of thoughtful and stimulating enquiry into the great questions of the day, social, political, and religious. Her newspaper reading for example will not be confined to that mincemeat of sentiment and recipe so frequently dignified by the name "Woman's Column."

Again, higher education cannot fail to teach her to see life in truer proportions by setting forth more clearly the relations between its physical, mental and spiritual sides, and showing her the position in which her own little world stands to the universe. Society, fashion, novel-reading, each possibly good in its place, will not usurp too great a share of a life full of strong and noble aims and earnest purposes.

But further, it opens to her a never-failing fund of resources fitted to relieve the monotony and loneliness of the most barren surroundings. However dark and limited her present horizon, the woman of culture and education has always at her command the inexhaustible treasures of the past, and may when she will, hold companionship with the wisest and best of all ages,—going to them as to unfailing friends for comfort and counsel, for rest and inspiration. She has learned with Mrs. Browning the art of "gloriously forgetting" herself and plunging "soul-forward,

headlong into a book's profound." Moreover with the aid of the books of men she is learning to read a little in the book of Nature, endless and most fascinating, combining wonders of history, prophecy, and poetry. Henceforth the sky has a deeper meaning for her, the waters a sweeter song, the forests grander messages. She realizes as never before that "The world is bright with beauty, and its days are filled with music."

But perhaps the greatest good that education accomplishes for a woman is in inspiring her with high ideals of life and conduct. It is undeniably true in every activity of life, that the individual with a high aim, other things being equal, does better work than the one with a low or indefinite aim in view. So the woman who has before her that transcendent vision of the possibilities of life which constitutes a perfect ideal, possesses that which will inspire her to highest effort amidst any and all circumstances in which duty may place her. However narrow her circle, by such magic it may embrace the universe; however dull outwardly her life, in such a light every humble task may become a radiant aspiring thing pointing upward and onward. Such a view of life places in a woman's hand a lever of wonderful power wherewith she raises the standard of living not only in her own home, but also in the community in which she lives. For, if we hold the thought of education previously stated, which is the view of the greatest educators of the day, that its aim is to make the complete man and woman, or in other words to fulfil the Ethical Life in its broadest and fullest sense, then its very essence is contained in the word *service*. Self-culture for the sake of *service*, not *self*. This was the thought that inspired Catherine Booth, one of the grandest women of our age, to say: "The woman who would serve her generation according to the will of God must make moral and intellectual culture the chief business of life." As an example of complete and beautiful womanhood, she presents an unanswerable argument to the objection made to the higher education of women, chiefly by people of the Grant Allen order of mind, who say that too great a development of the intellect deadens and dwarfs the emotional nature. They apparently wish to intimate that heart is a quality belonging to the feminine constitution which the process of study will bleach out of it as the color can be bleached out of celery or

cabbage. Until there is a stronger proof that woman is so closely allied to the vegetable kingdom, we may be pardoned for believing that both head and heart in woman as well as in man may be cultivated together and "continue to make one music as before but vaster." Not in too great but in too exclusive a development of the intellect lies the danger such thinkers apprehend.

Finally, let us consider for a moment the true position of women in the home. If it be that state of queenly rule, which, as Ruskin has pointed out, has been ascribed by all great authors to their heroines; if Shakespeare, Spenser, Scott, Dante, and many more, were right in making their ideal women strong and beautiful in character, unerring in counsel, unwavering in faith, exercising boundless influence on the lives and destinies of those connected with them, then there rests upon every woman an untold weight of power and responsibility in the relations of home. In view of these things no preparation can be too great, no discipline too complete, to aid her in fulfiling this ideal of that truest, wisest and most beautiful sovereignty which controls not only the physical welfare of the household, but also to a great extent, its intellectual and spiritual interests as well.

The day is coming when women will appreciate more generally the truth of Mrs. Browning's words, "Life means, be sure, both heart and head, both active, both complete, and both in earnest." Then, and not before will they realize the true extent of their empire, will they understand that through their homes they rule the world; that seated in the heart of power, they touch the ends of the earth with their sceptres. When this clear vision comes to them they will rise grandly to their responsibilities, recognizing that, humanly speaking, it is in their power and theirs alone to abolish every evil, to carry every reform, to fill all hearts with noble aims and aspirations,—to evangelize the world.

E. P. Wells.

GRADUATES IN THEOLOGY, 1894.

CHARLES W. KING.

C. W. King was born at Antigonish, N.S., where he spent his boyhood and early schooldays. Converted and uniting with the church at Antigonish at the age of seventeen, his mind began to turn towards the work of the Gospel ministry, till at length he decided to spend his life in some kind of missionary labor. With this in view he packed his trunk and started for Woodstock College, where he remained till he had completed the collegiate course. During the summer vacations he preached at Port Dover, Burgoyne and Elderslie, and Springfield. During his theological course at McMaster, he did student pastoral work at Grant, Russel Co., in the summer of '92, and at Virgil in the summer of '93. Bro. King is an earnest Christian, caring more for the salvation of souls than for theological discussions, though by no means regardless of the distinctions between truth and falsehood, and he loves the work of the Gospel with all his heart. In the class-room, he showed a mind less speculative than practical, less careful for logical accuracy than for positive consequences. Bro. King will surprise and disappoint us if he does not succeed in winning many souls to Christ. He bids fair to prove himself a typical Home Missionary, being always interested in the work on the most needy fields. True to this character, he did not, on graduation, strike out for some big church, but chose, as his field of labor, a mission in the city of Kingston, Ontario. He is already wedded to his work, and we congratulate the Kingston people. G. C.

ALEXANDER P. KENNEDY.

This warm-hearted genial soul was born in Victoria Co., near Dunsford, where he grew in stature as well as mental power. In due time he found his way to Woodstock College, where he played football and prepared for McMaster. His course at McMaster extending over four years has been thorough and satisfactory. He goes to the work of the Gospel ministry with fine physique, dauntless energy and zeal, and all who know him expect much from him.

C·W·KING
A·P·KENNEDY
J·P·McINTYRE
H·P·WHIDDEN
THOS DOOLITTLE
GEO CROSS
W·A·GUNTON
J·A·KENNEDY
S·S·WEAVER

His conversion was the result of meetings held by a detachment of the Saved Army; his religious experiences and pulpit efforts are of the strongly emotional type; he has been more than ordinarily successful, and now, with a well rounded course, a strong body and good mind, we are confident that he will soon make his mark.

The subject of his graduating essay was "Manliness in Preaching." We venture to predict he will stand as a fair example of the principle for which he contended.

His college companions will miss him very much indeed; he had numerous ardent friends, to whom no one will be the same as the inimitable Alick.

J. P. M'INTYRE.

A visitor to the great North-West in the summer of 1889 would have found a Baptist physician in the enterprising village of Pilot Mound. The doctor, J. P. McIntyre, was the church clerk, a deacon and an active Sunday school worker in the new, clean, bright looking building newly erected and dedicated to the worship of God by the Baptists. No one who thus came to know of the ardent young doctor's devotion to his church and his Master would be greatly surprised to discover that already in his heart was a growing conviction that he was called to preach the gospel. Three years of faithful work he has done at McMaster; three years of earnest preparation in Theology added to his previous literary and medical acquirements made of him a strong man; he goes to his work in Moose Jaw well armed. The doctor, so he has been lovingly called among the boys, has been a great favorite. Any one could be pardoned for envying him his unbounded popularity. Unswerving, earnest, manly, has been his life through his whole course; all have been more or less indebted to him for medical and other assistance, which he gladly gave. He was during his last year's work chairman of the dining-room and Executive Committee of the college, the most honorable and trusty position to which his fellow students could elect him.

HOWARD P. WHIDDEN.

Not least among the names of the distinguished graduating class in Theology of '94 is that of Howard P. Widden, B.A., B.Th. He hails from Nova Scotia, the land that has given our denomination so many good and honored men. Howard is a graduate of Acadia College. During the first two of his three sessions in McMaster, he filled successfully the very difficult position of teacher and student. No doubt some of the members of his own class and of the junior Theological classes will one day become famous as pulpit orators, and no little share of their glory will be due to the training received in his class in elocution. Although thus carrying a double burden, he always ranked among the highest at examinations. He loved McMaster and always showed the deepest sympathy with all her interests. However she may have served him, we know he was true to her, and that she is greatly honored by the presence of such gentlemen as Howard P. Whidden. We are sorry to loose him, but the world sorely needs such men, and we trust that God in his providence will enable him to accomplish the work before him. T. D.

THOMAS DOOLITTLE.

Four years ago the writer saw Thos. Doolittle, B.A., B.Th., 'wearing a gown'—what there was left of it—in Manitoba College. He had been sitting at the feet of the venerable and honorable Dr. King. He wrestled with Latin and Greek roots and philosophical and other problems until, by due and lawful proceedings, he was admitted *ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus.* His early Christian work in the Sunday School at Brooklin, Ont., is still fragrant in the memory of those who knew him before he emigrated to the Prairie City, but his heart went out to the larger work of full preparation for the gospel ministry. Three years of theological study, plus the course in Arts taken in Manitoba College, should make of Mr. Doolittle a man well trained. It is true, no amount of college drill will compensate for the absence of common sense, native born, but in this feature Thos. Doolittle is specially gifted. A young man of tact, perseverance, kindly geniality and simple, true faith in God, he goes

forth to tell the old story. Those who were called to mourn the loss of his beloved brother a few months since will now rejoice that his place is to be filled. Those who knew the pure and Christ-like brother in his life work, cannot wish Tom a higher blessing than that the mantle of the departed may fall upon the younger brother that has just graduated.

GEORGE CROSS.

George Cross, B.A., B.Th., was born in 1862 at Bewdley, Ont. At the age of 17 he was converted and joined the Methodist Church, but in less than a year conviction led him to become a Baptist. After teaching school for some time, he entered Woodstock College, where he remained about two years, taking senior matriculation in the spring of '85. In the fall of '87 he became pastor of the Ormond and Westminster churches. In September '88, after graduation from Toronto University, Bro Cross was ordained, and a year later, took charge of the little church at Calgary, N.W.T., where he remained about two years and a half. Under his ministry, a meeting-house was erected, the church was greatly blessed and became one of our strong points in the North West. Returning to Toronto in 1892, he took a heavy course in Theology at McMaster, and graduated this year with great credit to himself and his professors. Bro. Cross is not only a strong, earnest and sympathetic preacher of gospel truth, but he has proved himself to be a thorough student of Theology, Languages and Science. He took first class honors in Classics at Senior Matriculation, the first scholarship in Metaphysics in the second and third years, and the gold medal at graduation. The essay on 'Jesus' thought of Himself,' read by Mr. Cross at the recent Commencement Exercises, was a masterly production and won for him many enthusiastic admirers among those who heard it.

K.

W. A. GUNTON.

William Arthur Gunton was born in Vittoria but spent his boyhood days in Simcoe, where he was sent to the Public and High Schools. After a couple of years at the latter, he was sent to complete his collegiate course at Woodstock College. While yet a mere lad, he became deeply interested in religious instruction

and experienced conviction of sin, and when enabled to believe in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, he was baptized by Rev. Dr. McDonald. The sincerity of his religious profession showed itself in the search for opportunities of Christian activity, which he found in efforts to instruct and spiritually benefit the poor and despised negroes of Simcoe, for whom he had himself once cherished feelings of contempt. Coming to Toronto, he soon interested himself in the Eastern Avenue Mission, then under the care of Rev. C. A. Cook, who, as a result of conversation with Mr. Gunton, encouraged him to study with a view to ministerial work. After three years spent in the studies of the English Theological Course at McMaster, he is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Barrie, where he was recently ordained. Bro. Gunton is an able and instructive preacher. It certainly is not a little to his credit that his first congregation is one long instructed by the scholarly theologian Walker, and afterwards roused to religious enthusiasm by the eminent church-filler Ralph Trotter.

J. A. KENNEDY.

The birth and early days of J. A. Kennedy must be associated with the township of Emily, Victoria Co. For the larger part of his life he has been under Methodist influence and instruction and early imbibed Methodist principles. Conversion to God deepened into conviction that he was called to high service in the Lord's vineyard. He attended for four years Albert College, Belleville, but by the simple unassisted study of the New Testament, was led to see that the doctrine of baptism as practised by the Baptists, was the only scriptural form. He was baptized by the late lamented Henry Ware, of Lindsay. His course in McMaster, completed in one year, was supplementary to the work he had done in Belleville, and he goes to the work of the Baptist ministry with good preparation and prayerful good wishes.

SOLOMON S. WEAVER

Was born at St. Catharines. After leaving the Public Schools, he spent some time at Woodstock College, from which he entered Madison University, Hamilton, N.Y. His father's health failing, Mr. Weaver was obliged to give up his studies and spend the

next five years in business, for which he had fine qualifications and being fond of such pursuits and ambitious of success, he was able to secure good salaries in prominent situations. Many years ago, however, it became deeply impressed upon his mind that the Lord had work for him elsewhere, and though successful in business, his conscience was not at ease until he had decided to devote his life and energies to the work of preaching the gospel. As soon, therefore, as circumstances permitted, he gave up his situation and resumed his studies. He came to McMaster three years ago and entered the English Theological Course. He applied himself earnestly and diligently to his work, and graduated at the recent Commencement Exercises. Bro. Weaver was for several years a member and deacon of Parliament St Church, and during vacation has occupied several fields of labor. He is at present pastor of the church at Norwood, Peterborough Co., over which he was ordained on the 22nd of May last. He is an earnest and energetic worker, and we trust the Lord may through his efforts win many souls for the Kingdom of Heaven.

DEATH.

Be patient and be wise! The eyes of Death
Look on us with a smile; her soft caress,
That stills the anguish and that stops the breath,
Is Nature's ordination, meant to bless
Our mortal woes with peaceful nothingness.
Be not afraid! The power that made the light
In your kind eyes, and set the stars on high,
And gave us love, meant not that we should die
Like a brief day-dream quenched in sudden night,
Think that to die is but to fall asleep
And wake refreshed where the new morning breaks
And golden day her rosy vigor takes
From winds that fan Eternity's fair height
And the white crests of God's perpetual deep.

WM. WINTER.

Chicago Standard.

EVOLUTION AND ETHICS.

The theory of evolution dates back into the dim recesses of vanished and forgotten ages. It can claim no single individual as its author. It is the child of philosophic reflection, and, therefore, in its essential principles is as old as philosophic reflection itself. In the crude speculations of Hindoo and Greek philosophy of 2,500 years ago may be discovered some of the cardinal points of modern evolution. When the evolutionist of to-day asserts that one thing or animal may pass into something else, because all is at bottom the same, he cannot be accused of a mere modern speculation, inasmuch as, according to the early Indian speculative systems, if the chain of causes were traced far enough back, there would be discovered an eternal creative nature, or matter, out of which all material and spiritual existence issues. The early Ionic philosophers represent the origin and changes of the world as a natural process. At the bottom of all is a primordial matter, which is not only the ground of all, but is endowed with generative or rather transmutative forces by virtue of which a succession of stages is possible. Anaximander found the origin of organic life in primitive inorganic matter. His immediate ancestor of man was not the monkey of modern times, but the fish. Men are simply developed fishes which have come to shore and thrown off their scales.

In Heraclitus we find the pronounced evolutionist of ancient times. Some of his aphorisms and metaphors give expression to essential ideas of modern evolution. He appears to anticipate Darwin when he speaks of the endeavor of individual things to maintain themselves in permanence against the universal process of destruction and renovation.

Empedocles' theory of the origin of man is suggestive of some theories of modern times. Through the action of a subterranean fire there were cast upon the earth lumps of matter, which afterwards developed into head, hands, arms, legs and other members of bodies. These were scattered around in the greatest confusion. After many unhappy and unsuccessful combinations, they happened by chance to hit upon those which have given the various existing organisms. His explanation of

sensation and knowledge rested on a material process of absorption from external bodies.

Plato's teachings, though strongly opposed in the main to those of evolution, contain one cardinal idea of the latter system—the great antiquity of man. "Either," says Plato, "the human race had no beginning or else it had a beginning in infinitely remote ages.

Aristotle, as Zeller and Lange remark, in his idea of the relation of the Divine activity to the world shows a tendency to a pantheistic notion of a divine thought which gradually realizes itself in the process of becoming.

Lucretius approaches very near the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, when he asserts that many races may have lived and died out, and that those that still exist have been protected either by craft, courage, or speed. He also speaks of vegetable and animal forms as generated out of mother earth and refers to the development of man out of a primitive, hardy, beast-like condition.

Even among the scholastics, where we should least expect it, we find traces of evolutionary ideas. Duns Scotus represents the earth as a tree, the seeds and the roots are the first indeterminate matter, the leaves the accidents, the twigs and branches corruptible creatures, the blossoms rational souls, and the fruit pure spirits and angels.

In modern times, Kant, the outstanding figure in German philosophy, gave the notion of development a place in scientific thought. He denied that the world as it is was an immediate creation. Chaotic matter had been created and endowed with certain forces. From this evolved the planets and their satellites until we have the completed universe as it exists to-day. This theory was later established by Laplace, the famous French mathematician. The idea was seized upon by Schelling and Hegel, and transferred from the natural to the spiritual or metaphysical. Hegel's philosophy is based upon the evolution of the absolute.

But this idea of development soon crossed from Germany to England. There scientists laid hold of it and applied it in the realm of geology. Lyell came forward with his theory that the earth of to-day is the result of a process of evolution due to

forces still in operation, and which have been in operation from infinitely remote ages. What more natural than that, in an age when science was the subject of especial interest to thinking minds, the idea of evolution should be given a place in biology. In this connection the name of Darwin has its chief interest.

That Darwin was not the author of the general theory of evolution is abundantly evidenced by the historical sketch that has been given. That he was not the first to apply the theory in the biological world, he himself acknowledges. In speaking of the French naturalist Lamarck, Darwin says, "he first did the eminent service of arousing attention to the probability of all change in the organic as well as in the inorganic world being the result of law and not of miraculous interposition."

If then Darwin was not the first to expound the theory, what is there in his system so original bearing upon the subject as to lead the average person to regard Darwinism and evolution as synonymous? What is his contribution? To Darwin belongs the distinction of setting forth evolution as a system, not so much by stating the general theory, as explaining its mechanism. Not the *fact* but the *how* of the science is Darwin's contribution.

Evolution presupposes existence. Hence Darwin assumes one or more primordial forms. "I view all beings," he says, "not as special creations but as lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Cambrian system was deposited." Starting from these forms, what in brief is his explanation of the origin of species? He would first call our attention to the excessive fecundity of all organic beings. Of all animals, the elephant is the slowest breeder. Yet a single pair of elephants, according to their natural rate of increase, would have, at the close of 750 years, no less than 19,000,000 living descendants. Every living being increases at so rapid a rate that, were there no let or hindrance, the progeny of a single pair would soon cover the earth. But the means of subsistence is limited. While organic life increases in geometrical ratio, the food supply increases only in arithmetical ratio. Hence there follows the struggle for existence. In this struggle for existence, advantages accrue to certain individuals on account of some slight modification in organ or function. Accounting for this

modification has given Darwin no little trouble. In the earlier editions of his works he attributes it to external conditions and habits. In the later editions, while still recognizing the influence of external conditions, prominence is given to an "innate tendency to new variations" which exists in all organisms. These beneficial peculiarities are preserved and transmitted through successive generations until first varieties and then species are produced.

However attractive and sufficient this theory may appear, when we come to assign to man his place in the system, we are met with the most intricate perplexities. Organism is mechanism. Man is more than a mere machine. He may be styled the paragon of animals. He is that, but something vastly more. His life is far in advance of mere animal existence. His life, like other life, is dependent on environment, and yet, in a peculiar sense, it is independent as other life cannot be. He is governed by certain laws, laws common also to other animals, but yet he moves in a sphere into which no other being can ever enter.

It is, however, when Darwin enters the ethical field that he encounters his greatest difficulties. He fails to discover in the brute the phenomena of conscience, which he admits is by far the most important distinction between man and the lower animals. But man as a moral being must fit into the evolution system some way, and inasmuch as there is no animal conscience to begin with, this ethical speculator must manufacture a conscience for the troublesome being. And this is his method of procedure: Any animal with well-marked social instincts would acquire a moral sense so soon as its intellectual powers were as well developed as man's. The social instinct leads the animal to take pleasure in the society of its fellows, to have sympathy with them and to render service for them. As soon as a certain stage of mental development has been reached, images of past actions and motives constantly pass through the mind of the individual. The feeling of dissatisfaction, such as is the invariable result of an unsatisfied instinct, would arise when it was discovered that the social instinct, which is always present, had yielded to an instinct stronger at the time but which failed to leave behind it a vivid impression. With the acquisition of

language would come the power of formal expression of the wishes of the community. The expression of how each member ought to act would come to be regarded as the guide of conduct. The regard of approbation or disapprobation finds its basis in sympathy, which is an essential part of the social instinct. In the formation of conscience, habit plays an important part. The social instinct, like any other instinct, is greatly strengthened by habit, so likewise is obedience to the wishes and judgment of the community.

Thus Darwin, by this process of "psychological chemistry," provides man with a primitive conscience. Two points are very manifest, first, that he has quit the realm of fact and entered that of hazardous speculation in a vain attempt, as Lotze put it, to find out how existence is made; and second, that all the moral which we find at the close of his explanation was unhappily inserted at the beginning. Darwin's ethical ancestor, a purely hypothetical being, by the way, feels remorse. He must, therefore, have been able to distinguish the relative worth of his impulses. In describing the moral sense or conscience, Darwin says "it has a rightful supremacy over every other principle of human action; it is summed up in that short but imperious word *ought*, so full of high significance." But when he speaks of a man feeling that he *ought* to obey one instinct rather than another, and of how each member *ought* to act for the public good, he clearly presupposes the *ought* he is endeavoring to account for. In place of showing how conscience *originates*, he merely indicates how, combining with intellect and natural impulses, it *acts*, and thus lifts man above the lower animals.

A somewhat different theory is that set forth by Herbert Spencer, the "great philosopher of evolution." "Experiences of utility, organized and consolidated during all past generations of the human race, have been producing nervous modifications, which, by continuous transmission and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition, certain emotions responding to right and wrong conduct which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility." In other words, good and evil are but other terms to denote pleasure and pain. Pleasant conduct is conducive to the preservation and enlarge-

ment of life, painful conduct is detrimental. Those modes of action, which are found to possess this utility, are regarded with favor, opposite modes with disfavor. This sensitiveness becomes stamped on the nervous organism, is transmitted to descendants, and, taking up each added experience in its descent, accumulates as it passes from generation to generation till its origin is entirely lost sight of. The right becomes identical with the pleasure-giving. Spencer has thus furnished us with a science of hedonistic action, merely, not with a science of morals. Though he has made an ingenious attempt, he has failed to bridge the chasm between the physical and ethical spheres, to find in organic evolution the origin of the moral.

I would have it borne in mind that my difference here is not with the evolutionist as a natural scientist, but rather with the evolutionist as an ethical speculator. My point of contention is that evolution furnishes no adequate explanation of the existence of the ethical. I do not deny that evolution has anything to do with ethics. Man's ethical nature is subject to development as is his physical. But when we come to consider the ethical life of man we must part company entirely with the theory of organic evolution.

We should hardly expect to find testimony to this from Prof. Huxley. Yet in his recent Romanes lecture he says: "The practice of that which is ethically best—what we call goodness or virtue—involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence." And again: "Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process. It depends not on imitating the cosmic process; still less in running away from it, but in combatting it."

"Fragile reed as he may be, man," as Pascal says, "is a thinking reed; and there lies within him a fund of energy operating intelligently, and so far akin to that which pervades the universe that it is competent to influence and modify the cosmic process."

That Evolution is inadequate to account for the moral life is evidenced by the fact that it can furnish no reasonable explanation of the genesis of the rational life. If, as the evolu-

tionist tells us, a moral being is one who is capable of comparing his past and future actions or motives, and of approving or disproving them, it clearly follows that intelligence must furnish the basis for the moral. If conscious life appear as an alien in the system, the moral life must of necessity be regarded as no less a stranger. That the rational is unaccounted for by organic evolution, Darwin admits, when he says, "I may here premise that I have nothing to do with the origin of the mental powers any more than I have to do with life itself." Mivart, the distinguished English naturalist, has also acknowledged recently "Evolution may produce man, the animal, but must stop there; it cannot produce the intellectual or spiritual part of man." Man is more than a mere organism. Even as a member of the physical world, his distinction is not his organism but his ability to consciously and intelligently use that organism. Environment may explain the activity of bodily sensibilities, but it cannot explain the activity of thought. We have the testimony of consciousness to our own agency in the exercise of intelligence, in the determination of our actions, in the government of our impulses, and in the management of our bodily movements. These mental activities, while they cannot be explained apart from organism, cannot be explained by it. The two phases of activity, the activity of organism and the activity of mind, stand out as entirely separate and distinct. By no imaginable process can the latter be conceived of as having been evolved from the former. The rational life of man stands out completely severed from the system of organic evolution, and, hence, the possibility of finding in the scheme any place for Ethics is precluded.

Moreover in the moral consciousness of man there exists, as fundamental, the conceptions of duty and responsibility. Do away with these and all morality is annihilated. It is difficult seeing how duty can have any meaning to the Evolutionist, inasmuch as the moral law is the expression of no Supreme Lawgiver, or how any significance can attach to responsibility, in view of the mere fortuitous origin of morality through a purely mechanical process. Not only so, but the conception of duty and responsibility demand for their existence self-identity and freedom of the will. Yet these are alien to the system in

which mental and moral life are merely natural phenomena—accidents in a mechanical process. The only ego the evolutionist can find a place for is merely a bundle of ideas, feelings, and emotions. An ego possessing states of consciousness and uniting them is to him an illusion. No less deceptive according to evolution is the idea of the freedom of the will. To reconcile freedom of will with mechanical determination of the will is a futile undertaking. Many have been the attempts and as many have been the failures. But if freedom of the will and self-identity be lacking, if duty and responsibility find no place in the system, the very groundwork of morality is absent. Thus unless intelligence and conscience be supplied, not deduced, the Ethical problem has no existence for the Evolutionist.

The ethics of evolution also reveals its insufficiency, in that it provides us with no adequate explanation of certain facts of morality. It is surely not too much to ask that a science of morals prove its right to existence by accounting for the facts that are to be met with in the moral world.

Mankind in general regard the moral law as absolute. But, according to the ethics of evolution, in place of being absolute the moral law is simply a means to an end, which end alone gives it worth. Pleasure is the goal of conduct. Moral precepts stand or fall with their conduciveness to pleasure. It is difficult to understand how the unsophisticated man, universally, should be duped into accepting this law as simple, and bearing with it its own authority; a law to be observed, not on account of any ulterior advantage, but for its own sake, when, in reality, it is but the accumulated experiences of utility and pleasure.

Again the moral law is universal. It is co-extensive with humanity. Even among the lowest of the savage races of men, the fundamental conceptions of moral consciousness may be discovered, crude and darkened though these conceptions may be. How can this fact be explained, if the moral nature be not a native endowment of the human soul? To say that the general conditions of social life are everywhere the same, and that therefore the moral laws will be found as enduring as the human species fails to furnish a satisfactory explanation.

But the evolutionist encounters an even greater difficulty in the deepseated conviction in man of his obligation to submit

to the law of duty. How can you predicate an *ought* of rules of experience or laws of existence? To disregard them may be an act of folly but there is nothing to oblige man to act against his own wishes. When Spencer tells us that this sense of coercion arose from political, social, and religious restraints that have established themselves in the course of civilization, he forgets to explain how such restraints could have been exercised had society not rested on a moral basis. If conscience be nothing but the accumulated inheritance of experiences of utility, how are we to explain this sense of obligation, which is so deepseated that the failure to submit to its authority drives Lady Macbeth to madness and Judas to suicide. As Lotze well remarks, there never will be success in fetching into an empty soul, by means of the impressions of experience, a consciousness of moral obligation. The only obligation that evolution can furnish us with is the indispensableness of using the means for attaining the end. In other words, if I want to walk, I am bound to use my legs.

But above and beyond all other considerations, ethics finds its true basis in the relation of the individual to a Supreme Being. Conscience is meaningless unless it be the voice of a Supreme Law-giver. Duty is without significance unless it signify a relation between person and person. Responsibility can only be explained in the light of a Supreme Judge of human conduct, to whose laws man is subject and before whose judgment seat a response must be given. Any theory of morals which does not include this tends not only to depreciate the facts of the moral life but also fails to find any resting place and is wanting in living practical force. Moral philosophy must find its ultimate in

> "That God which ever lives and loves,
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

H. C. Priest.

MOODS OF THE SUMMER WINDS.

Hail, merry winds—
To the silvery music of crystal rills
Leaping down these purple hills,
To robin's chirrup, or lark's sweet trills,
Light-hearted winds!

Ay, frivolous winds—
To wilder music, O wanton breeze,
Whirl, reckless dancers, those lithe forms seize
In waltzes made with the maple trees,
Ye laughing winds!

Somnolent winds—
I steal on your slumbers in twilight shades—
Sleep dreamlessly, O wearied maids,
On your star-moss couches in forest glades,
Sleep, slumbrous winds!

Come, Lethean winds—
From aromatic southern skies,
Soothing our sorrow-speaking cries
With songs like mother-lullabies,
Consoling winds!

Euphonic winds—
Winds music mad who never tire,
Chords sad and low, strains high and higher
To sweep from God's vast forest lyre—
Play, soulful winds!

Remorseful winds—
Cease, sobbing hearts, why not to sleep,
What terrors in these shadows creep,
What bitter anguish makes ye weep?
Tell, wailing winds!

Speak, winds insane—
Wild sprites at midnight hour up-leaping,
Raving in ears of mortals sleeping,
Your mænad eyes gleam lurid weeping,
O wild night winds!

. . . . .

Expiring winds—
Farewell, farewell, now slowly dying,
I hear your last convulsive sighing,
Your comrades "requiescant" crying—
Farewell, farewell!

B. W. N. Grigg.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the present number, the McMaster University Monthly enters upon the fourth year of its existence. Thanks to the generous patronage of its friends in and without the city, and the energetic and untiring efforts of the Managing Committee, the year just ended has been a prosperous one, and the present outlook is quite encouraging. Every day adds new proofs that the Monthly, in furnishing a bond of union among the different Colleges of the University, in its monthly visits to the homes of graduates and friends, bringing friendly greetings from the students and professors and records of their doings within the beloved College walls, is rendering noble and efficient service in the interests of McMaster and Christian education, and has now won for itself a lasting and ever welcome place in the homes and hearts of its many readers throughout the Dominion. We are looking for a large addition to the subscription list as a result of Mr. Clarke's energetic canvass during the present vacation.

As already announced, the present number is throughout a graduates' number, and no efforts have been spared to carry out fully the desire of the Committee to make it as interesting and attractive as possible. Owing to the fact that the students are now scattered to all parts of the Dominion, and their time and thoughts wholly occupied with the pressing duties of pastoral charges, the work of collecting material, especially for the biographical sketches, has been exceedingly slow and difficult. This will, we doubt not, be accepted as a sufficient apology for our delay in publication. Mr. Cross' essay having been secured immediately after Commencement for the *Homiletic Magazine*, and Mr. Whidden's also having passed beyond our reach, we have been obliged to take our second essay, too, from the Arts department; but as Mr. Priest is a theological student,

and his subject one of vital interest to all Bible students, this is hardly a departure from the original plan. Bro. Priest's well-known scholarly and literary attainments are in themselves sufficient to ensure for his paper many readers and careful study.

The Fourth International Convention of the Baptist Young People's Union of America, which meets in Toronto, July 19th to 22nd, bids fair to be the largest and most enthusiastic Convention of Baptists that has ever met on the American Continent. At least 6,000 delegates are expected. Representatives will be present from nearly every State and District in the Union, and from every province in Canada. The programme has on it the names of Drs. McArthur, Hull and Morehouse, of New York; Drs. Ellis and Wharton, of Baltimore; Drs. Lawrence and Henson, of Chicago; Dr. Carroll, of Waco, Texas; Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, of Rochester, and other eminent Baptist speakers too numerous to mention. A glance at the programme makes one wonder how so much can be crowded into four days. One of the leading features of the Convention will be the "Workers' Conferences," which have been arranged with special reference to the necessities of the local Societies. The Committee are to be congratulated upon the rates secured from the railways. Any person, delegate or visitor, can secure a return ticket to Toronto for single fare, good to return till August 13th. We hope that many of the readers of the Monthly may be privileged to be present and catch the inspiration from this magnificent gathering of our Baptist hosts. We need hardly add that every young Baptist attending the Convention should, before leaving the city, visit McMaster University.

All who attended the recent meetings of the Alumni Association at Woodstock College must have noted and felt the enthusiasm and determination that characterized all that was said in respect to the past, present and future of a school occupying a place in the hearts of a very large and influential section of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, which cannot for a long time be yielded to another. The Alumni are evidently resolved that it shall not be their fault if old Woodstock shall not so arrange her work that large numbers of Baptist young people, who help to crowd High Schools in every county, will no longer be able to say, that our own College does not afford them the special advantages they seek elsewhere. If the sympathy and influence of so important a society are to be won and held for our educational system, which in many respects is so worthy of admiration, no effort must be spared to make Woodstock College as efficient and attractive for candidates for departmental certificates, as well as matriculation, as any High School or Institute in the Province.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

HOPE.

O Heavenly Hope, a song-thrush of the morn
Art thou, up-perchëd high 'mid ruins gray,
And bidding echo their old walls forlorn
With thy heart's matins to the dawning day.
Thou art the glory of the orient ray,
Filling with light their shadowy solitude,
As sunny billows pave some rocky bay
With the sheen level of the luminous flood.
Thou art that strong and philosophic flower
Which taketh root amid the stones of care,
And draweth beauty, fragrance, life, and power,
From wrecks o'erseamed with many a season's wear.
And thou art constant ivy, most of all,
Propping life's rugged walls, slow crumbling to their fall.

Frank Waters,

—*In The Owl.*

Mr. Douglas Sladen, who is regarded in some quarters as a colonial poet, lectured at the Imperial Institute, the other evening, on the subject of Canadian and Australian poets. Mr. Sladen appears to hold the view that the poets of Canada are in no way comparable with those of the Antipodes—an opinion which is very open to question. There have been some good writers in the Australian colonies, but their number is small and their calibre was not heavy when put alongside the Canadian product. Mr. Sladen has written much in the shape of poetry, about both Australia and Canada, but his heart is evidently in the land of the gum-tree and the kangaroo.—*Standard* (*London, Eng.*).

The last number of Volume II. of *The Canadian Magazine* has just appeared, and we are glad to be able to say that during the short time this magazine has been published it has made for itself a name among the literary periodicals of the day. It fills a gap that has long been felt, and we hope that the time will soon come when such publications will be more plentiful in Canada. Already the need of such a magazine has driven many of our best writers to seek in other countries a means of reaching the public which they could not find in their own. Among the articles of the April number perhaps the ablest and most worthy of notice is, "The Evolution of Self-Government in the Colonies," by Hon. David Mills, in which he outlines what he conceives to be the proper destiny of the Dominion. This article should be read by every student and every citizen in the Dominion, and we are sure that there is no Canadian but will agree with Mr. Mills in regard to the true destiny of our country, and feel grateful to him for so ably expressing his views. It must be extremely gratifying to the members of the great Liberal

party of Canada to see that among the leaders of the party they have a man of such broad and patriotic views, who acknowledges that he has confidence in the future of his country, and a profound respect for British connection.

WOULD WE RETURN.

Would we return,
If once the gates which closed upon the past
Were opened wide for us, and if the dear
Remembered pathway stretched before us clear
To lead us back to youth's lost land at last,
Whereon life's April shadows lightly cast,
Recalled the old sweet days of childish fear
With all their faded hopes and brought anear,
The far-off streams in which our skies were glassed;
Did these lost dreams which wake the soul's sad yearning
But live once more and waited our returning,
Would we return?

Would we return,
If love's enchantment held the heart no more
And we had come to count the wild sweet pain,
The fond distress, the lavish tears—but vain;
Had cooled the heart's hot wounds amidst the roar
Of mountain gales, or, on some alien shore,
Worn out the soul's long anguish and had slain
At last the dragon of despair—if then the train
Of vanished years came back, and, as of yore,
The same voice called and with soft eyes beguiling,
Our lost love beckoned, through time's gray veil smiling,
Would we return?

Would we return,
Once we had crossed to death's unlovely land
And trod the bloomless way among the dead
Lone and unhappy, after years had fled
With twilight wings along the glimmering strand,
If then—an angel came with outstretched hand
To lead us back, and we recalled in dread
How soon the tears that once for us were shed
May flow for others—how like words in sand
Our memory fades away—how oft our waking
Might vex the living with dead heart's breaking,
Would we return—
Would we return?

—*Robert Burns Wilson, in the Century.*

THEN AND NOW.

Felix and Festus in the Apostolic days
Had Paul before them but to leave him in the lurch;
But now 'tis changed: To add to young McMaster's praise
We bring the mighty Governor *before the church.*

In the January and February numbers of the *Contemporary Review* of this year have appeared two remarkable articles from the pen of Rev. H. R. Haweis, on the Mormons, in which an old subject is invested with new interest. The writer is a well-known contributor to English periodical literature, and being an Episcopalian clergyman, cannot be suspected of any desire to win followers by special pleading. While seeing much in the system to reject and emphatically condemn, he has, on the other hand, found a great deal to admire, and has showed these much abused people in a far more favorable light than "Gentile" writers are wont to do. In his description of the circumstances attending the death of Smith at Nauvoo, and the ruthless expulsion of his followers in mid-winter, he has reminded us that there are here materials out of which some ardent Mormon Parkman may one day construct a picture of American fanaticism and injustice which will effectually eclipse the blackest tales ever told of the Acadian expatriation. One fact, however, is made clear from these articles; the Mormons were far from being the immoral, bloodstained people their relentless enemies have seen fit to represent them. On the contrary, before the forced entrance of the Gentiles, and the beginning of the war upon polygamy, there were in Utah no gambling dens, no gin or rum palaces, no houses of ill-fame, no election machinery for the systematic debauchery of voters, none of these degrading institutions which hold undisputed sway in all large American cities of the East and West. "None of these inseparable adjuncts of American nineteenth society were tolerated or even called for under the despotic and licentious rule of Brigham Young." Now all *are* there in a flourishing condition, and an army of policemen likewise, to look after the criminal classes which such iniquities always produce, and on which they feed and fatten. It was proper enough that polygamy should be condemned, and that the people of Utah should be compelled to submit to American law in this respect. It is a thousand pities, however, that law and order, acting in the name of outraged virtue, could not clean out one form of vice without bringing in others equally as obnoxious. The Mormons were compelled to open up to the free entrance of the Gentiles a land of peace and prosperity which they had, out of absolutely nothing, except a bare foundation, created for themselves at the cost of untold privation and suffering, a land wholly of their own making, where, barring the one plague spot of polygamy, the Mormon solution of certain social problems, they had for years lived in comparative innocence and prosperity. What followed is scarcely flattering to the cause of American Christianity and morality. The government, in the name of Christian morals and social purity, forced the law upon the people of Utah and suppressed polygamy, but we need not blame the Mormons if they regard the remedy as worse than the disease. The whole tide of modern society abominations have been let in upon them, and dens of infamy now pollute their land, which Mr. Haweis assures us, had never been tolerated or even called for under their own so styled obnoxious system.

Moulton College.

The Closing Exercises of Moulton College began with the Art Exhibitions of Friday and Saturday, the 1st and 2nd of June. The studios were tastefully decorated and filled with the work of the year. The smaller room contained crayon sketches from the cast and from life, also some modelling in relief. In the larger room were the still life studies, studies of flowers, landscape sketches and pen-and-ink work. The rooms were well filled with visitors and great interest was manifested in all the work. The Saturday morning Art class has made excellent progress. Mrs. Dignam's enthusiasm in her work imparts an interest and desire for improvement to even the youngest pupils.

On Friday evening, the 8th, the college chapel was crowded with friends who enjoyed the recital given under the direction of Miss Hart. The program was as follows:—

I.

1. Chorus of Houris, ... *Schumann.*
   College Glee Club.
2. Recitation, . "The Pied Piper of Hamlin," . *Browning.*
   Miss Bailey.
3. Concerted Recitation, "Praise,"
   Misses Laidlaw, Rosser, Doolittle, McMahon, Somerville, Bell, Pratt, Woolverton, Fisher.
4. Recitation, . . "A Decision,"
   Miss Webb.
5. Piano Solo, . . Impromptu I., . . . *Chopin.*
   Miss Helmer.
6. Recitation, . "The Cataract of Lodore," . . *Southey.*
   Miss E. Taylor.
7. Recitation, . "King Arthur's Farewell," . . *Tennyson.*
   Miss Kirk.

II.

1. Tableaux Mouvants:—"Attitude," "Niobe Group," "Toilet of the Bride," "The Death of Virginia," "A Circlet."
   Misses Snell, Watterworth, Laidlaw, I. Matthews, Sullivan, Gaylord, Botterill, Bush, Chamberlin.
2. Recitation, . "The Lion Hunt," . *Phelps and Ward.*
   Miss Jessie Dryden.
3. Recitation, . . "Mary's Ride," . . . *Cable.*
   Miss Snell.
4. The Pilgrim's Chorus, ... *Wagner.*
   College Glee Club.
5. Recitation, . Selection from "King John," . *Shakespeare.*
   Miss Scarfe.
6. Tennis Drill,
   Misses Johnson, Dryden, Taylor, Powis, L. Matthews, Harris, Burt, Pratt, Anstice, Holmes, McKenzie, Hoffman.

God Save the Queen.

On Sunday evening the sermon to the graduating class was preached in Bloor St. church by Rev. G. B. Foster, Ph.D., of McMaster University. His discourse was a most beautiful and appropriate exposition of Peter's admonition, "Gird yourselves with humility, to serve one another."

"The Queen of the Sea," a very beautiful cantata composed by Ferdinand Hummel, was given in the school room of Bloor St. Baptist church, on Monday evening. The program opened with piano numbers by pupils of Mr. Vogt. The cantata, under the direction of Miss Smart, was rendered by two soloists and a large chorus. Miss Maud Millichamp as "Agneta," and Miss Edith Hambidge as "King of the Sea," received well-merited praise for the way in which they rendered their work. Miss Helmer, accompanyist, performed her part very skillfully.

On the morning of Tuesday the 12th, a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing an Alumnæ Society in connection with the college. Thirty-six names were given in for membership on the first day. Considering the age of our college, this is a very successful beginning. A constitution was adopted and the following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—*President*, Miss Emma Dryden, Brooklin; *Vice-President*, Miss Carrie Porter, Brantford, *Secretary*, Miss Edith Wilkes, Toronto; *Treasurer*, Miss Clara Tomlinson, Toronto. *Executive Committee*, Misses Gurney, Sheridan and Dowd, of Toronto.

On Tuesday evening the graduating exercises were held in Bloor St. church. A class of seven were graduated, one in the English Scientific course and six in the Matriculation course.

PROGRAM.

Prayer.

Quartette, . . . "Even Me," . . . *Warren.*
Misses Patterson and Elliot, Messrs. Lye and Davies.

Essay with Salutatory, Ab Actu ad Posse.
Irene Sullivan.

Essay, . . . An Historic Chain,
Octavia A. Gaylord.

Part Song, . . . "June," . . . *A. S. Vogt.*
Choir.

Essay, ... Laughter,
Amelia M. Anstice.

Duet, . . . "Tarry with Me,"
Miss James, Mr. Whatmough.

Essay, . . . "Not made to die,"
Gertrude Scarfe.

Presentation of Diplomas.

Addresses.

Part Song, . . "Yea, though I walk," . . *Sullivan.*

God Save the Queen.

Benediction.

Addresses were made by the Chancellor, the Principal, Mrs. McMaster and Mr. D. E. Thomson. The music rendered by the Jarvis St. Baptist Choir under the direction of Mr. Vogt was very fine. The part song, "June," was especially interesting, being written by our Chancellor and set to music by Mr. Vogt.

The Graduating Class.—Amelia M. Anstice, the graduate from the English Scientific Course, came to us at the beginning of the present school year. Although comparatively a new girl, Miss Anstice has endeared herself to the students by her sunny disposition. Her sense of fun was characteristically set forth in her essay on "Laughter." Familiarly known as the "Poetess," her impromptus at table frequently kept us amused, even during the examinations. Miss Anstice was the youngest of her class but her influence in the school was marked, for her unfailing good humor made it impossible for gloom to exist in her vicinity.

Margaret A. Bailey came to Moulton five years ago and has since pursued her way toward the goal of graduation with that untiring energy which is her chief characteristic. Moulton has been to her a foster mother indeed, for she has grown from the College "baby" into the President of the Class of '94

Octavia A. Gaylord, one of the day pupils, began several years ago in the Preparatory Department and has worked steadily through the Matriculation Course. Miss Gaylord is a very thorough and painstaking student and has done faithful work at Moulton. We are glad to hear that she is "finishing, yet beginning."

Gertrude Huggart is one of the old Harmony Hall girls, who used to be recognized as the leading spirit in fun and frolic. Miss Huggart has always been very popular among her fellow-students. During the last term of her residence here she held the presidency of the Mission Circle and her earnest work in that department is still remembered.

Elizabeth Pollard, another of the day pupils, has also spent several years at Moulton. In her case, as in many others, the boarders often lament the difficulty of learning to know the day pupils as intimately as their fellow-boarders. Miss Pollard's influence would tend to develop hard study and abolish surface work.

Gertrude Scarfe is one of the remnant of merry Brantford girls who used to form one of the happiest cliques in the College. Miss Scarfe is a first-class student and has completed her course in a highly satisfactory manner. As President of the Heliconian this term she has given general satisfaction.

Irene J. Sullivan has proved to her class-mates what a girl can do with the classics. Her work throughout has been of a high grade, but it was plain to be seen that her affections always clung around the Greek and Latin class-room. Miss Sullivan is an American girl, but has grown to love her Canadian College home.

Woodstock College.

The closing exercises of Woodstock College were attended this year with more than usual interest. On Sunday, June 3rd, the annual sermon to the graduating class was preached in the First Baptist church by the Rev. Dr. Hooper, of Toronto, who took as his text Matt. 4 : 14, "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men," etc. Monday, June 4th, was Alumni Day, and quite a number of former students assembled to renew acquaintances and re-visit the scenes of former days. The Alumni dinner was held at 1.30, when the College dining-hall was fairly filled with an animated and joyous throng. The Rev. S. S. Bates, B.A., President of the Association, presided, and the responses to the various toasts evidenced the fact that all the old students felt the keenest interest in, and sympathy for, all that concerned the welfare and success of their *Alma Mater*. The following were the different toasts and speakers : Woodstock College, A. L. McCrimmon, M.A.; Moulton College, Miss A. M. Fitch, M.A.; The Theological Department, Rev. W. W. Walker, B.A.; The Arts Department, D. K. Clark, B.A. ; McMaster University, Chancellor Rand ; Sister Institutions, Principal Hunter, of Woodstock Collegiate Institute ; Our *Alma Mater*, Rev. C. C. McLaurin ; The Honored Dead, Rev. Ira Smith ; The Alumnæ, Mrs W. H. Cline ; The Alumni, Rev. T. S. Johnson. The proceedings throughout were of the pleasantest character, and yet pervaded with an intense spirit of hope and loyalty.

In the evening the College chapel was completely filled as the Alumni assembled to discuss the interests of Woodstock College, and seldom has a meeting ever been held here where more genuine enthusiasm was shown than rang through all the addresses of the evening. "Woodstock College as Compared with other Schools," was opened by a paper from Rev. P. K Dayfoot, and was followed by Rev. J. P. McEwen, Prof. Clark, Rev. J. B. Moore, Chancellor Rand and others. "Woodstock College in Relation to McMaster University," led by N. S. McKechnie, B.A., followed by Rev. J. P. McEwen and Chancellor Rand. "Woodstock College as a Training School for Teachers," led by a paper from J. Morgan, B.A., Walkerton, followed by Pres. N. Wolverton, of Bishop College, Prof. M. S. Clark, D. K. Clark, and Chancellor Rand, who announced that special stress would in future be laid on this part of the work, and that arrangements had been made to have the annual primary and leaving examinations held in the College. "Woodstock College and its Training for Life," led by Mrs. T. S. Johnson, of Brantford, followed by Rev. J. P. McEwen, Miss Hatch and others. "What we as Alumni may do for our *Alma Mater*," led by Rev. Dr. Hooper, followed by Rev. Ira Smith, Rev. C. C. McLaurin and others. The pleasure of the evening was enhanced by the sweet songs of the old College favorite, John Whyte. After the close of the public meeting, a business meeting of the Alumni was held, at which it was decided to perpetuate the Society, to invite the present graduates to ally themselves with the Alumni and to meet at the next Annual Commencement of the College here.

The following are the officers elected: Pres., Rev. S. S. Bates, B.A., Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. W. H. Cline, Paris, and Rev. Ira Smith, London; Secretary, Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, B.A., Strathroy; Treasurer, N. S. McKechnie, B.A.; Musical Director, John M. Whyte. The above officers were constituted a Committee of Directors.

On Tuesday, the closing class exercises of the College were held. At two o'clock the College chapel was completely filled with students and friends of the College, whom the interest of the occasion had attracted. Among those occupying seats on the platform were Chancellor Rand, Principal Fitch, of Moulton College, Principal Bates and the Faculty of Woodstock College, Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., President Wolverton, of Bishop College, D. W. Karn, Esq., Rev. Dr. McMullen, Rev. Dr. Hooper and many others.

In opening the exercises, Principal Bates welcomed the friends assembled, emphasizing the importance of such a College occasion, and speaking of the hopeful prospect there was for the future. The first exercise was the reading of the graduating essays. Two out of the number were selected to be read, that by F. B. Matthews—a sketch of Wm. E. Gladstone—and that by L. H. Thomas, entitled "Some Characteristics of the Age." Both were excellently written and displayed a creditable degree of thought and care. Mr. Thomas also as valedictorian of the class addressed a few kindly words to the members of the Faculty, expressing the thankful appreciation of the class, and bidding them and the school an affectionate farewell.

The next exercise was a spirited competition for the Jas. Hay prize for public speaking, between Messrs. F. C. Elliott and W. F. Spidel. Both delivered excellent addresses, Mr. Elliott taking for his theme, "The Value of Higher Education in Practical Life," and Mr. Spidel chosing for his subject, "Work." The audience was fairly divided as to the merits of the speakers. The judges, however, after considerable deliberation, awarded the prize to Mr. Elliott. Principal Bates then introduced the Rev. D. Grant, B.A., of Montreal, a former student of Woodstock, who delivered a very telling and very appropriate address. He emphasized the importance and the varied character of the work within the power of College graduates, and the importance and vital relation between the College and denominational success. Miss A. M. Fitch, M.A., Principal of Moulton College, conveyed the fraternal greetings of Moulton, and expressed the great pleasure she felt in visiting Woodstock and her satisfaction in seeing its thorough equipment in all departments. She urged the students to be king-like and true, and through unremitting toil to realize all the possibilities of the future. President N. Wolverton, of Bishop College, Marshall, Texas, as a former teacher, expressed his pleasure at re-visiting the old school. He congratulated the institution on its excellent appointments, and especially on the success of its Manual Training Department. His remarks were emphasized by the appearance of an excellently constructed four-horse power engine in front of the platform. This engine was the work of the senior class in Manual training, and he insisted upon the great importance of this department. He expressed his sympathy with the College and its work, and wished it and the University the utmost prosperity.

Mr. E. Norman, B.A., conveyed the fraternal greetings of Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, and as a former student expressed his love for Woodstock and his pleasure at visiting it.

STANDING OF THE STUDENTS.—The Secretary of the Faculty, Mr. H. S. Robertson, B.A., read the standing of the respective graduates, who then proceeded in a body to the front of the dais, where they were presented to the Chancellor by Principal Bates in a happy and complimentary speech. The Chancellor heartily congratulated the class upon their high achievement, and reminded them of the noble names recorded on the roll of the alumni. "Realize life," said he, "make it pregnant with meaning. The present is a vantage ground as compared with the past. Your responsibility is emphatic, your inspirations are high and holy. Heed them earnestly." The Chancellor then awarded the diplomas and gave the right hand of fellowship to the six graduates, whose standings are as follows (students are ranked in class one on a standing of 75 per cent. and over; in class two between 60 per cent. and 75 per cent.; in class three between 40 per cent. and 60 per cent.):

English—Class 1, A. E. Hulet; class 2, John A. Bain, Frank B. Matthews, Llewellyn H. Thomas; class 3, Harry L. Finkle, Wesley S. West.

Mathematics—Class 2, Bain, Hulet; class 2, Thomas; class 3, Finkle, Matthews, West.

Bible—Class 1, McLachlan, Thomas; class 2, Hulet, Matthews; class 3, Bain, Finkle, West.

Latin—Class 1, McLachlan, Thomas; class 2, Finkle, Matthews; class 3, Hulet, West.

Greek—Class 1, McLachlan.

German—Class 3, Finkle, Thomas, West.

French—Class 2, Finkle, Thomas; class 3, Hulet, Matthews.

Chemistry—class 1, Bain, Matthews; class 3, Hulet.

Physics—Class 2, Bain.

History—Class 1, Matthews; class 2, Hulet, Thomas; class 3, Bain, Finkle, West.

In concluding the exerises, the Chancellor spoke warm words of encouragement to the graduates, professors and general students of the College. He remarked upon the evident oneness of aim and purpose pervading Moulton, Woodstock and the University—the whole grand, gracious and glorious work. "We are just entering upon a work which spreads out inevitably, which Dr. Fyfe himself foresaw; let us rejoice and work." He spoke also of the importance of manual training, and commented upon the fact that, as Woodstock was the first school in Canada to introduce manual work, so Horton Academy, our eastern Baptist seminary, was the first to follow suit. Our educational ideas are being rapidly approached. We are one university; every part is reciprocal in action. We are bound together.

SCHOLARSHIPS.—Principal Bates then announced the scholarships which had been awarded. The Chancellor presented the Hiram Calvin scholarship of $50 to Llewellyn H. Thomas, of Toronto. This scholar-

ship is presented to the student for the Baptist ministry who in the last two years of the regular course has proved himself most worthy and who intends to continue his studies in McMaster University. The S. J. Moore scholarship of $50, presented under similar conditions to the second year, was awarded to John T. Jones, Toronto. The D. W. Karn scholarship of $25 (first year) was gained by S. E. Grigg on a very close competition with W. E. Robertson, who deserves especial honorable mention. The William Davies scholarship of $10 (preparatory) went to D. B. Perkins and J. B. Grimshaw. F. C. Elliott was awarded the James Hay prize for public speaking. Miss Fitch then gracefully presented the following prizes, gained for work in manual training: The Bartlette gold medal (senior year), Joshua Knechtel; honorable mention being made of Edgar Wenger and A. Pierce. The W. J. Copp prize of $10 (middle year), S. Whittaker; the Dudley & Burns prize of $5 (junior year), Wm. Grant. The retiring steward and matron, Mr. and Mrs. George Peters, were then presented with two handsome easy chairs by the faculty and students, the bestowal of which was acknowledged in feeling terms by Mr. Peters, who has been connected with the College for more than twenty years.

After benediction from the Rev. E. W. Dadson, the gathering was dismissed. The great success of the College is apparent, and next year's work and attendance are confidently expected to be better and larger than ever.

The Class of '94.—Another batch has been added to the long roll of Woodstock graduates, this year the perfect number, seven. The badge of *Alma Mater* is now upon them, and we believe it will be worthily worn. Some at least enter upon courses of study in our own University, and there, as everywhere, they will be watched with sympathetic interest by their friends at Woodstock.

John A. Bain, the youngest member of the class, takes this year the diploma in the English Scientific Course, and it is expected that next year he will be with us to complete a Matriculation Course. John looks forward to an extended course in scientific studies, and he has abilities that should gain him some distinction in that class of studies. His stay in the College will be a source of pleasure to students and teachers.

Harry A. Finkle, after a four years' course, has fairly earned his Matriculation Diploma. Harry has always been a liberal patron of the campus, and there, as everywhere, Finkle was the soul of good nature and geniality. The best wishes of all will follow him, wherever his future lot may be cast.

Alfred Hulet became a member of the school a year ago. He has always been a hard and painstaking student, hence his scholastic progress has been steady. He leaves with a keen appreciation of what Woodstock College seeks to do for young men, and, wherever he goes, this institution will have in him a warm friend. He has before him the promise of a useful life.

Frank Matthews is a Toronto boy who came to the College in the principalship of the late lamented W. H. Huston. His College life

has brought Frank many friends both in town and school. He possesses excellent abilities, and should he pursue University courses of study with a view to professional life, he may be expected to gain distinction at college as well as in his profession. All are gratified that Frank has completed one important stage in his onward course, and he may be assured that the best wishes of the College follow him.

John D. McLachlan has been in Woodstock College one year, and in that period he has concentrated all his attention on the study of the ancient classics. In this department of study he has made enviable progress. He has the Christian ministry in view, and his unobtrusive piety has left a strong and lasting impression for good. McMaster University will be enriched by his life next year.

Lewellyn Thomas is another Toronto boy who has spent some years of successful student life in Woodstock College. His career has been one of even and steady progress in the development of all that constitutes the true man. His future is bright with promise. Lew's. chosen life-work is in the Christian ministry, and this after the completion of a full Arts and Theological course in our own University.

Wesley West graduates to enter upon the study of the healing art. His social, kindly nature should be no disqualification in the pursuit of the noble profession that he will seek to qualify himself for. He has our best wishes, and we trust his *Alma Mater* will have in him a worthy son.

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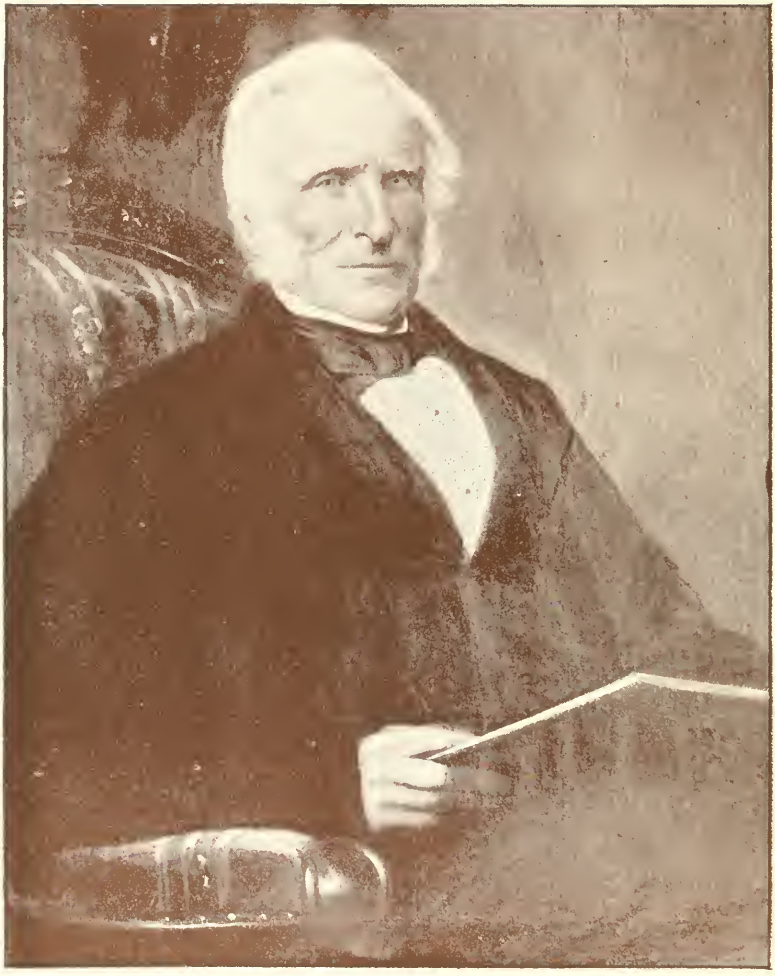

Yours in the precious bond
of the Gospel of Christ
John Galmaeus

THE

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NOVEMBER, 1894.

JOHN GILMOUR.

John Gilmour was born in Ayr. Ayr is of interest to most Scotchmen because it is the town of "Rabbie Burns." It was of greater interest to the growing boy because it is a sea-port and because the sea had for him a peculiar fascination. His birthday was the fourth of August, 1792. His parents were not particularly remarkable. His mother was rich in affection and common sense, and his father, an intimate friend of Robert Burns, was a quiet, reserved man of dignified bearing and a little inclined to think that fortune had not dealt fairly with a man of his abilities. There were several other members of the family, to whom, however, no special interest attaches. In his early youth the boy shewed distinct signs of remarkable conscientiousness, and of yearnings after God; but by his ninth year the premonitory symptoms of the saint and preacher had disappeared, and the reckless sailor in him had asserted control—a control which it held until, after eleven years of reckless godlessness, he was made free indeed. His "goodness was as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it went away." The year 1807 was a very important one for him. He had begun at the almost incredibly early age of nine to go to sea, drawn, against his parents' wishes, by the spell of a powerful sailor instinct; and between that time and 1807 he had devoted himself with

panting ardour to the art of navigation, had developed surprising habits of reckless dissipation, and had gone intermittently to school. But in 1807 his mother died. His father was quite disconsolate and exacted from him a promise not to take a long voyage that winter. He, accordingly, engaged with a ship sailing to Ireland, but from an imagined slight he impetuously followed the promptings of an impulsive temper and, in a pique, shipped in the spring of 1808, with a vessel bound for Quebec. This was not his first voyage to America. The eventfulness lay in the return. Those were days when the great Napoleon was making the seas dangerous for British ships, and was influencing the destinies of men whom he never saw. Having in a gale become separated from the man-of-war that was to protect her, the *Cumberland* was making her own timid way across the Atlantic. On the first of January, 1809, the day was fine and the light wind was playing gently with the sails. They had taken soundings and rejoiced in the prospect of soon reaching home. But their high hopes were dashed to the ground. A French privateer hove in sight, bore down upon them, and, after the usual formalities, polite and otherwise, took the whole ship's crew to France as prisoners of war. They were landed at St. Malos, where crowds of ill disposed people watched them come ashore. John Gilmour was, with others, confined in a round tower, and he kept cursing his Maker as he had steadily done since the sudden reverse to his fortunes; for he had had high hopes of promotion and a brilliant career. Now he was a prisoner, and his future was in the hands of others. But it proved that God was taking away the objects of his ambition to give him something better: for in France he became a child of G d. After remaining in the castle at St. Malos about a fortnight, during which time they made three desperate but unsuccessful attempts to escape, they received orders to march for the interior—to Arras, in Artois, a distance of about four hundred miles. This was for them a formidable undertaking. Many perished by the way, and very few escaped attacks of fever. At length they reached Arras, which now became Mr. Gilmour's home for over five years. There were already there some three thousand fellow-countrymen when the new party arrived, and the citadel, surrounded by a yard of about twenty acres, became

their austere dwelling place. The prisoners were allowed to go occasionally to town, and the youth whose fortunes we are following, at times seized these occasions to spend in reckless dissipation the money received from friends in Scotland. The people in the town and country were very kind, and this, with the companionship of their fellow prisoners, made the captivity less dreary than might at first appear. It was during his residence in Arras that Mr. Gilmour obtained the thorough mastery of French that proved useful in his subsequent labors in Canada. A severe attack of fever did not prove sufficient warning to induce him, on his recovery, to leave the companionship of atheistic and ungodly associates. Indeed he became more careless than ever. For the first three years of his imprisonment he paid no special attention to religion. His recklessness led him into some escapades that nearly cost him his life, but this energetic conduct was only the somewhat vigorous relaxation that occupied his leisure at a time when he gave to reading and study some ten hours a day. He belonged to a reading club that was known as the "Infidel Club," because of its free handling of religious questions, and its supreme contempt for religious people and religious meetings. But the soul was soon to tremble round to its resting place, attracted by the magnetic power of its Polar Star.

It is one of the most interesting subjects connected with what may be termed the psychology of the spiritual life, to notice how in intense natures there is an undercurrent which God is directing towards Himself, while the surface of the stream seems to be foaming and thundering to destruction. The case of Mr. Gilmour affords an example. From an apparently unknown cause he began to feel an unaccountable uneasiness and could find rest in nothing. Then followed the struggle of the soul to the light—a struggle made difficult by the bantering of the men with whom he had till now associated, and, to a still greater degree, by his ignorance of the way of salvation—an ignorance which none of the Christians in the prison helped to dispel, because they had no inkling of the craving for salvation which the godless youth was experiencing. He tried to find relief in outward reformation, in the struggle with the metaphysics of speculative theology, in the endeavor to gain clear intellectual concep-

tions of the Holy Ghost, and last of all, in his utter despair, in the hope that by exemplary conduct, he might at least gain the easiest place in hell. These struggles alternated with humiliating falls into his former evil conduct, even when he was beginning to flatter himself on his victories. He was on the verge of despair when, while returning from a religious service, a young man with whom he was walking assured him, in a quiet sober way, that God was willing to save any sinner who would believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. He trusted God and became a new creature.

He at once left the reading club and chose for his companions the Christian men of the prison, and now the unreasonable expectations which he, like many other young Christians, entertained, as to Christian perfection, were bitterly disappointed. He became, however, more reasonable when he found how hard the old Adam died in himself. The question of the ordinances now pressed itself upon him. He had been reared as a Presbyterian and had looked with contempt upon the people called Baptists or Anabaptists. His own study of the New Testament, however, convinced him of the truth of the position he had once despised and he became a Baptist in belief, although, evidently owing to lack of opportunity in the French prison, he was not baptised until after his return to Scotland.

The order for the relief of the prisoners came at last, and the separation of those who had enjoyed sweet Christian fellowship was keenly painful, even if, by their very separation, they were regaining their liberty. After an eventful and, at times, painful and exhausting journey through France and England and Scotland, Mr. Gilmour reached his old home one evening in the spring of 1814. He had been absent six years. In the meantime his father had died, and a brother's hospitality was substituted for a father's welcome.

His wanderings in search of adventure were now at an end. He had reached Ayr exhausted in body, and, what was worse, in spiritual ill health, because of the experiences through which he had passed, and in which he had neglected the simple laws of spiritual growth. For the delightful experience of being borne along by the intense joy of the new found peace, he had now to learn to substitute the strength that comes from an intelligent

and steady observance of the laws that govern spiritual life. His soul had yielded a rich crop from the virgin soil, and he was falling into the error of supposing that the strength of this soil could maintain itself without new accessions of nourishment. He declined a position as master of a vessel of which his brother was part owner, for he was afraid that the prolonged absence from the means of grace which a voyage at sea then entailed, would ill suit the needs of his spiritual life which required, as he well knew, all the help he could obtain from without He, therefore, settled in Irvine, near Ayr, and toiled bravely and hard. Here he was baptised in June, 1814, but the joy of his spiritual life was far from ecstatic. He had to fight for every inch he gained.

The claims of the ministry now began to be pressed upon him by his own convictions and the advice of others. For a time he resisted, for the honor of serving God in this way seemed at first too great for one of his spiritual attainments. The decision was, however, at last formed, he having first set apart a day for fasting and prayer, and he went in 1816 to study under Dr. Steadman at Horton College (now Rawdon) in Bradford. His course lasted four years, and by neglecting the safeguards which every student needs to set, he found towards the end of his course that his zeal had somewhat abated and that he had become a prey to metaphysical doubts. This has always been a common, though distinctly unnecessary danger of student life. The means to avoid it are simple, but they must be faithfully employed, and Mr. Gilmour had not employed them. Yet "he faced his doubts and gathered strength."

After his graduation he supplied the church at Greenock for five months in the absence of the pastor. His brief ministry there was blessed to the conversion of some of the unconverted, and to the edification of the church. His experience as a sailor he also turned to good account in preaching to the crews of the ships in harbor. In February, 1821, he went to Aberdeen, and he was the first Baptist pastor who ever labored there. As he was a perfect stranger in the city and had no Board to support him, his undertaking shewed his intrepid courage, especially as he might have secured churches in England where he could have been comfortable and happy. He engaged a hall and announced

through the press that he would begin preaching on a certain day. The work opened in an encouraging way, the people being attracted at first by the novelty of the venture and afterwards by Mr. Gilmour's agreeable and original way of preaching. Soon the first Baptist church in Aberdeen was organized with Mr. Gilmour as pastor, those interested in the step having agreed to appoint a day for fasting and prayer and so form themselves into a church. This pastorate lasted till 1830, and it was one in which he "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," his efforts being seconded by a loyal band of workers. In 1822 he married Janet Walker, of Irvine, a woman who, with a somewhat weak constitution, possessed superior mental and spiritual endowments, an extraordinary wealth of affection, and a distinct talent for poetry. Mrs. Gilmour lived till 1852, and these thirty years of their married life were years of unalloyed happiness. Mr. Gilmour never wearied in acknowledging the help which came to him through her gentle and elevating influence.

In 1830 he resigned his charge in Aberdeen to undertake work in Montreal, a number of indications pointing in that direction, the most prominent being a visit from Mr. John Edwards, well known in Eastern Canada, who, after being directed by the Messrs. Haldane to the pastor of the Baptist church in Aberdeen as a suitable man for the work in Canada for which he was seeking laborers, sought out Mr. Gilmour and assured him that his duty lay in Canada. He carried also with him a letter from Mr. Ebenezer Muir to whom Mr. Gilmour had said good-bye some years before, at Greenock. The Aberdeen pastor, therefore, resigned his charge and said farewell amid many tears. He was now about to identify his fortunes with those of the New World. After a voyage of nearly six weeks, he landed in Montreal in September, 1830. Here also he had the honor of doing pioneer work and of collecting the constituent members of the first Baptist church organized in Montreal. He began preaching in Bruce's school house in McGill Street, two days after landing. About a year later a church of twenty-five members was formed, with Mr. Gilmour as pastor. A lot in St. Helen Street was purchased and a chapel erected upon it, the site being to-day indicated by a marble slab on the

wall of the warehouse of Gault Bros. & Co, on the corner of St. Helen and Recollet Streets. But the pastor's labors were not confined to Montreal, for many places in the vicinity enjoyed visits from him at this time. During Mr. Gilmour's pastorate, the well-remembered outbreak of cholera occurred in Montreal. He stood to his post, and with undaunted courage visited the sick and buried the dead who were smitten by the scourge. In regard to the church itself good and permanent work was done, although its inner life was not uneventful. The experience of Aberdeen has been repeated in Montreal, and the St. Helen Street Church has surviving daughters that cherish affectionate memories of their mother.

Mr. Gilmour's health becoming uncertain, he resigned his charge in 1835, the membership of the church having by this time increased from 25 to 119. Removing from Montreal, he made his headquarters at Clarence on the Ottawa River, and this now became the centre of earnest and untiring missionary efforts, the results of which are still felt in Eastern Canada. During this stay at Clarence the memorable revival occurred. Mr. Edwards was pastor of the church at the time and he was assisted in the special work by Mr. Gilmour and Mr. Fraser, the latter having walked through the woods all the way from Breadalbane, in order to help in the preaching.

In the spring of 1836, at the meeting of an Association in Montreal, he made a proposal for a forward movement which contemplated the establishing of a college and the founding of a Home Missionary Society, and in speaking to the question he recommended the appointment of some one to visit Great Britain and lay the claims of Canada before the people there in order to gather funds for the proposed objects. The proposition was agreed to, and Mr. Gilmour himself was unanimously appointed to visit Great Britain. The task was not an agreeable one, and his natural shrinking from it was reinforced by his own feeble health at that time. But, recognizing the voice of Providence in the choice of his brethren, he accepted the appointment and set out on his mission. He was absent about a year, and his work proved successful. Home Missionary work was opened with new vigour, and the Montreal Baptist College was established. The College did not prove an unquali-

fied success, and has long since "fallen on sleep," but it did good work in its day, with such scholars on its staff as Dr. Cramp and Dr. Davies; and some of its saintly graduates "remain unto this present," as links of blessing between the past and the present.

His health becoming restored by the autumn of the year of his return, Mr. Gilmour, out of several openings that offered, chose an appointment under the New England Company, whose duties were the care of two bands of Indians, living in the vicinity of Peterborough, involving a paternal and spiritual oversight. He therefore took up his residence in Peterborough in November, 1837, and this became his home till the time of his death. He attended with scrupulous diligence and conscientiousness to the duties of his position, but his natural energy was so great that his labors overflowed the banks of his ordinary duties and spread far and wide throughout Ontario. Naturally the county of Peterborough claimed his first attention, and here again he became a pioneer, preaching in the log school houses and in the dwellings of the settlers. The earliest Baptist churches in the county were organized by him, and the church in the township of Smith, four miles from Peterborough, paid his memory a graceful tribute in calling the new chapel, opened in 1890, the Gilmour Memorial Church. The work in the county of Peterborough also supplied the nucleus for the Baptist church in Zorra. But his labors were not bounded by even these limits, for there are few sections of Ontario that he did not visit, and where he has not left behind men who have gratefully remembered his labors in preaching the gospel and helping to organize churches. The needy state of the country at that time made it no injustice to the work to render these valuable services gratuitously. But in a short sketch space would fail to tell of all the streams of benediction that issued from his home in Peterborough to gladden with spiritual verdure many hearts that responded to the truth which he preached. When the Canadian Baptist Union was formed he was made its first President, his grasp of affairs and natural buoyancy of spirits marking him as a leader. It is true that even this period of his life's history was not without its stormy passages, in which his convictions in matters of church order came into

conflict with the equally settled and conscientious convictions of others who disagreed with him. But no one ever found him other than a magnanimous and chivalrous opponent, and there were few who did not admire the man and the gentleman in the knight with whom they tilted in the lists.

The severest wrench to his life came in 1852, when, his own sun now approaching the west, his wife fell under Death's sickle. For his remaining seventeen years his heart responded to the winds of life as the pensive strings of an Aeolian harp to the breezes that sigh through them, so keenly did he feel the "bitter constraint and sad occasion dear." But even now he found solace in the tender care of his dutiful son and daughter-in-law, and in the dawning and developing intelligence of his growing grandchildren.

In the trees around his window, that opened to the sun and the air and a wide commanding view, the robins were piping their welcome to the spring one May morning in 1869, when the soul of John Gilmour went to hear another song that welcomed him to his Father's home. His body was buried in the cemetery at Peterborough, and it still lies where it was laid to rest. And the red leaves fall quietly on his grave every autumn and the green buds of hope shoot forth every spring on the trees that shade it, until that great consummation comes for which every soul longs that has a desire after holiness.

While the incidents of Mr. Gilmour's outward life were interesting because of their variety, those of his spiritual life were not less so. Few people who saw his calm and even bearing would imagine that he gained all his victories at the point of the sword. But up to the very end he had to war a constant warfare. Personally he was determined, prompt, reliable, high spirited and courageous. He had a keen sense of honor and great intensity. What he could not do with all his heart he left alone. He was a hard student, and his reading was varied and thorough. He had great buoyancy of spirits and yet, at the same time, a strain of Shakespearian melancholy. He was a gentleman in all his instincts, and had distinguished manners and an attractive appearance. These combined qualities gave him great influence with men of superior tastes and intellect He had also what, for want of a better name, we call personal

magnetism, and this no doubt accounts for the distinct mental image of him which those who have received it still retain after many decades. In his inner spiritual life he was, like Paul and Augustine, always a penitent. "I have obtained mercy," he says, "but I cannot forget my sins." This penitence produced an ardent and chivalrous devotion to the Christ who had redeemed him. But so exalted was his life that he carried with him a spiritual magic that, for those who met him, seemed to transfigure the ordinary things of life. As a preacher he gave the chief place to salvation by grace and the need of the new birth, as did Paul and Augustine, to whose type he distinctly belonged. His voice was clear, melodious and commanding: his manner impressive, dignified and earnest. His language and imagery were chaste and forcible, his extensive travels and varied experience giving him a rich store of metaphor and illustration; while with his face, his voice and his gestures he could produce wonderful effects. His style was simple, bordering on the conversational, with occasional bursts of irresistible power and pathos. His sermons were original, instructive and persuasive, and withal not tedious. In Aberdeen one youth was overheard saying in the street, one Sunday evening, to his companion: "Let us go and hear Gilmour; he's short." Behind all this stood the unblemished character of the man who spoke.

His influence was felt, and is still felt, in various departments of our work. At a time when it was most needed he gave encouragement and help to the work at Grande Ligne: his whole life in Canada was a succession of effort in Home Missions, and he has influenced the homes that reared some of our most prominent men. Apart from his connection with the Montreal Baptist College, he has had large influence on our educational work in other ways also. He baptised Robert Fyfe in the St. Lawrence and was for many years his valued adviser; he influenced the home that reared the late D. A. McGregor: and he gave timely and much appreciated spiritual counsel to one, who has held a prominent position in McMaster University.

Our obligation is great to those who make for us clear distinctions in theological thought: it is great to those whose liberality provides means for the carrying forward of Christ's work: and it is great to those whose words and example incite us to

renewed zeal in the cause of our Master. But, perhaps, greater than all these, because of its more subtle influence, is the debt we owe to the man who catches some rays from the Word made flesh, and, embodying them in his life, shews us what a Christian life is. This debt we owe to John Gilmour. The magnetic forces which he, through God's grace, generated, have long since lost themselves in the larger force of combined human action, as the smaller streams surrender their identity to contribute to that larger body that makes up our great lakes and our magnificent St. Lawrence. But as long as one mind continues to influence another and to transmit its religious enthusiasm to the generations that follow, so long will Mr. Gilmour's influence be felt in Canada by men who "desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

J. L. Gilmour.

THE GHOST FLOWER.*

Like Israel's seer I come from out the earth
  Confronting with the question air and sky,
  Why dost thou bring me up? White ghost am I
Of that which was God's beauty at its birth.
In eld the sun kissed me to ruby red,
  I held my chalice up to heaven's full view,
  The August stars dropped down their golden dew,
And skyey balms exhaled about my bed.
Alas, I loved the darkness, not the light!
  The deadly shadows, not the bending blue,
  Spoke to my trancëd heart, made false seem true,
And drowned my spirit in the deeps of night.
  O Painter of the flowers, O God most sweet,
  Dost say my spirit for the light is meet?

Theodore H. Rand.

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*The *monotropa uniflora*,—a true flower, not a fungus. It grows in the deep shadows, the entire flower and stalk being colorless and wax-like. It has white, wax-like bracts in place of green leaves. The cup nods, and stalk and flower together form an interrogation point, (which fact, it will be observed, determines the cast of the sonnet). The flower is widely known in the Maritime Provinces as the *Ghost Flower*, but is often called the *Indian Pipe*.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I. Biographical.

Horatius Bonar was born in Edinburgh, Dec. 19, 1808. He had the great advantage of coming of a godly stock in whose blood the love of poesy ran, his grandfather, Rev. James Bonar, having published hymns in 1765. It was also no mean advantage to be born and brought up in the city of Edinburgh, crowded, as it is, with objects of historical interest, and rich in that which, in nature and in art, is calculated to stir poetic thought. He was educated in the High School and the University there, and had the crowning privilege, in his Theological course, of being a pupil of the illustrious Chalmers. There, too, he enjoyed fellowship with Robert Murray McCheyne, whose saintly influence followed him through life. What arsenals of power the college chair and the college hall may be!

He was ordained in 1837 to the pastorate of Kelso on the Tweed. The surroundings of Kelso are among the loveliest in all the Scottish Lowlands, and have inspired more than one sweet singer—among them Mary Lundie Duncan, the daughter of his predecessor, Rev. James Lundie. These scenes could not fail to appeal powerfully to the kindred soul of Bonar. That kinship of soul found happy expression in his marriage to Jane Catherine Lundie, Mrs. Duncan's sister. The sympathy and inspiration of such a wife must have done much towards stimulating that steady flow of verse with which he enriched the world during the next twenty-five years.

In Kelso he was abundant in labor, and soon began that literary activity which has made his name so familiar to us all. His zeal was fired by constant correspondence with McCheyne, then minister in Dundee, and his brother A. A. Bonar of Glasgow. In 1839 he began the publication of the Kelso Tracts, one of which, "Believe and Live," attained a sale of nearly a million copies. They had much to do with extending the revival which began at Kilsyth in 1839, a revival from which Dundee and Kelso reaped rich results.

In 1843 he did himself the imperishable honor of joining heartily in the Free Church secession, and remained throughout

life one of its leading lights. His pastorate in Kelso lasted until 1866, when he became minister of "Chalmers Memorial" church in Edinburgh. There he continued until his death in 1889.

Most of his volumes in prose and verse were published during his stay in Kelso. In Edinburgh he devoted himself chiefly to journalistic work. His prose works avoid theological subtleties and refinements, and aim at immediate, practical helpfulness in Christian living. They are simple and scriptural, and marked by "intense spirituality and ardent devotion to the cause of Christ." Most of his best hymns appeared in the three series entitled "Hymns of Faith and Hope," 1857-1866. It is interesting to know that, while he was enriching the church at large with volume after volume of Christian song, his own church remained Psalm singers to the last.

Dr. Bonar's appearance in the pulpit was "grand, massive, almost imposing, but thoroughly genial and tender in every line and movement of the face and eye." A visitor in 1877 thus describes him:

"The striking feature of his face is a large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no ragged lines in his face; but benevolence, peace, and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, 'He is just like his hymns —not great, but tender, sweet, and tranquil.' And anything he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words "The Spirit and the Bride say, come,'—the last invitation of the Bible. It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality which to an American is so striking a feature of all foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation, warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Once he paused in his discourse, and addressed himself especially to the Sabbath school children, who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I am sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given."

II. Some of his Hymns.

There are in the American Baptist Hymnal 16 hymns from Bonar. The first is No. 127, "From the cross the blood is fall-

ing." The stanza here used has a strange charm for me, and I am easily won by it. Yet I think there is more than the mere music of the verse to attract one to this hymn. It has some evident defects, if one were disposed to close criticism. For example, I do not like the bald literalness of the opening line, and the second half of the third stanza seems rather far fetched. But like Faber's "Hark, hark, my soul, etc.," it is marked by a strangely impressive indefiniteness that rather disarms criticism. The fourth stanza is a truly noble one. In it great thoughts find fitting expression.

No. 213 is a very fair hymn to the Trinity. Such hymns easily run off either into the stiffly doctrinal, or else into some other theme. It was natural that Bonar should pass to the praises of the Redeemer—a theme so near his heart. It is a hymn that may readily degenerate into a weak jingle if carelessly read. For the same reason it requires stately music. "Vesper Hymn" would spoil it; whereas "Regent Square" clothes it in becoming dignity and majesty. No. 237 is on a congenial theme for Bonar. The hymn is thoroughly Scriptural in thought and has a good deal of the flavor of genuine song about it. "Fresh from the Throne of Glory (No. 243) is not suited to public worship. Few persons get any clear conception of its meaning. However it is full of movement and is catching —a feature which has carried it into popularity.

No. 356, "I was a wandering Sheep," has become a great favorite. And no wonder. For it catches the thought of the parable and expresses in beautiful simplicity some of the tenderest reflections of the devout soul. Its good fortune in being welded to a taking tune will help to ensure it a lasting popularity, notwithstanding its manifest defect as a work of art. He has failed to work out uniformly the thought of the Shepherd and the Father. This has been felt as the variations in the hymn books show. For "He" in the second stanza, several editions have "They," and the fourth stanza is greatly changed. The new Canadian Baptist Hymnal has "They," and omits the fourth stanza. I feel sure that the English Baptist Hymnal has the original form—though the changes made in the American Baptist Hymnal improve it.

No. 357 is here credited to Dr. Bonar, but in Sankey's

'Sacred Songs and Solos with Standard Hymns" it is ascribed to Mrs. Bonar, with the indication that some changes have been made. If I am not mistaken, the hymn as Mrs. Bonar wrote it began "Pass away, earthly joy." If the changes were made by Dr. Bonar and were on a par with that made in the first line, we can understand how it may have been ascribed to either. As it stands it voices many a soul's experience. It is beautifully simple and quite poetic.

"What a Friend we have in Jesus," (No. 406) is plain, direct, practically helpful, and deservedly popular.

No. 421 "Thy way, not mine, O Lord" has long been one of my favorites—a little gem of thought. I prefer it however for private devotion.

No. 467 is founded on an old Greek hymn. It has real strength.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say" (No. 481) is among the very first hymns of this generation. It is a skilful amplification of three brief Scripture statements, naturally arranged and giving a touching and cheerful view of the inception and progress of the Christian life.

Passing over Nos. 503 and 550 we come to 631, "A few more Years shall roll," which ranks second in popularity of all Bonar's hymns. The third stanza is a free rendering of part of a Latin hymn by Abelard. No. 650 and 651 treat of the same theme, the Lord's second coming. The former has been adopted by the Church of England as an "Advent Hymn."

In No. 681 is a glimpse of heaven, and "The Lamb is the light of it." The rhythm is not so sonorous as that of No. 127, but the sentiment is just and uplifting.

Of these 16 hymns, 6 (356, 431, 467, 487, 631, 651) are also in the English Baptist Hymnal: 5 of the 6 are also in the new Canadian Baptist Hymnal and the American Lutheran Hymnal (651 being omitted); and 4 of the 5 are in Sankey's Standard Collection (431 being omitted).

Of the hymns not found in the American Baptist Hymnal I shall notice only the following:

"O Love of God, how strong and true," (No 122 in Canadian Baptist Hymnal) makes a nearer approach to the grand and majestic than any of those in the American Hymnal. It is

a noble hymn. "I lay my sins on Jesus" (No. 359 in Canadian Baptist Hymnal) is the most popular of all Bonar's hymns. It has appeared in at least nine of the leading collections in Great Britain and in a great many in America. It first appeared in "Hymns of Faith and Hope," under the title "The Substitute," and is founded on the old Latin hymn

> "Jesu, plene caritate,
> Manus tuae perforatae
> Laxant mea crimina."

In Sankey's collection, Lev. 16: 21, 22 is placed above it as a motto, I know not by whose authority. I cannot but wonder why this should have been left out of the American Baptist Hymnal, unless objection was taken on doctrinal grounds to the opening line. It is a sweet musical hymn and contains much precious truth. Would that we had more like it in our Sunday school collection.

"Help me, my God, to speak," and "Make use of me, my God," (Nos. 398 and 422 English Baptist Hymnal). remind one of Faber's simple, matter-of-fact style. No. 513 (English Baptist Hymnal) is of a kind rather rare in Bonar. This is quite spirited and full of bright joyous movement.

"I hear the words of love" (No. 538 Canadian Baptist Hymnal) is a lovely little hymn. The thought is clear and strong, and moves from the beginning to the end with naturalness and power.

"Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping" (No. 283 in Sankey, and found also in the Calvary selection) is strangely sweet and soothing. There is in it an unusually happy conjunction of congenial sentiment, rhythm and music. It has possessed me ever since I heard it first with a sort of heavenly witching. The man who wrote that had music in his soul.

III. Bonar's place as a Hymn Writer.

The following facts will be helpful in reaching an opinion.

1. In the American Baptist Hymnal, out of a total of 704 hymns, 16 are from Bonar, who comes *eighth* on the list. Those ahead of him are Watts (109), Wesley (34), Doddridge (21), Montgomery (20), Miss Steele (19), Newton (19), and Mrs. Van Alstyne (Fanny J. Crosby, 17). Cowper follows with 14.

In the English Baptist Hymnal (total 920), Bonar has 20, being *sixth* on the list. Watts has 59, Wesley 50, Doddridge 39, Montgomery 32, Rawson 21, Newton 18, Cowper 14, Miss Steele 9, Mrs. Van Alstyne 1. The last figure shows that American hymns do not travel East as quickly as English hymns come West.

In the new Canadian Baptist Hymnal, out of a total of 750, 16 are Bonar's. He is bracketed *sixth* with Newton. Watts has 136, Wesley 37, Montgomery 25, Doddridge 22, Miss Steele 20, Newton 16, Kelly 15, Cowper 12, Lyte, Beddome, Rawson each 10, S. F. Smith, Miss Havergal, Mrs. Van Alstyne each 9.

In the American Lutheran Hymnal, Bonar ranks *eighth* with 9 out of a total of 601. Watts has 114, Wesley 44, Montgomery 24, Doddridge 23, Newton 20.

In Mr. Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos with Standard Hymns," out of 750 in all, 19 are from Bonar. Mrs. Van Alstyne has 57, P. P. Bliss 53, Watts 25, Wesley 20, Newton 13, Miss Havergal 9, Cowper 5, Montgomery 4, Doddridge 3. Many American composers who do not appear largely in the standard books are not noticed here. In the list as given Bonar stands *fifth*.

In the Calvary selection of 1086 hymns, Watts again leads with 150; Wesley has 55, Montgomery 39, Doddridge 36, Miss Steele 32, Newton 31, Bonar 23, Ray Palmer 22, Kelly 18, Cowper 13. Here again Bonar has *seventh* place.

In the Coronation Hymnal—just issued by Drs. Gordon and Pierson—out of 400 hymns, Watts leads, as usual, with 21; Wesley has 7, Montgomery 7; Miss Havergal 7, Doddridge 4, Newton 2, Miss Steele 2, Cowper 1, A. J. Gordon 15, Bonar 14. Here Bonar ranks *third* and (if the editor be omitted) he comes next to Watts.

2. As to matter, Bonar's hymns may be roughly classified as follows:

	Am. Bap.	Eng. Bp.	Can. Bp.	Calv'y.	Am. Lu.	S's & S's.	Coronation.		Total.
Praise.....	1	1	2	1	0	0	1	—	6
The Gospel...	3	5	3	4	1	4	3	—	23
Christian Life	7	11	9	12	7	11	5	—	62
Ordinances...	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	—	4
Last Things..	4	2	2	5	1	4	4	—	22

The former set of facts shows very clearly that Bonar is the

leading hymn-writer of his generation, and that he is likely to remain for many years to come among the leading names in English hymnology. To-day he may be ranked *seventh*, possibly *sixth*.

The latter set calls attention to *the range of his thought*.

His hymns consist chiefly of warm expressions of Christian experience. Not infrequently he looks back and sings of the cross and redemption: and, again, he looks forward and delights in the coming of the Lord or in the joys of heaven. But he has scarcely any general hymns of praise. In that department Watts completely distances all others: about half of all such hymns in the books named above are from his pen. Bonar is rather like Wesley and Doddridge in this respect. The title which he gave to the volume from which most of these hymns are taken, "Hymns of Faith and Hope," is in full accord with this fact. He is well styled "The Poet of the Sanctuary."

Another fact is to be noticed, quite marked in the hymns we have been considering. They strike a good average excellence. He has written many good hymns, few, if any, that may be called great. Few men have written as many good hymns as he: many have written one hymn greater than any of his.

In loftiness of thought and grandeur of expression he cannot be compared with Watts. Nor has anything come from his pen at all comparable with Wesley's "Jesus Lover of my Soul." Here and there we find a stanza characterized by majesty of thought and worthy expression, but he never sustains that throughout a hymn. Duffield says "He has had the rare fortune to express the deepest of Christian feelings, and the loftiest of Christian praise." With the former part of the statement I can agree; to the latter, for reasons already indicated, I demur.

Let us thank God for his long and beautiful life, for his abounding labors with tongue and pen, and especially for the sweet songs in which he gives us words to tell out the passion of our souls in their most sacred hours. And let us be glad that he whose soul broke into music at the thought of the coming glory, now basks in the Lamb's everlasting light.

J. H. Farmer.

Students' Quarter.

PROFIT-SHARING.

This is an age of conflict between laborer and capitalist, an age when capitalist and laborer are becoming more and more widely separated. Not so much, perhaps, that the laborer is degenerating or reaping less from his toil, as that the capitalist is receiving almost all the benefit of improvement in machinery, transportation, ease of communication, and all other advantages accruing from the increased facility in production. Instead of the employees, who are in the greatest need of betterment, being elevated and made comfortable, the majority of them have been left in the squalor of their poverty, the degradation of their ignorance, and the stupor of their crushed condition. Not, however, so crushed as to be incapable of feeling somewhat of their need, nor so ignorant as to suffer their poverty without a cry for something better. Their cry has found expression in anarchic movements, strikes, labor unions and socialistic conventions; it has sounded out from platform and pulpit, through daily press and leading magazines; the movement has marked itself by the decisive manner in which its strikes paralyze trade in the completeness of its labor organization, and in its alarming universality. This labor problem demands a solution, and, if it does not receive it, threatens to bring about a revolt. Various economic writers and philanthrophists have endeavored to point out its cause or causes and to indicate remedies. Dr. Howard Crosby makes improvidence the great source of poverty—"improvidence, with regard to saving money, with regard to making a reputation, with regard to seizing opportunities, with regard to gaining useful knowledge." Improvidence *is* no doubt the immediate cause of poverty in many cases, but back of that there is a primary cause, which is in many instances a crushed and despairing spirit handed down, it may be, from broken spirited ancestors, and cherished by circumstances of poverty and sin. But apart from such, there are many whose poverty is in no way directly attributable to their improvidence. In any case two difficulties must be overcome if we are fully to remedy the unfair relations existing between workman and undertaker. Their must be found some means of bringing about a juster distribu-

tion of profits between laborer and capitalist, and this distribution must be effected in such a manner that it will in no way be conducive to improvidence on the part of the workman, but rather be productive of thrift, energy and self-respect, while it must not in the least cripple the productiveness of capital. As already indicated, various solutions of this complex problem have been proposed. Some are elaborate, socialistic theories which look well on paper and sound well from the rostrum, but which have failed to furnish satisfactory proof of their practicability and which under present conditions seem impossible of realization.

Co-operation has likewise been proposed as a solution, and although it has given promising results in some of its trials, still awaits further proof of its ability to adjust all the factors involved. Profit-sharing also presses upon us for our earnest investigation and consideration of what it has done and promises to do, in bringing about a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulties that exist between capitalist and laborer.

Profit-sharing—the participation by the workman in the profits which he co-operates in producing—was first systematically and successfully applied in France by Edmond Jeau Leclaire, the proprietor of a large house-painting establishment. Leclaire was a self-made man who had himself risen through difficulties and having reached a position of competence, desired to elevate and help others. He was so influenced by the remark of a friend to the effect that nothing short of participation by the workman in the profits of the undertaker, would permanently reconcile employer and employee, that he devoted seven years to laying plans for the carrying out of this idea. In 1842 he introduced a system of participation, which, with some modifications, he continued until his death. During the thirty years in which he carried on his house-painting business according to this system, he gave in bonuses £44 000, and accumulated a private fortune of £48,000. Both of these amounts he considered had been realized by the increase in profits due to the application of profit-sharing to his business. The business was continued on the same lines after his death. Leaving out of the question the Mutual Aid Society, which is not at all essential to profit-sharing, we find that the managing partners receive salaries for superintendence, and interest at five per cent upon their capital, as well as one quarter part of the net profit remaining after interest and cost

of superintendence have been paid. A second quarter part goes to the Mutual Aid Society, and the remaining half of the net profit is divided among all the employees in proportion to the wages they have earned during the year.

But it is not essential to profit-sharing that the particular scheme of Leclaire be followed in detail. Sometimes its only feature is to pay a certain dividend of the net profits to each workman at the end of the year. Sometimes it adds another feature, and holds in reserve a certain portion of the profits assigned to the workman which can only be drawn by him at the expiration of a term of years. In fact, profit-sharing may take almost as many forms as there are different undertakings. The scheme of M. Chaix, a great Parisian publisher and bookseller, furnishes a good example of profit-sharing, since it is simple and presents few exceptional features. His announcement was that each employee of the house, according to specified conditions as to length of previous service, was to receive a share in the net-profits realized by the house, the amount to be independently fixed in each successive year by M. Chaix himself. The sum thus allotted was to be divided into three equal parts to be separately dealt with as follows:—The first to be handed over each year in cash, the second to be paid to a pension and provident fund, the third to be available for beneficiaries only on attaining sixty years of age, or after twenty years of uninterrupted service in the house. The amount assigned to each was in proportion to his wages. The amounts reserved were supplemented by four per cent interest while they remained with the firm. As a rule, in profit-sharing houses, the workman receives the same in wages proper as is to be had in houses where participation is not in operation.

As this system was first successfully carried out in France, naturally it has been adopted there by a larger number of firms than elsewhere. But it has also been successfully operated in Germany, England and America. Where failure has occurred, it has been due not to the system itself but to causes extraneous to it. Some years ago the number of firms on the continent that had adopted profit-sharing exceeded one hundred. "In the United "States, besides several houses which have made long trial of it "such as Peace Dale (R. I.) Manufacturing Co., the Pillsbury "Flour Mills of Minneapolis, the Westerly (R.I.) Granite Co., and

" the Wanamaker establishment in Philadelphia, the daily papers " frequently report the entrance of other houses upon this system." It becomes more popular as it receives a wider trial.

Sedley Taylor said some twelve years ago that this principle had "been introduced with good results into agriculture; into " the administration of banks and insurance offices; into iron- " melting, type-founding and cotton-spinning; into the manu- " facture of tools, paper, chemicals, lucifer-matches, soap, card- " board, and cigarette papers; into printing, engraving, cabinet- " making, house-painting and plumbing: into stock-broking, " bookselling, the wine trade, and haberdashery." Since that time there has been a remarkable growth of interest in profit-sharing and that list might now be greatly enlarged. It may be remarked that while it has been successfully applied to *all* these undertakings, yet it gives its *best* result when the cost of labor bears a high proportion to the total cost of production. " Such was the case with the house-painting establishment of Leclaire." But even in agriculture, where the cost of production depends chiefly upon capital, profit-sharing has been applied with good results. The recent successful experiments of Albert Grey of Learmouth, England, is in point here. The previous tenant had been unable to meet his rent, so Grey decided to make a trial of profit-sharing. He did so, and during the best years has been able to pay $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their wages to the laborers, and during the recent depression, 4 per cent. The community in which he has made his experiment has been most unfavorable to his scheme. In the first place, the laboring class of Learmouth are comparatively independent and are constantly moving from place to place. He has also been subjected to the most adverse criticism and opposition by the neighboring farmers. But almost contrary to our expectations and in the face of these difficulties, he has had sufficient success in his undertaking to warrant him in continuing and even extending his operations. He began his experiment on a farm of 1,763 acres, but is now farming 3,765 acres. We said in the early part of our paper that we were to seek a system which would lead to a juster distribution of profits between capitalist and laborer, and that this distribution should be brought about in such a manner as to elevate and educate the workman without in any way crippling the productiveness of capital. We believe we have

found such a system in profit-sharing. The numerous examples of its working which have given such satisfactory results to both employer and employee, the very few examples where it has been discarded, the ever growing interest in it, and above all, the ever increasing number who are adopting it with satisfactory results, all testify in the most convincing manner to what it can do, showing that it is no mere phantom for a few philanthropic enthusiasts, but a system which is really operative. In further support of this, let us call attention to some of the special benefits arising from profit-sharing as indicated by those who have had experience in its working. On the side of the employer four features, in his favor, are noticeable. "(1) Increased pro- "duction, due to the cessation of all deliberate waste of time "during the hours of work. (2) Diminution in the cost of "superintendence, much of which could be dispensed with if it "were no longer necessary to extort work by the force of "detected idling and consequent dismissal. (3) Saving, to be "effected by more thrift and thoughtful handling of materials, "machinery, and appliances of all kinds. (4) Improvement in "quality of production due, not only to bettered individual "work, but also to advances in technical procedure suggested "by the ingenuity of the artificer brought to bear fruitfully "upon the facts of his daily experience." Establishments which previously only cleared themselves, would, when reaping such benefits from increased efficiency of labor, be able to allot a share in profits to their employees. The workman is also greatly benefited. Previous to the introduction of profit-sharing, he received only his wages. No matter how successful the business, and no matter how much he contributed to make the business profitable, he realized none of the profits, but saw his employer enriching himself on his extra care and ingenuity. Now, however, the employee receives something extra when business is successful, and when profits are large, he shares a proportionally large amount.

Nor is this immediate benefit the only one which comes to the laborer. The fact, that every honest effort brings with it results, that he has an interest in his employer's business, that his condition is no longer hopeless, stimulates him not only while he is with his employer, but when he is at home. He begins to carry out in his own home the same economy which he

exercises in his master's business. His wife catches his economic spirit and becomes energetic and provident in her habits. She endeavors to make the home comfortable and attractive. Crosby's cause of poverty—"improvidence"—would thus be wiped out, and the working-man placed on a basis of growth and development. These statements are not mere speculations, but the facts as gathered by the most careful students, such as Taylor and Gilman. In closing let me quote from President F. A. Walker. In 1879, with ten years of experience after publishing his "Wages Question," he wrote as follows:—

"It seems to me beyond dispute that profit-sharing, if "generally introduced and carried out in good faith and good "feeling, would secure a highly equitable division of the pro- "ducts of industry, and would be a cure for most of the 'labor "troubles' from which we suffer. As to the entire feasibility "of the scheme after a fair, full trial, I entertain no doubt, the "sole condition being that the master and man shall really seek "to meet each other, and to find the means of working together "on the basis of the reasonable authority of the master as here- "tofore known and respected."

C. N. MITCHELL.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly!
Flutter by,
Under and over,
Haunting the clover,
Each flashing wing
Fashioning
Quivering glories,
Luminous stories!

Life in a miniature!
Swiftly to win a pure
Realm of ideals,
Hoping it heals.

Who can tell best
What is the quest?

Hoping is vain,
Thinking is bane!
Once again
Flutter by,
Butterfly!

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

In Buffalo Express.

REST IN CONFLICT.

As a torn flag falls flapping by the mast,
As a poor bird borne helpless by the blast,
Or wounded warrior when the battle 's past,—

My soul 's aweary with the toilful strife:
Borne by fierce winds upon the sea of life,
Wounded and fallen while the danger 's rife:

Saddened by failure, overcome with grief,
Peering the dim horizon for relief,
Whirled on bewildered as an autumn leaf.

Weird flashing lightnings blur my feeble sight,
Deep thunders pealing fill me with affright,
The darkness deepens deeper into night.

Wounded I seek for balm to heal my wound,
Weary I cry, "O where can rest be found"—
Wandering in wildering silence round and round

Far in the distance dim a gleam of light
Falls, like a glow of glory, on my sight,
Swift soul-thrill tremors fill me with delight:

The morning star of hope arises high,
Soft murmurs of a restful peace are nigh,
Faith scans with searching gaze a leaden sky.

God of the storm, my soul may rest in thee!
Calm my disquiet, as on Galilee
Thy faintest whisper hushed the foaming sea.

"Not as the world" give thou thy peace to me,
But on thy tranquil bosom may I be
Borne upward, onward through eternity.

O. G. Langford.

In Sunday School Times.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANOE VOYAGE.

This is the time of year when the wandering camper returns to his city abode, laden with superfluous energy and with tales of adventure, rich and rare, which he longs to relate to an appreciative listener. One of the brotherhood of campers would fain follow the example of the fraternity by recounting the story of a week's voyage in a canoe.

There were six of us and our canoe, a large Indian birch-bark, easily carried all and left ample space for our numerous commodities, such as blankets, provisions, and weapons of offence and defence.

Doubtless the reader is unacquainted with us, so I shall take an early opportunity of giving him a formal introduction to each member of our party. First of all comes the Doctor, a gentleman of scientific and roving propensities, once a familiar character in Woodstock College, now a Professor in an American University. Physically he is very tall and slender, but possesses strength, endurance, and energy beyond what his appearance indicates. Ben, as I shall call him, is the Doctor's favourite student, and was spending the summer with his professor in the Muskoka lakes. A young man of many parts is Ben. During a short lifetime he has been a cow-boy, a railroad engineer, and an artilleryman in the U. S. army. Beyond these accomplishments, he is an "all round" athlete and a student of no mean ability. Mac., the third member, is a jolly, handsome, handy young Scotchman whose manly figure and curly blonde hair make him a favourite at first sight. Alex. and Artie, the former a lad of about sixteen summers, the latter a little fellow of about half that age, complete the party, with the exception of the writer, who spent about four months of his vacation doing nothing more profitable than accumulating muscle and sun-burn. Jolly and enthusiastic explorers were we all, and our craving for new and untraversed regions was fully satiated during this one week's voyage. Living as we did in the comparatively civilized portion of Muskoka, where the population becomes yearly more and more numerous, we began to long for the wilds of the north country, so the Doctor, who had heard of some excellent unworked mines about sixty miles northward, agitated the question

of making this lengthy trip. Our party was accordingly organized with two ends in view: primarily, to investigate the mines: and secondarily, but most important in the eyes of the majority, to have, as one of the boys expressed it, "a real jolly good time."

The morning which we had chosen for our departure was dark and gloomy, foreboding a rain-storm in the near future, so that when I arose reluctantly from my comfortable bed, I felt almost sorry that I had promised to go, and found myself hoping that the others would decide to postpone the trip until a more favorable season But whatever hope I had entertained was soon banished, for before I had done justice to a scant breakfast of my own preparation, I heard the shrill whistle of the little steam launch, and a moment later saw her speeding around the point with the big birch-bark in tow. A few minutes sufficed to stow away my baggage. Again the whistle blew, and away sped the launch toward the unknown north. A pleasant ride of about nine miles brought us to a point near the head of Lake Joseph, whence our first portage was to be made. After unloading our baggage upon the rocky shore, and bidding farewell to our friends, we watched the little launch steam off homeward until she was lost to view among the islands; then the Doctor, delegating himself as official scout, started out confidently to find the portage to Clear Lake, which, according to the map, was about half a mile distant.

For over an hour we patiently awaited the Doctor's return, and had almost decided to organize a search party, when a lusty yell rang through the woods and a few seconds later we saw a tall familiar form sauntering along among the trees. By the contented expression on his countenance we at once surmised that he had met with success, and were assured of it when he called: "Shoulder up, boys! it's a pretty rough road and longer than the map says, but we're good for it." In response to this encouraging order, up went baggage and canoe, Ben and I shouldering the latter, and the Doctor going ahead as guide. For an hour we plodded on through tangled underbrush, over fallen logs, and along roads which had once deserved that name, but were now little better than jungles. Our courage was almost beginning to desert us, when the Doctor relieved us by signalling that water was in sight. Mac. and the boys hurried

ahead, and in a few minutes we heard a cry in front: "Hold on boys! Stay where you are!" We felt disinclined to stay where we were, with a heavy canoe on our shoulders, so we dismounted it and went ahead. The scene which met our eyes was, to say the least, astonishing. The Doctor was standing straight and silent, while around him several uncouth forms which we were able to identify as Mac. and the boys, were rolling about on the ground, uttering uncontrollable shrieks of laughter. In broken sentences, interspersed with peals of merriment from Mac., we were informed that we had returned by a very circuitous route to within a few yards of the place whence we had so confidently departed. Then two more voices were added to the chorus and two more forms performed the turf-rolling act on the shores of the "hard-to-leave" Lake Joseph, while the Doctor stood grim and silent, with a slight smile playing beneath his heavy blonde mustache. In pure deference to his feelings we at last forcibly calmed down, to give him an opportunity of explaining the situation. He failed to see anything laughable, and thought only of the time and energy uselessly expended. In explanation he informed us that he had followed a somewhat obscure path for over a mile, and had at last caught a glimpse of water. He naturally concluded that what he saw was Clear Lake. This journey had evidently taken him within a few yards of the spot where we were sitting, but as we were silently doing justice to a noon-day meal, he had heard nothing to apprise him of his whereabouts.

Nothing daunted by one failure, Ben and Mac. tried their luck as path-finders with much better success, returning within half an hour. They had followed a fairly good road for a mile, had found a lake, and had returned at a run. To shoulder our burdens again and transport them to Clear Lake was the work of less than half an hour, and we were soon paddling along the eastern shore in search of the outlet into the next lake.

Although we thoroughly enjoyed the remainder of the day, we found more labour in store for us than we had been led to expect. The information which the Doctor had received would have been valid in the spring or early summer, but in September all was different. The majority of the watercourses were either too shallow to allow of passage or were dried up entirely. The

necessity of portaging from lake to lake consumed much of our time and patience. About sun-down we arrived at a portage which the map gave as about half-a-mile in length, so we decided to cross before camping. We were entirely mistaken in our calculations, however, for the darkness came on very rapidly, leaving us still plodding through the woods. We could not camp on the road because there was no water, which is indispensable in camp. There was nothing left but to keep on travelling. Instead of half-a-mile, the portage proved to be much nearer two miles, and the darkness necessitated very slow progress. At last we came in sight of the lake, with a full moon casting its long, quivering reflection over the calm waters. This, then, was Little Black Lake, our first camping ground.

Expecting to find a good level spot where we might pitch our tent, we proceeded towards the shore. Imagine our disappointment when we found all the coast to be a roughly cultivated turnip-field, apparently endless in extent! The presence of this gleam of civilization in such an out-of-the-way place has always been to me a source of wonder and an insoluble problem.

Nowhere could we find a spot which was at once level and untilled. The process of tillage rendered the possibility of a comfortable bed a non-entity, so in the darkness we were obliged to take what presented itself. After the tent had been erected in the least cultivated piece of ground available, we sought a good place for a camp-fire, and cooked supper. Having partaken of this, we sat about the fire eating raw turnips for dessert, and telling stories to aid the digestion. After we had teased the Doctor about his extraordinary abilities as guide, that individual moved that we retire to our bed. The motion was seconded and carried by a majority of two and put into immediate execution.

The night was cold, and the bed furrowed and lumpy. Little wonder that it was long before any of us obtained sleep. I at last wearily dozed off, and in my troubled dreams thought I was a turnip with an ambition to grow, but hindered by being obliged to carry a canoe through an endless maze of tents and other obstacles. Becoming discouraged in the attempt, I awoke to find Alex. quietly reposing on my chest. He was, of course, quickly jostled into his own proper furrow, while I lay there trying to accommodate the curves of my body to the undula-

tions of the soil ; not being a contortionist, however, I failed in the attempt and decided to leave my cultivated bed and seek better quarters. Gathering up my blanket, I strode over the prostrate forms between myself and the door of the tent, and laboriously found my way to the smouldering camp-fire some distance off. There was plenty of dry wood about, which I piled on liberally and soon had a delightfully warm fire, so comforting that I soon dropped off to sleep and did not awake until I became aware of something moving near me. Although slightly startled at first, my uneasiness was set at rest by a familiar voice. The intruder was Mac., who had seen my cheerful fire and had come out to help me to enjoy it. On towards two o'clock in the morning the Doctor and Alex. came out, leaving Ben and Artie in the tent wrapped in oblivion. Great difficulty was experienced in arousing Ben, even after sun-rise, but by sundry pokings and shakings on the part of the boys, he was finally induced to arise, grumbling about "a set of babies who had to get up and make a fire just because it was cold and their bed didn't suit them!" We let him grumble, and proceeded to prepare breakfast. While we were disposing of this meal, the Doctor startled us with the information that we were expected to travel forty miles that day, no time to be lost in starting. Again we were skimming along over the water at our usual rate of speed. During the whole of this day we had a thoroughly delightful time. All the water connections were passable and some very beautiful.

The rivers afforded splendid sport of a Parisian nature, that of capturing the bull-frog in his native lair and depriving him of his nether appendages, which are considered a very great delicacy. In one stretch of river, a mile or so in extent, the frogs were larger and more numerous than I had even seen before. Since we were all fond of the French delicacy, we decided to procure a supply for our larder. Two of us devoted our entire attention to frogs, while the others paddled steadily through the lily-ponds. All we had to do was to sit, one on each side, to reach out and grasp the unsuspecting green-backs by the lower limbs, and, taking their lives by a painless method, to pile them up in the canoe. When the number of frogs began to mount up into the hundreds, we desisted from slaughter and

bethought ourselves of our hunger. Stopping for dinner, Ben dressed the batrachians and Mac. fried them, while the rest consumed them as fast as they were prepared. Then Ben and Mac. celebrated a protracted banquet alone. Anyone who is prejudiced against fried frog's legs would have had his prejudice entirely eradicated, had he sat round that fire with a dish of the dainty morsels before him.

After dinner we entered the famous Seguin River and paddled for several miles down its beautiful steep-banked stream. About sun-down we found such an excellent camping place that we decided to halt for the night. The chosen spot was situated in an expanse of the river, and, on account of its level, grassy banks, was especially adapted for a camp. In a level place near water, where the luxuriant beaver had made a soft, comfortable bed, the tent was pitched. To make the bed still more pleasant, the boys spent some time in transferring beaver hay from the outside to the inside of the tent. Back a few feet from the shore was the dense forest, affording facilities for building a bonfire of unlimited size. Around this cheerful blaze we sat until quite late, enjoying a musical and athletic programme. We were favoured with solos, both instrumental and vocal, whistling-concerts and stories of adventure, after which came a boxing-match between Ben and the Doctor. Both are excellent boxers and the sport was entirely scientific. When these festivities had subsided, we sought our comfortable beds where, with your permission, reader, the occupants shall repose until the next number of this magazine arrives.

H. H. Newman.

(To be continued.)

AN AUTHOR-FRIEND.

There is a quality of *heart* in certain books which brings us into feelings of immediate intimacy with their authors. It can be counterfeited neither by cleverness of thought nor trick of style. This force of true *personality* is seldom so strongly felt as in a perusal of the writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. What reader of his Breakfast Table Series has not felt toward that inspired writer-conversationalist, an ever-deepening friendship?

Saddening, as must be our first realization of death's call to to the last figure of that grand New England group—Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and *Holmes*—we are not without our present solace. Though the life-worn octogenarian has finished his "good fight," there yet lives with us, in as real a sense as he ever lived, our friend, the Autocrat, Poet and Professor. Having touched his personality not merely through, but *in*, the written expressions of his thought, we shall have ever in our midst the presence of an enduring friend.

The mind of the writer will always revert with a glow of reminiscent gratefulness and pleasure to his first introduction into this, now long-established, friendship. It was one of those excessively hot June days, upon a week or so of which our erratic Canadian summer sometimes, expends the stored-up energy rightfully due to the next fortnight or two. A lazy-looking individual, he lay stretched upon the floor in a city dwelling, holding with languid grasp a small green volume. At length in perspiring indecision he opened at the first page, and directed his eyes drearily toward the opening sentences of the Autocrat.

The first paragraph, to a drowsy consciousness, seemed an apalling combination of psychology, mathematics, and metaphysics, but with sleepy perseverance he continued to the second. He too *stared* when "they all stared," and continued to do so as with growing attention, he turned each successive leaf. What a breakfast of intellectual ambrosia followed this arousing of his half-slumbering mentality! Interesting though instructive, amusing yet tender, playfully didactic but never pedantic, in manner at once delightfully contemplative and brightly

discursive,—it formed a feast whose "infinite variety," was a constant preventive of a cloyed appetite. Of what a soul must this have been the expression!—broad as humanity in its sympathies, glowing with appreciative love for Nature's beauty, poetical in its very essence, *practical* in the highest, truest sense.

The reader is no longer a grumbling lounger. Instead, he occupies a place at the Breakfast Table, listening and watching in silent contentment. He is introduced to them all—the Autocrat himself, "genially philosophical"; the divinity student, thoughtful and pleasant; the school mistress, sweet, modest and not *too* Minerva-like: the landlady, like all her tribe, a widow; her daughter, sentimental and novel-reading; the son and heir, Benjamin Franklin, a precocious school-boy; "the old man opposite," matter-of-fact and kind; "the young fellow whom they call John," strongly addicted to puns and cheroots; the relative in bombazine, severely old-fashioned and hopelessly narrow; as well as the absent friends, the poet and the professor.

All morning he continued his joys. Regretfully he left them for his own prosaic *dinner*. Back to the Breakfast Table he was, before dessert was even thought of. As each successive meal was finished (in his enjoyment he fairly gobbled them up, for he was one of your greedy eaters—of *print*, that is) his appetite diminished not, in the least. Ere long he discovered an additional pleasure, the tender "love-interest" of the Autocrat's growing regard for "the little school-mistress;" and it is with a sigh of happy content, let us hope also, with nobler, truer views of life and fellow-man, that he leaves them "walking the long path in peace together."

To each of us, this book and its successors must have brought some such experience of delight. Holmes has not in these scenes of every-day life constituted himself as showman his readers as audience, and his characters as actors upon an imaginary stage. All three are brought together. Each of us has felt himself one of that pleasant table company, and in parting, like the Autocrat, has "shaken hands all round the table," or perhaps like the Professor, even "kissed his hand to them all"

Who could refrain from loving one whose whole work is

permeated with sympathy and affection for his fellows? The closing words of the Breakfast Table series to us, his readers, his friends, seem the final message of his author-life. What could be more fitting, more endearing in its tender humility?—"To you, beloved, ... to you, I look my last adieu as I bow myself out of sight, trusting my poor efforts to your alway kind remembrance."

But surely the Holmes we have ever loved, we may still know so long as life, for us, remains in "this now," and hope, when like his, it seeks "the great hereafter," there too to love and know our *author-friend*.

S. R. Tarr.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this issue, being No. 2 of the fourth volume of The McMaster University Monthly, we contribute a valuable and inspiring chapter to the history of the Baptist cause in Canada in our account of the life and labors of Rev. John Gilmour. This excellent paper, from the pen of his gifted grandson, will be read with peculiar interest by many who knew Mr. Gilmour personally, and even sat at his feet and learned; it will also be welcomed by all who take pride in the traditions of the zeal and self-sacrifice of our pioneer missionaries. Would that all young Canadian Baptists knew the story by heart. Who can study that face, bearing every mark of the true Christian gentleman, and reflect on what he was and did for the Master without feeling in his soul stronger aspirations after a holy and useful life?

The chair of Modern History at Oxford has again been rendered vacant by the death of Prof. James Anthony Froude. The storms of controversy have time and again raged about this great writer's theological and historical works, and many a student has grieved to see how ruthlessly he attacked long cherished beliefs of the English people, now damaging beyond repair the reputation of some favorite hero, and again audaciously rehabilitating a moral monster, yet to the reading public generally he was the author who had written of the most glorious periods in English history, and invested his narrative with life and fascination such as had not been known since the days of Macaulay. He was regarded by some as the last of the great English historians of the age, those who remain being looked upon as fascinating chroniclers, rather than philosophic historians.

The recent death of Oliver Wendell Holmes removes the last of a singularly gifted group of men who won lasting honors for American letters. Longfellow, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes,—the New England Pleiades! The constellation has set to human eyes, but the light of its shining will not soon pass away. Longfellow, the sweet and tender singer, who told in undying song the story of Evangeline; Bryant, the cultured and reflective poet, who wrote the immortal "Thanatopsis" while a youth of seventeen, and later "The Water Fowl"; Hawthorne, the weird and subtle master of romance, who penned the "Marble Faun": Emerson, the transcendental philosopher, "imprisoned on his solitary peak," weighted with the poetic endowment, but unable to unburden his spirit freely in mellifluous numbers; Lowell, the bright, witty, meditative songster, diplomatist and publicist, writer of "Birdofredum Sawin," and "Sir Launfal," and minister at the Court of St. James: Whittier, the gracious ethical poet of faith and freedom, with fire in his soul; and Holmes, the sweetest, purest, most human of American humorists, writer of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The One-Hoss Shay," and "The Chambered Nautilus"! Noble spirits, every one a master of English, except Whittier, and he not infrequently scarcely lagged behind the foremost of them all. With the setting of this brilliant constellation, has passed away the simple, open, easeful English of a former time. So far as literary tastes and style, quality of life and character are concerned, these men were more English than American, and will be so regarded by the critics of the future.

To the above editorial note from the same well-known pen, the editor appends the sonnet published by Chancellor Rand in the Toronto *Globe* of August 29th last:—

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(Eighty-fifth birthday, August 29, 1894.)

Long since thy wit and wisdom broke our fast,
And, like a golden spear thrown by the sun,
Smote the chill pools of life, all hushed and dun,
To warm and gladsome founts of earth's repast.

As day wore on, full oft a trumpet blast
Blew from thy wizard pipes of mirth and fun,
And hurtled at high noon the festive pun,—
The jesses from thy blithesome spirit cast.

The stainless beam is reddening rich and strong,
Ere sounds the pleasant call for breaking bread
At evening's meal, sweet supper of the wise:
The Master's voice, like mother's cradle song,
Breathe soft its loving murmurs overhead,
Filled with the wafture of the starry skies!

THE new regulations governing the Junior Matriculation examinations are worthy of note. They will have a very considerable and, to our mind, a very beneficial, effect upon education in the universities as well as in the preparatory schools. After 1895 all candidates for Junior Matriculation will be required to pass in Latin, English, history, mathematics, French or German, and (1) Greek or (2) the second modern language with physical science. This adds considerably to the difficulty of the examination, but there is compensation provided therefor in the regulation allowing the examination to be divided into two parts, the first of which shall be taken before the second, and in a different year. Part I comprises arithmetic and mensuration, English grammar and rhetoric, physics and the history of Great Britain and Canada: and Part II, Greek, Latin, French, German, English composition, English literature, ancient history, algebra, geometry, and chemistry. This division of the examination is highly to be commended. In order to raise the standard of University work it is necessary to raise the standard of the entrance examination, and to do this under present circumstances is possible only by means of just such an arrangement as this division into parts. The added strength obtained by the carrying out of these regulations will be very beneficial to our work in McMaster. Our general course is a particularly stiff one, and a solid foundation is absolutely necessary to real and lasting success in the work of our University. In this connection we commend to the students in all our departments the remarks made by Principal Grant at the opening exercises of Queen's University. They were published in the local papers on Wednesday, Oct. 17th.

ANOTHER great investigator in the deparment of Physics, and one whose name is known and honored wherever that science finds a student, has, in the person of the late Prof. Helmholz, been removed from the arena of speculation, research and the insatiable desire to know the truth, to the higher sphere where all mystery and perplexity are forever dispelled by the light of truth unveiled. We fear many a student who has worked and won high honors in the laboratory of the distinguished Professor will feel inclined to say with a sigh that the glory has departed ftom the famous science buildings on the banks of the Spree. On the banks of the Seine, in his secluded retreat of the Quai d'Anjou, another great German, Dr. Rudolf Koenig, has for years been making discoveries in physical science which have made him in some quarters the foremost man of the time. The world at large may now have more attention to bestow upon the investigations of this great acoustician.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

THE END OF THE SUMMER.

The birds laughed long and loud together
When fashion's followers sped away
At the first cool breath of autumn weather.
Why this is the time, cry the birds, to stay!
When the deep calm sea and the deep sky over
Both look their passion through sun-kissed space,
As a blue-eyed maid and her blue-eyed lover
Might each gaze into the other's face.

The shy little sumachs, in lonely places,
Bowed all summer in dust and heat,
Like clean-clad children with rain-washed faces,
Are dressed in scarlet from head to feet.
And never a flower had the boastful summer
In all the blossoms that decked her sod,
So royal hued as her later comer,
The purple chum of the Golden Rod.

Some chill grey dawn you note with grieving
That the king of autumn is on his way.
You see with a sorrowful slow believing
How the wanton woods have gone astray.
They wear the stain of bold caresses,
Of riotous revels with old King Frost;
They dazzle all eyes with their gorgeous dresses,
Nor care that their green young leaves are lost.

A wet wind blows from the east one morning,
The wood's gay garments looked draggled out.
You hear a sound and your heart takes warning—
The birds are planning their winter route,
They wheel and settle, and scold and wrangle,
Their tempers are ruffled, their voices loud;
Then whirr—and away in a feathered tangle
To fade in the south like a passing cloud.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

McMaster must indeed be a far famed Institution. A member of the Faculty received a letter last week from England addressed——— McMaster University, Canada.

Seniors who are studying education should read the able article in *The Methodist Magazine* for November on Pestalozzi and Froebel, by J. L. Hughes. The article embodies in a terse, vigorous style the important principles of education enunciated by those "two great apostles of childhood." Sophomores should read Prof. Tracy's article on the New Psychology. It is suggestive, easily grasped, and will well repay a careful reading.

The central figure in American literature has "crossed the bar." As a poet he has sung sweetly, as a professor and philosopher he has

taught wisely, as a humorist, pure and true, he has won all hearts by his sunny, mirthful essays. In Oliver Wendell Holmes we had a part of Longfellow's simplicity, of Whittier's tenderness, and of Emerson's transcendental philosophy.

A great light has gone out. No! not gone out, for the light of his life can never be extinguished while the Christian Church sings his sublime hymn,

"Lord of all being, throned afar."

O. W. Holmes will be known for this hymn long after his famous autocrat series will have lost its peculiar interest. Fashions and customs change, and much that now cheers and charms in the autocrat and professor may grow old and out-of-date, but this noble hymn can never grow old; its lofty spiritual grandeur has secured for it a deathless life, and for its author a world's love.

Many will wonder at the strange coincidence that led the editor of the devotional series in the *Baptist Union* to select the following verse from this author for Sunday, Oct. 7th, the very day the great man was called home. Could a sweeter theme or a purer sentiment be desired for his swan song?

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Already our exchange table is scattered over with new arrivals from far and near. The first we pick up is the old *'Varsity*—new-old indeed in its handsome cover. The contents are full of interest; the first page "In Memorian," tells of the dear dead, who were once among the earnest students of the old school, three loving tributes are so tenderly written that even a stranger is touched with a feeling of sympathy. A valiant reply is made to the unworthy insinuation made by the *Star* that "The whole Faculty as now constituted is with one exception of an inferior order in point of scholarship and lecturing ability." Some strong letters are being written and some important reforms advocated, all of which will tend sooner or later to strengthen and establish the University upon a more substantial basis. The old cry of political influence is raised upon every new appointment until the real friends of the University are very weary of hearing this chesnut. In another column a suggestion is made that Toronto University shake herself free from political influence and suffrage and appeal to the general public for entire support. Many, it is said, would render substantial aid if it were not for the political influences that bear in upon every department.

The genial face of our old friend and former teacher, T. P. Hall, M.A., Ph. D., greets us through an excellent photogravure picture in

the April number of the *Tabor College Monthly*. A short article accompanies the engraving telling of his life history. He has been very successful in scientific research and has won many admirers on this ground alone, but those of us who knew him esteem him for his sunny disposition and generous friendship even more than for his brilliant attainments.

In the April number of *Bishop College Monthly*, we have a plain straightforward statement of the bare facts of the outrage perpetrated at Wascom, upon Rev. D. Reddick. One's indignation rises to boiling point when he observes how our American cousins administer justice. That a Christian gentleman engaged in the work of uplifting his fellow man may be attacked and half murdered by ignorant, unfeeling ruffians without any other means of redress than the slow verdict of "public opinion," makes one glad he lives in Canada, where British fair-play obtains instead of mob-law.

The number opens with an article by M. McVicar, L.L.D., the first Chancellor of McMaster, upon "The Mission Schools of Texas" (colored). There is also an extensive report of the admirable new brick building 49x96 ft., four stories high, heated throughout by steam, lighted by electricity and provided with every convenience. There are 38 rooms including chapel room, laboratory, class rooms, library, offices, etc. The cost of the whole is over $38,000 and is largely due to the self-denying energy of Rev. N. Wolverton, B.A., for some years Principal of Woodstock College. The Negroes of the South are fortunate indeed in having three men of such ability, experience and devotion as M. McVicar, Newton Wolverton and D. Reddick to serve them.

The following sonnet was written for, and read upon the occasion of our first celebration of Founder's Day, December 22, 1891 :

The toiling Syrian strewed his acres, rilled
  By artful streams, with generous seed ; anon
  Their golden-glimmering vestments gleamed upon
His watch-worn sight—a pledge of garners filled.
A Hebrew youth, made prince, the garnered stores
  From seven years' plenty yielded to the needs
  Of Canaan destitute. Lean famine pleads,
He heaps their sacks from Egypt's threshing floors.

Our Founder, husbandman and prince in one,
  Gift with large foresight and divine intent,
    Wrought "ever in his great Taskmaster's eye:"
And when our day of famine had begun,
  With open hand his princely treasures spent
    That Learning's Halls might have BREAD FROM THE SKY.

COLLEGE NEWS.

The University.

The weary Sophomore nightly "plugs away" at an enormous volume, entitled "Ladd's Descriptive and Explanatory Psychology." The size of the volume almost discourages him as he loses his place and turns over the seven hundred pages yet unread. Glancing up from his work at the clock, one evening at 10.45 p.m., he confused the hour and minute hands in such a way that his mind received the impression 8.55 p.m. He was heard to sigh languidly, "Oh! I wish it wouldn't get late so early!"

Our Professor of Classics has returned to us with many new and modern ideas formulating themselves in his well-stocked brain. Among others, is an excellent plan to attempt to introduce the Roman pronunciation of Latin. An incident characteristic of his attempts occurred in the sophomore class a few days ago. A young lady was asked to compare the Latin adverb *feliciter* according to the new method. This is how she proceeded: "*Felikitare, felikior, fellikissime*" Wild was the laughter which followed, and many Sophs. secretly wondered what fellow had been so very fortunate as to perform the osculation.

This year, as we gather in the Ladies' Room day after day, the absence of familiar faces makes us feel that a new term has indeed begun. Three of our number have left us with their laurels; but, while we regret that this must be so, we are glad to know that they are now all imparting to others some of that knowledge which they gained during the past four years at our *Alma Mater*. Our feelings are not all regret, for we welcome many new faces among us, and especially are we glad to have Miss Timpany with us again. Not one of us who knew her in the past but is thankful that her health permits her to resume her studies. We trust that this year may be one of health and successful work for all.

We are glad to welcome into all the departments of our University life a young man who has already won our best wishes and entire sympathy. Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A., who for the last few years has been preparing himself in England for his present work, comes to us now as a lecturer in English Literature. He has already given evidence of more than ordinary ability along this line. Besides his work in the class-room, he has entered heartily into our out-door sports and, being an old 'Varsity foot-ballist, is a valuable addition to McMaster's foot-ball talent. A happy combination of dignity in class-room and joviality outside is a characteristic of our new Lecturer, and it is to be hoped that, as his dignity increases, his joviality shall not decrease with it. We wish him every success, and are confident that he will prove his suitability for a professor's chair in the near future.

THE noble sixteen, our first graduates in arts. How we all envy them! Watchful and admiring eyes are constantly looking toward these earliest epistles. Where are they now?

CARSON CAMERON, B.A, has returned to complete the course in theology, and is taking almost two years in one.... JOHN R. CRESSWELL, B.A., is visiting his relatives at home in England..... B. W. N. GRIGG, B.A., is preaching in Las Animas, Colorado, and meeting with remarkable success.... MISS ANNIE MCKAY, B.A., is teaching mathematics in one of our academic departments, Moulton Ladies' College.... W. W. MCMASTER, B.A, has returned to pursue the course leading to the degree of B.Th.... HARRY L. MCNEILL, B.A., is fulfilling the governmental requirements for high-school teaching, at the School of Pedagogy.... CHARLES N. MITCHELL, B.A., has come back to become a thorough theologian.... WILLIAM POCOCK, B.A., is fulfilling the duties of minister at Dominionville.... HENRY A. PORTER, B.A, has returned from his successful summer at Sunderland, and is now a real theolog.... H. C. PRIEST, B.A., is also back at College taking the B.Th. course, and still continues pastor at Sheridan Ave. Church, where he has been so long.... I. J. REEVE, B.A., has returned to College, and is proceeding to a degree in theology.... EDGAR RUSSELL, B.A, is pastor of the church at Tiverton.... MISS MINNIE SMITH, B.A., is assistant teacher in the Gravenhurst High School.... HARRY E. STILLWELL, B.A., has returned, and is pursuing the prescribed studies in theology.... LEONARD A. THERRIEN, B.A., is preaching at Sorel, and assisting his father at the French Baptist Church, Montreal He, happier than ever, enjoys the distinction of being the first of our graduates to become a benedict.... MISS E. P. WELLS, B.A., is teaching at Montreal, and perfecting her acquirements in French.

The noble sixteen—may their careers continue to be bright and grow broader. Success to them! They deserve it. May prosperity always be the reward of these first graduates in Arts, and of their loved *alma mater!*

NINE men graduated in theology last commencement, all stalwart defenders of the faith and faithful ministers of the gospel.

REV. GEORGE CROSS, B.A., B.Th., is pastor of the church at Carleton Place, Ont.... REV. THOMAS DOOLITTLE, B.A., B.Th., is pastor of the church at Thurso, Que.... REV. A. P. KENNEDY is pastor of the church at Markham, Ont.... REV. JOHN A. KENNEDY is pastor of the church at Athens, Ont.... REV. JAMES P. MCINTYRE, M.D., is pastor of the church at Moosejaw, N. W. T.... REV. S. S. WEAVER is pastor of the church at Norwood, Ont.... REV. HOWARD P. WHIDDEN, B.A., B.Th., is pastor of the church at Morden, Man. REV. W. A. GUNTON is pastor of the church at Barrie, Ont.... REV. C. W. KING is pastor of the Union St. Church, in the City of Kingston, Ont. We all wish these worthy nine every good. They endeared themselves to us and won our respect. May they find the supremest joy in their work, and prove a blessing to our church and a benediction to mankind!

Our foot-ball club is not the least enlivening circle about the University. At four-thirty each evening the halls resound with magnanimous shouts from the merry freshmen, even down to the grave Senior—Football! Football! Our team is now well organized with W. S. McLay, B.A., Hon. President; J. B. Paterson, President; H. N. McKechnie, Vice-President; A. G. Baker, Custodian; L. Brown, Captain. We hope that our application for entrance into the intercollegiate league will be accepted, and that during this fall series, McMaster's football team will do honor to her Alma Mater. Although we have suffered greatly from loss of old players, we are still on the turf. We miss very much W. Daniel, L. A. Therrien, J. W. Hoyt, and H. S. Hilkorne. We are glad to welcome W. S. McLay, B.A., our new lecturer in English, and B. W. Merrill, B.A., men who have both helped to pin laurels of victory about old 'Varsity's football banner. We ask every loyal-hearted student of the institution to help us to forward this department of our University life, and to be sharers in her hoped-for triumphs.

The Literary and Scientific Society is again well-organized and equipped for efficient service, under the management of the following officers. The President, Mr. S. R. Tarr, although a very young man, is showing himself fully competent to attend to the duties of his responsible position. Mr. J Russell and Mr. J. C. Sycamore were elected to the positions of First and Second Vice-Presidents. The duties of Secretary-Treasurer devolve upon Mr. H. H. Newman, and all the correspondence of the Society is to be done by Mr. J. B. Paterson. An able staff of councillors in the persons of Messrs. H. Porter, King, and Mode, form the remaining members of the Executive Committee. The editoral staff of the McMaster Monthly was elected as follows: Messrs. Clarke, Langford, Porter, Matthews, Paterson, Newman, Thorold, Cameron, J. H., and Sycamore. The editors of the *Student* are Messrs. Cohoe and Eby. The Reading-room Committee are Messrs. Reeve, Eby, Schutt, C. H, Marshall, A. N., and Sycamore. One very excellent meeting has been held, and more are soon to follow.

Nothing is a surer indication of development than organization, we are told, and accordingly we are glad to point out another instance which goes to prove a very high order of development at McMaster. Last week, the special students in Science, feeling the importance of their chosen subject and their own importance likewise, met and organized themselves into the "Natural Science Club of McMaster University." Great things may be expected from this Club in the near future. Their officers are as follows: Hon. Pres., Prof. A. B. Willmott; Pres., Mr. R. Routledge; Vice-Pres., Miss M. E. Dryden; Sec.-Treas., Mr. G. Simmons. They intend holding monthly meetings whose programmes shall be of such varied interest as gradually to draw the entire University into the special study of the Sciences. The present prevailing spirit of enthusiasm among them bids fair for their success.

The Tennysonian Society is again doing efficient work under the following able staff of officers: President, Jno. F. Vichert; Vice-President, Y. A. King; Sec.-Treas., A. M. Overholt; Councillors, E. P. Churchill and Ben Oliel; Editors, T. G. Mathews and P. G. Mode. A most successful time is anticipated.

The opening exercises of the University were held on Friday evening, October 12th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church. A large audience of those interested in the cause of Christian education assembled. Some were present from a distance. On the platform were Chancellor Rand, Professors Welton, Newman, Goodspeed and Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A. In the centre of the church were under-graduates of the University, most of them attired in the usual academic gown. Behind these were the students of Moulton Ladies' College.

In his eloquent chairman's address, after speaking most impressively of the ideals our three institutions cherish, and commenting on the work now in progress at Moulton, Woodstock and McMaster, Dr. Rand, in introducing the speaker of the evening, referred to the trend of moder philosophy and the attempt to revive Hegelianism in Germany.

Dr. Goodspeed's paper, had for its title: "Some Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism." It was a timely and scholarly discussion of an important subject. Withal it was occasionally quite popular and elicited much applause from the interested hearers. Cleverly indeed were the critics criticised. It was a delight to receive another assurance that the learned professorial opponents of orthodoxy have not all the erudition and all the wit in the possession of their forces to be used against truth. A full report of the paper appeared the following morning in the dailies of the city.

At the close of this discourse, the Chancellor introduced in most appreciative words the new lecturer in English literature, Walter S. McLay, B.A., who received the appointment two years ago and has since been perfecting his exceptional attainments by studies in England and Germany. Mr. McLay mentioned his gratitude to Chancellor Rand for the ample kindness shown him and then went on to express his hopes and determinations upon commencing the arduous but pleasant duties in connection with his department. The young lecturer's utterances at once won the sympathy and approval of the audience. And it seemed to be the most hearty wish and expectation of all that his efforts would be rewarded with unprecedented success.

The singing of the National Anthem ended the Convocation.

"Some Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism," was again taken up by Dr. Goodspeed in a supplementary paper on Friday evening, Oct. 26th, in Bloor St. Baptist Church.

Fyfe Missionary Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, Oct. 16th. In past years the Fyfe has been the centre of great spiritual blessing, and this college session bids fair to be in no way behind its predecessors in the prosperity of our missionary

organization. The meetings on 16th inst. were characterized by the enthusiasm which always marks "Missionary Day," and the Master Himself was in the gatherings. President Farmer occupied the chair at the morning session. After half an hour had been spent in social prayer, Mr. W. W. McMaster gave a short account of his summer's work at Beebe Plain, P. Q., and Mr. W. J. Pady spoke of his work at Peterboro mission during the vacation. Student experiences are always interesting, and these addresses were much enjoyed by the Society. Rev. Adam Burwash, B.A., Grande Ligne missionary, spoke of Roman Catholicism in Quebec, of the encroachments of the French in the Eastern Townships, the duty of Baptists to give them the gospel, and of successes and reverses in Quebec city. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B.A., followed with an address of great spiritual power on the work of the Holy Spirit Business was then taken up. The Executive reported that Dr. Goodspeed had been appointed permanent Chairman of the Committee on voluntary work, and the report of that Committee showed that missions had been opened on Rose Avenue and River Street, both with good prospects of success. The following officers were elected: Hon. President, Chancellor T. H. Rand, *ex-officio*: President, Professor J. H. Farmer, B.A.; Vice-President, John McKinnon; Treasurer, Prof. D. M. Welton, D.D.; Recording Secretary, W. W. McMaster, B.A.: Corresponding Secretary, H. C. Priest, B.A.; on Executive Committee, Professors Goodspeed and Campbell, and Messrs. B. W. Merrill, B.A., R. Garside, B.A., C. J. Cameron, B.A., A. R. Park and W. J. Pady. In the afternoon the newly elected Vice-President, Mr. McKinnon, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises, Messrs. Merrill, Sycamore, and J. H. Cameron were appointed as delegates to the Canadian Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance. meeting at Belleville, Nov. 22. The President then took the chair. Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., of Brantford, addressed the Society on "The Place of Prayer in the Life of the Pastor." Rev B. Davies spoke of Indian work in Manitoba, and C. J. Cameron, B.A., of his summer's work, with special reference to the young people. All of the addresses were interesting and helpful. Miss Ben Oliel gave an account of work among the Jews of Jerusalem, and aroused a good deal of enthusiasm, and Rev. C H. Day, M.A., spoke a few words of greeting to the Society. The meetings were largely attended, and were marked by deep spirituality and earnestness. It was a pleasure to welcome so many pastors and visiting brethren to this, the most unique feature of our college life.

Woodstock College.

Until the very last moment we had reserved space for Woodstock College News. We are exceedingly anxious to bring out our magazine by the first day of the month, and so reluctantly close the pages before the Woodstock news arrives. We shall be glad to accord double space to Woodstock news in the December number if necessary.

Moulton College.

We were glad to receive a visit from Mr. Massé, of Grande Ligne, and to hear his voice in the chapel, telling of the work there, and expressing his interest in the work here.

Many inquiries are heard concerning the class of '95. We may say that it is not yet organized, but is hard at work, and likely to be. When organized it will number nine, and will be a good one, and worthy of Moulton College.

The days of the fall term are flying quickly, filled as they are with work and play. Already visions of Thanksgiving and Christmas brighten our thoughts by day and our dreams by night. Classes are meeting regularly and working well. In fact, we are well started on the year's work, and can scarcely realize it.

The Mission Circle this year has a membership of thirty. The officers are:—President, Miss M. Woolverton; Vice-President, Miss Stewart; Secretary, Miss Johnson; Treasurer, Miss J. Dryden. At a recent meeting of the Society, Miss Buchan gave an enjoyable and instructive talk on Bible Women, and this month we had interesting reports from our delegates to the Convention, held in Jarvis Street Church.

On the second Sunday evening after the re-opening of the College, Rev. S. S. Bates preached the annual sermon to the students. He drew a beautiful picture of the life of one who lives "not to be ministered unto but to minister," and left with us a high ideal of what we might make our student life. To the old girls Bloor Street Church has grown to seem like a home, and all the teachers and students appreciate very highly the kindness and thoughtfulness of the pastor and people.

We all regret Miss Smart's prolonged illness. With her usual perseverance and self-forgetfulness, she continued her work for so long, that we did not realize her sickness until she was completely laid aside. We miss her cheerful presence around the school, and her voice in the chapel. All of us are glad to hear that she is somewhat better, and will give her a hearty welcome when she is able to take her old place among us.

Our Tuesday evening prayer-meetings are largely attended, and deeply interesting. They are felt to be a great help and strength to us all. Rev. O. C. S. Wallace led the meeting one evening, and spoke very forcibly on the command, "Be of good courage." Perhaps no one but a student can understand the difficulties and discouragements of a student's life, and we greatly appreciated the words of advice and encouragement from one so rich in the wisdom, which has for its foundation the fear of the Lord.

The Heliconian has, as usual, a large membership. The officers are :—President, Miss Maude Watterworth; Vice-President, Miss Kirk; Secretary, Miss Olive Matthews; Treasurer, Miss Carrie Fisher; Editors, Misses Holmes and Taylor; Executive, Misses Bishop, Cowan, and Minnie Somerville.

The following programme was rendered on Friday evening :—

Recitation, ... Miss Jessie Dryden.
Question,—Is the "Arabian Nights" fit reading for children ?
Affirmative, . . Miss Stewart.
Negative, . . . Miss Cowan.
Recitation, ... Miss MacLean.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss Taylor.
Paper, ... Miss O. Matthews.
Recitation, ... Miss Hart.
A Study in Black and White, . . By the Girls' Own Artist.

Moulton has had a large share in the late Conventions. We have been represented both here and in St. Thomas. A specially large number of students attended the farewell meeting for Miss Hatch and Miss McLeod, and our prayers and sympathies go with them on their way. Many firesides from a distance testified by paying us a visit, and we were glad to see them all. Our Principal was absent several days attending the St. Thomas Convention. We were glad to see her back, and interested in her account of a visit to Alma College.

We were pleased to see a large number of new students entering in September. It is hoped that they bring with them high ideals, and that many of them shall reflect honor in the future on the College, which has been their second home. One evening soon after the opening of the school, the old girls invited the faculty and students to meet them in the reception-room. A very pleasant evening was spent there in social intercourse and in listening to a programme, the numbers of which were given by various "old girls." When the evening was over, general delight was expressed at the Moulton way of initiating new students. We were indebted to Miss Helmer, a former boarder, who is now studying at the Conservatory of Music, for some excellent selections.

Grande Ligne.

Along the musical line there has been progress, and our orchestra is in perfect working order. The staff of musicians is larger this year, and we hope to make our orchestra a success.

The Literary Society is doing grand work already, and the two factions are done away with, leaving but one society, called "The United Society of Feller Institute."

Once more the 2nd of October has come and gone, yes, gone forever; but for the pupils of Feller Institute it is a day long to be

remembered for its having brought together over a hundred young people many of them strangers to one another. Never have the pupils been so prompt in arriving on the day appointed for the opening. About sixty of the old students are showing the "freshmen" what life is at Feller Institute. The latter seem to be of a good, cheery disposition, and all seem quite at home.

Again we have to thank Mr. C. S. J. Philips and Mr. Thomas Bengough for their kindness in sending us books for the library. Mr. Phillips sends us some more of Sir John Lubbock's "One Hundred Books," and Mr. Bengough provides the "Penny Encyclopœdia."

Among the boys there is a great variety. There are students from over six feet high to the tiny one scarce three feet. Among the ladies you find eyes of the deepest blue, hazel, brown, black, etc., smiles and dimples; a vision of white, pink and blue which remind you of a beautiful sunrise in the month of June. There are seventy-five boys and thirty-six girls hard at work, and with God's help we all mean this to be the best year ever spent at Grande Ligne.

There is no department of College work more important than "sports." We are glad that this special department has never been forgotten at Grande Ligne. The gymnasium has never been so well equipped as this year, nor has it been so well organized for the management of the few careless boys and the safety of the clubs, bells, bars, etc. The boys have appointed of their number a committee to see after this work, and it certainly will be done.

"As unto the bow the cord is
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him she obeys him.
Though she draws him yet she follows,
Useless each without the other."

We are glad to notice that our esteemed friend, Prof. Norman, has opened his eyes to the truth of the above lines, and has decided no longer to live the useless life of a bachelor. It is with pleasure that we welcome Mrs. Norman to our midst, to share our joys and sorrows in the vicissitudes of school life. Having had her cheerful presence with us in the past, we can the more heartily receive her among us in the present, knowing whereof we speak.

All the good things of a lifetime
We would wish our friends new wedded;
Hand in hand to walk together
Facing fair and stormy weather,
Each to each a helpmeet proving.

Football is in good shape this year, and there is a very good team. Baseball has been played also with good success. Although some are not American players, yet they make the runs about as fast as some of "the city boys," as they say. Sport, viz., tennis, which was unknown

here before, has been introduced this year. There is quite a large club, and still they come. What is the secret? Well, you must remember that there is also a club on "the other side," and you might see a few fellows out to the west on Saturday afternoon counting for some four of this much-admired club.

A visitor to Grande Ligne, who had not been here during the past year, would be quite surprised and delighted to see the improvement that has been made in the appearance of the surroundings. Hitherto vacant and unsightly lots have been beautified by the erection of pretty and comfortable residences. The Principal's residence, the parsonage, and Mr. Dutand's residence, give an air of progress and respectability that were wanting before. The isolation hospital and the new wing to the school (if they are ever built) will add still further to the appearance of the place. We hope these necessaries will soon be provided.

96'

Sincerely
Pamelia S. V. Yule.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1894.

MRS. J. C. YULE.

Clarendon, Orleans Co., New York, was the birth place of Pamelia S. Vining, and at Ellicottville, Cattaraugus Co., her early life was spent. To the latter place belong chiefly the influences that first marked her career. There were many things in connection with her early life which were not appreciated perhaps as the best preparation for the work of after years but whose discipline nevertheless must have been needful. Farm life, for example, gave the monotony that was particularly chafing to a high spirited girl, and routine duties which were decidedly among the disagreeables. There were meagre advantages too in the matters of society and education. The district school, it is true, could be attended, but it was closed during a great part of the year. Its teachers were wretchedly incompetent and its appliances, material and mental, were the most primitive and unpromising. If it had any influence at all upon the splendid culture that was afterwards developed, it was in the direction of awakening keener relish for real advantages when these did appear. The farm life at Ellicottville was not without advantages, however, notwithstanding what has been said. The mother influence was there, and for fourteen years the child received all that a well stored mind and passionate love could give. Perhaps the monotony of duties and the absence of other society made the

mother power more precious and helpful. So intense and well directed was it that friendships formed afterwards and the many important features of a busy life developed nothing comparable to the quiet power which gently and firmly held the child during those years of farm life. Other things also were an offset to the many disadvantages of the early home. The farm was situated amidst charming scenery. There were hill and dale and woodland, wild as need be to awaken a love for nature's grander work, and placid enough at times for all her delicate operations. The mighty trees of the grand old forest, and the meadows traced with the silver line of the running brook—these could not lie invitingly to a child upon whom nature had laid her wand, without enkindling an inspiration that must be life-long in its effects. And the happy child, when freed from home duties or the pastime of the district school, would be found out on the hill side, down by the brook, wandering in the meadows or deep in the forest shade, holding converse with bird and flower and insect: listening to the story of the whispering wind, and watching the artist work of the glorious sun upon sky and leaf and water. There were books also to be had in the neighborhood and periodicals of various kinds. Not many perhaps, nor perhaps always of a character that one would choose for a young girl's reading: but there was thought of some kind; and the child's mind was hungry, and she read her way through the entire literature of the community. Poetry especially delighted her. It became her passion. Commonplace or otherwise, it was devoured with never sated appetite. Wonderfully guided the child must have been, and very early indeed must correct taste have been fashioned within her, for of the mass that she read only the good was assimilated, as the writings of her maturity so abundantly show. No mean advantages then did the farm put in her way. And what should be said of her childhood must not end before allusion is made to her early religious life. The Saviour brought her to himself when she was seven years of age. It need not be wondered at that she was so early the subject of serious impressions. Her passion for nature and her seclusion from so many of the temptations to forget God, her mother's tender guidance, and above all God's word, which from her earliest years was to her indeed His very voice, all point in this direction. She loved

the Bible. There was fascination to her in its awful mysteries; and its warnings and searching truths laid their hand upon her life, and became the formative influences of her character. Through these influences God made her His own child thus early. But being reserved and reticent she kept these things in her heart and made no public acknowledgment until her thirteenth year, when she was baptized on profession of her faith. The monotony of a quiet and uneventful home life! The thought of it has of late become intolerable and the restraint of its discipline irksome to a degree; and the children through paternal stupidity or neglect, let the street, or the society, or the religious meeting take its place! Strong character, that is of worth to the world, is a creature of home keeping in childhood, and is fostered by the loving restraint of the home law.

The period of childhood passed, the real business of this work-a-day world faced Miss Vining immediately. She entered upon the duties of her profession at fifteen years of age, teaching in the district schools of Michigan, whither at this time her father had removed. So she took up while still a child a task that generally taxes the powers of maturity. And of that period of her life, if she does not speak with much enthusiasm, it is not to be much wondered at. Another removal, and this time to Canada, introduced Miss Vining to her Canadian work. She resumed her occupation of school teaching, and was abundantly successful and happy. Together with her teaching duties, she was carrying a course of study preparatory to college work, which double employment of course most severely taxed her powers. She taught and studied, worked and read as few young people do, her pupils ever pushing her in advance of them until she found herself able, upon entering Albion College, Michigan, to complete the course in much less than the usual time. She graduated at the end of the fifth term, having made a very flattering record, and was granted the degree of M.S.A. After resting in Canada for one year, she received a call to make one of the faculty of her *Alma Mater*, and for three years she spent herself tirelessly in the interest of those committed to her charge.

Her Albion College experience, however, while bringing to her many advantages that all her life so far she had longed for, and had been denied, was not without its special snare. Intense

zeal in the direction of literary attainment is not always conducive to the best condition of spiritual life. With Miss Vining heart knowledge did not grow apace with head knowledge; there was a manifest sleep of soul power and but little fruitage for Christ, compared with what easily might have been. It was at this time and under these conditions that the great temptation came. Infidelity (not in the college, but among those associated with her in the intervals of college vacations,) in its many forms became her tempter. She had companions who were anxious to relieve her of the old superstitions to which her soul had for many years so fondly clung, and she was pressed by many teachers who were anxious to indoctrinate her into the divers faiths of infidelity. But her God was ever faithful, and drawing her to His own precious word, He revealed to her in its pages the answer to every temptation. At that time, surely, her foot had slipped, had it not been for God's grace and the counsel of His word. During that time she was harrassed as few women are, and because of the victory then given, the word of God has been to her ever since her strong tower and her song.

Now comes the period of Miss Vining's life of particular interest to Canadian Baptists. Upon the organization of the Canadian Literary Institute, she was selected as the teacher in English Art and Literature: and entering upon her charge in 1860, she gave six years of the fulness and maturity of her powers to the great work of denominational education. One reviewing her work during that period is at a loss properly to estimate its value. It has unfolded in so many lines of influence. It has gone quietly and surely into the multitudes of Canadian Baptist homes wherever the daughters received the impress of her gentle spirit, or the sons were led to reverence the strength and power of her quiet personality. Who that sat at her feet during those six years is not to-day the better man or woman for the impetus that she gave to the best that was in the life? It need not be said that she was master of her subjects. Literature had been her study, her pastime, her daily toil, and her joy all her life: and her class-room exercises will be remembered as times of intense interest and profit. Strong as she was, however, in her special department, the strength by which she is particularly remembered and through which was exerted her most potent in-

fluence, lay elsewhere. Her simple trust in God, her knowledge of His word, and her power to make known its precious truths, her earnest spirit that forever sought the soul as well as the brain of all who came to her teaching; her presence in the meetings for prayer, and the hushed pleading of her passion-toned voice —in these lay her strength and, without doubt, it was strength God-given and God-honored. Canadian Baptist pulpits and churches, and churches in the neighboring land and in the countries beyond the sea have been blessed as none of us can say through the strong ministry of her consecrated life at Woodstock. And upon the college itself her influence still abides. The Judson Missionary Society, which has done thirty years of efficient service, which inspired the missionary thought in so many now upon the foreign field, which fanned the missionary flame in the breast of all our missionary pastors, which has been ceaseless in its efforts to keep Christ's great commission the foremost thought during college life, and has succeeded as we all know so grandly, is her very own child. Its inception was hers. Its name and the name of its organ were of her choosing. Its manner of work was of her planning; and its success surely is to be attributed in no small measure to the wise forethought and fostering care of its founder. "The Names of Jesus," that Christ-honored poem, which has become so familiar to the lovers of Christian poetry, was written for and read twice by its author before the Judson Missionary Society.

Leaving Woodstock College after these six years of consecrated service, Miss Vining was united in marriage with the late Prof. J. C. Yule, and there followed ten years of uninterrupted felicity such as they only know whose union is that of kindred spirits environed by God's grace, and devoted to His service. Those who were privileged to enjoy the society of their home during their residence in Brantford, Toronto, and Woodstock, where their lot was successively cast, know of the charm of their wedded life and their devotion to each other in the service of Jesus Christ. But all too soon the cruel separation came. Mr. Yule fell a victim to that dread disease consumption. He had been a hard student. He tried so earnestly to fit himself for the most effective service of Christ. He burdened himself as though he had all the resources of robust health. He was not robust,

however, and he went down under the strain. Many of us remember the sad occurrence, and how we marvelled that God should permit a thing so strange to happen. Mr. Yule, in the face of great odds, had at length won his way to the position he had all his lifetime coveted for Jesus' sake. He was appointed professor of New Testament Greek in Woodstock College, and came to his work splendidly equipped for service. Just then the blow came. He taught at the college as long as his strength would permit. He met his classes in his own home when he could no longer meet them in the class room. But God had spoken and he had to lay down his work. There were sad hearts at the college that day. We had but touched the strength of his royally furnished manhood when it was our sad duty to carry his poor body to the burying. And Mrs. Yule was left desolate. For eighteen years now she has carried the burden of her sorrow, patiently and with trust in God, and with the knowledge that the good Father made no mistake; yet with the sunshine gone out of her life. And thus burdened she has during the sorrowful years faced the world in stern and bitter conflict for her daily bread.

Thus far we have written of Mrs. Yule's personality, her teaching and denominational service. It remains now to add a few words in regard to the work by which she is chiefly known apart from the labors just enumerated. Mrs. Yule's place is secure in the literature of Canada, and stands in the front rank. She has been a devoted pen-worker all her life, and the fruit of her toil has been both abundant and rich. She is known as a prose writer of strong intelligence and force, and has contributed not a little to the periodical press, principally upon moral and religious questions. She is known as a story-teller who has but few equals in the particular line in which she has directed her thought. Her stories are written to combat sin, particularly the sin of intemperance, and to exalt the name of Jesus Christ, and they have unquestionably been most effective. Her fiction, besides possessing skill in arrangement and charm of style, is so dominated with intense purpose that no one can read it and not be constrained towards what is noble and good. "Ada Emory" has done much in the circle where it has gone, to deepen reverence for the divine word and to manifest the power of its truth.

Of "Up Hill," a capital story for boys and young men, one writes: "It was the first thing that brought me to see myself a sinner, and to receive Jesus as my Saviour." "Sowing and Reaping" has been so often commended and has served so useful a purpose that it will be sufficient to say of it here that there are few books more fascinating and certainly none that deal more trenchant blows against the giant evil.

But it is in the realm of poetry that Mrs. Yule has attained chief excellence. Her numbers reveal immediately the passion that is to the manor born. She sings easily and gracefully and without strain, even in her most exalted utterances. Her choice of subjects is made with excellent taste and one feels that here is something worthy of song, whatever page he turns in reading her poems. She moves easily along the chords of the great passions and touches the hidden springs. She trips in lighter vein among the things that are upon the surface and brightens with her playful fancy the fustian of our commonplaces. She lifts up labor from its serfdom and fixes upon it the stamp of manhood. She puts the laurel crown right gloriously upon the hero's brow, and she sets before us so surely the score of nature's music, that we needs must sing with her and the brooks and birds and flowers and leaves that give their melody to her pages. Mrs. Yule began her poetical writing while yet a child. She did not publish, however, until she reached her twenty-third year. From that time until now, her pen has been busy, and her work has enriched the literature of this and the neighboring country. She has not as yet preserved much of her writings in permanent form, one small volume, "Poems of the Heart and Home," being her only book. The great mass of her labor is still in manuscript awaiting some favorable opportunity for publication, and the greater part, alas! nearly all that she had written during her earlier years until her first residence in Woodstock, was destroyed in the burning of the college building. Her poems have had wider influence than many of us suspect. "Shall be Free" found its way to a Virginian camp when North and South were engaged in that bitter conflict and the battle stained soldier's hearty "Thank you" was her rich reward. "Abraham Lincoln" drew forth grateful acknowledgments "to the accomplished Canadian who has accorded to us the fulness

of her generous sympathy." Of the "Sky Lark and the Violet," Seba Smith, a well-known American author, and, successively, editor of the "U. S. Magazine," "Great Republic Monthly," and "Emerson's Magazine," writes:—"There seems to be a spirit of personality, so to speak, pervading the whole poem, which, too subtile and delicate, perhaps, for full appreciation by the mass of readers, must give it a zest for poetic minds that will stimulate to more than a single reading." So from the United States and also from Canada, from much spontaneous testimony, her poems have gone true to their mark. The poems above indicated are specimens of Mrs. Yule's work which have been accorded the place of highest merit. The following are certainly entitled to rank with them—"Eloise," "Patience," "The Tide," "Memory Bells," "The Earth Voice and its Answer," "God's Witness," and the "Names of Jesus." The last named is but a fragment of what is perhaps Mrs. Yule's most ambitious work. It is true to the great need of humanity: reverent of the Great Being it adores, and satisfying to the life who seeks through it to pay the tribute of love to the Saviour. Upon the whole poem Mrs. Yule has been engaged for the last eighteen years. The comprehensive title of the work when published will be "The Christ of the Old Testament and the New." It begins with the beginning, and will follow Him down through the creation, the Patriarchal period, the Typical period, the period of His manifestation in the flesh, with a glimpse of the great period yet to be, and ending with the fragment already published. It is to be hoped that nothing may hinder the speedy completion of a work which promises so to glorify the gracious name of Him whom we love and worship.

The limit of this article has been already passed and it now of necessity must end, although the writer feels that but scant justice has been done to many features of the noble life it in this poor fashion chronicles. Turning the pages of her book again, now that the last sheet of this writing is reached, and reviewing the work she has done for her country in those songs which breathe a noble patriotism; for the cause of God in all she sings of His Christ and His glory; for the cause of humanity, in that she is set for the defence of purity and freedom; for the cause of the churches in that she has never swerved from her loyalty to

their interests, the query arises, has this noble life been sufficiently known and appreciated by the people she has specially served, and among whom her life has been spent?

Mrs. Yule now lives in Brantford. She has come to grey hairs and feebleness. Her great sorrow is still the companion of her loneliness She is not unmindful of the obligation of the gift that is within her, however, and in the obscurity of her home the busy pen works on. God send that the comfort and joy which many another has known through her ministry may be given full measured into her own soul.

E. W. Dadson.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

Along Judea's hills the light is beaming—
  The soft, pure light of early risen day;
Down her green vales the radiance is streaming,
  Kissing the palm-trees and the olives grey,
And kindling up, with oft-repeated glory,
  Yet wondrous ever, beautiful and new,
Bright flashing rills, dark rocks, and mountains hoary,
  And lowly flow'rets gemmed with morning dew.

And humble Naz'reth smiles in the calm beauty
  Of this auspicious morn! The winds breathe low
Along the hills; and now, to toil and duty,
  Man goeth forth as he is wont to go,
Not dreaming that an angel's feet are pressing
  The dusty paths his own are wont to tread—
An angel's hand, uplifted high in blessing,
  That moment stretched above his humble shed.

In a poor cottage kneels a Jewish maiden,
With folded hands, and meek eyes closed in prayer;
The wind steals in with balmy flower-scents laden,
And the slant sunbeams kiss her braided hair,
And yet she heeds not that the breath of morning
Is wafting perfume o'er her spotless brow,—
That Day's fair hands her temples are adorning
With radiant gems—all are unheeded now.

Pleads she for blessings on her late betrothal
To one most worthy of her gentle love?
Or, all forgetful of her glad espousal,
Breathes she of Him, long promised from above,
Messiah, Christ, foretold by holy sages,
By sacrificial types foreshadowed long,
The prayed-for, longed-for, of all vanished ages,
Her nation's Saviour from Oppression's wrong?

Aye, breathe thy prayer! e'en now, God's angel stoopeth
O'er thy calm brow so slumberously fair,
And toward the earth, his face in reverence droopeth,
Awed by the solemn sanctity of prayer.
Aye, breathe thy prayer! thou needest strength, frail woman,
For the strange blessing soon thine own to be,
Almost as much as for the anguish human
Which in the coming years awaiteth thee!

The prayer is done: and lo, those eyes, unclosing,
Startled, affrighted, meet the Angel's gaze,
On whose calm face Heaven's radiance reposing
Bursts on her dazzled sight like noontide blaze;
But, as the strange, sweet music of that greeting
Falls on her timid ear, with doubtful feet,
She slowly turns from her abrupt retreating,
To hear the waiting Angel's message sweet:—

"Hail! hail!—
O highly favored one!
The Lord is with thee, and
Among all women of this weary Earth,
Blessed as thou is none!
Mary,
Fear not, for thou
Favor with God hast found;—
Lift up thy lowly brow
So glorified and crowned!
Soon to thy bosom shall be given
A Son!
Son of the Highest called; in Earth and Heaven
How great His name shall be,
God's Son!
And yet He shall be born, Mary, of thee!
And thou shalt call His name
Jesus;
For He
Shall save His people from their sins
Eternally!
And God to Him shall give
His father David's throne, and o'er
The House of Jacob He shall reign
Forevermore!"

The fair young face bent low in chastened beauty
Awhile, beneath the Angel's questioning eye;
Then her strange task of patient love and duty
She meekly took with courage calm and high.
Back to His native Heaven returned the Angel,
She to the duties of her earthy home,
Till the glad Earth should ring with Heaven's evangel—
"Glory to God on High, the Lord is Come."

P. S. V. Yule.

PHIL. IV. 11, 19.

Not what I want, but what I need,—
Such is the principle and rule
Of gracious heaven, for all decreed
Who would be students in her school.

My needs are few, exceeding small,
These God unfailingly supplies:
My wants are vast, to grant them all
Would ruin bring, hence God denies.

D. M. Welton.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

The world has awoke to the fact that one of the most desirable things in life is a sound education. Just what education is, however, is not so generally agreed upon, much less the best means of securing it, although some of the generous minds of every age have considered the problem with large success. Of all the definitions of education I have seen, I prefer that which identifies it with the development of all the God-given possibilities of an individual. It is not sufficient to train the intellect alone. The body, the sensibilities and the will must also be developed to gain a complete result. Heretofore our institutions of learning have confined themselves to intellectual training. More recently, efforts have been made in some of them to cultivate the physical man as well. In few, if any of them, has the cultivation of the moral and spiritual nature been formally attempted, although some have done excellent work in an informal way.

In presenting Christian Experience as an important factor in a symmetrical education, I mean, by the term, what we commonly call conversion, the passing from death into the life from above, without which, the Master has taught us, we cannot see the kingdom of God.

The effect of Christian experience upon the physical man is most marked. While it can never replace healthy exercise, as an educator of the body, it becomes an indispensable aid in the choice and direction of healthy exercises. Its most conspicuous effects, however, are in the repression of vitiating tastes and habits and the promotion of virtues that affect physical life most closely. A man who has practised infamous vices, so that his flesh is becoming corrupted, abandons his evil ways and begins to cultivate the contrary virtues, under the stress of a Christian experience. As a result, his flesh is immediately relieved of its propulsion to ruin and its restoration can be most hopefully promoted under the persistent exercise of Christian principles. In ten thousand cases where vice has not yet appeared, though latent, conversion has changed the spring of temptation into a fountain of holiness, with salutary effects upon the flesh.

The intellectual advantages of Christian experience are not at first obvious. To appreciate them, we must distinguish sharply between education and knowledge. The end of a course of education is character and power, not knowledge. True, knowledge is one of the most important means of education; yet a person may have vast knowledge and be in no real sense educated, while one who has but little of the knowledge of the schools, may be truly educated. It is not the kind, or number of facts we learn that develops; but it is the mental exercise received in subjective apprehension and digestion of those facts. The study of the group of facts comprehended under the term classics, mathematics, metaphysics, or grammar, may be most potent factors in educating; but just as a man may be educated without knowing Greek, so may he be truly educated, while ignorant of grammar. Many a saint of God, who has been as ignorant of the Queen's English as the Sahara is destitute of verdure, has nevertheless seized upon and assimilated the ideas presented by his Christian experience and has secured in this way an intellectual development, as broad as he might have gained by traversing the curriculum of a university. Indeed, I am persuaded that such an experience may rouse intellectual possibilities which are deaf to all other awakeners.

That sympathetic contact with an author is an immense advantage to the study of his work is too hackneyed to repeat.

It is a dogma of ours that a regenerated soul has come into vital union with Christ. He is therefore in sympathetic contact with the Author of all wisdom and so occupies vantage ground for understanding all things, a fact whose importance cannot be exaggerated. In studying the Bible, therefore, he has the range of a noble literature with whose author he is closely acquainted. He studies history, having an insight into the motives and actions of the great Mover of events. He receives the advantages of the study of psychology in intelligently observing the peculiar processes of men's minds and the motives that caused them as recorded in holy writ. He observes the varying phenomena of nature—his Father's handiwork—with an ennobling perception of the immanence of God. He is led, with scientists, to study the origin and government of the universe and receives like intellectual improvement, which is none the less, because he knows intimately its Creator and Governor. Social science has educated a multitude. He enjoys like privilege and discusses kindred problems, taught by the greatest, yea the only satisfactory exponent of this science. In his Bible, he finds a literature of the noblest sort. History, biography, oratory, romance, epistle and thesis, poetry—lyric, bucolic, dramatic and didactic—yield to him their refining influence. He studies law and that divine, which is none the less developing because it rises into gospel.

Finally, his peculiar relationship with God and the rousing of mental operations by things unseen and often unutterable, in the exercise of faith and hope, the illumination of the Holy Spirit and meditations upon divine perfections—truth, infinity, love—are a never failing source of intellectual power. How truly the fear of the Lord, in this enlarged sense, is the beginning of wisdom!

The sensibilities are more obviously affected by a religious experience than is the intellect. Indeed, a certain canting class of critics describe religious principles as an unintelligent motion of the sensibilities, suitable for amiable old ladies, or very small children. The place of the sensibilities in the human economy is most honorable. They are capable of and need large development, and some attention has been paid to this, but not in our educational institutions, whose capacity so far has been limited to training the intellect. Yet in producing a symmetrical char-

acter—that fine effect of true education—the emotions play as large a part as does the intellect. Consider, for instance, such feelings as pity, esteem, love, anger, disgust, hate, and no description will be necessary to indicate their effect upon character and to emphasize their need of regulation. The very fact that they are often the result of impulse rather than of determination, teaches us that our natures must be trained to be rightly affected by every cause. Nothing can accomplish this, but the power of God which operates in a converted soul. Even Christians must have taken a somewhat "extended course" before having their feelings under proper control and susceptible only to right influences. Their cultivation by any other means is unsatisfactory, as lacking a proper standard of government.

The will, like the other elements of our being, is capable of education through Christian experience. The very essence of religious profession is the conscious and voluntary submission of the human to the divine will. In all future activity, there will be a persistent effort after conformity with God's will. Such intelligent effort will result in a remarkable development of the will, along the only right lines. Other means of educating this important constituent of our being will fall short of perfection, as lacking a proper ideal, and the possession of such an ideal, I have already indicated, affords to the Christian an advantage in effort after the development of every part of our complex nature.

In general a thorough Christian experience yields a dignity of bearing otherwise resultant from only the most refined training. For producing all the moral graces, no better means of education can be found, while the qualities of amiability and graciousness are essentially Christian virtues.

. . . . . .

If the positions maintained above are tenable, they ought to prove an incentive to a host of young Christians, who have a holy ambition for self-improvement and yet cannot enjoy the privileges of collegiate training. They may attend the school of Christ, assured that, if they will seek earnestly to make the most of their Christian privileges, by devoting time and energy to their development, they may secure a real education even with no text books other than the Bible and Nature, and no teacher other than the Holy Spirit. As in any other course of

self-education, patience, persistence and enthusiasm will be required. "There is no royal road to learning" for prince or Christian. True culture is the reward of endeavor.

If Christian experience is really a grand factor in education, and if there are results that cannot be effected by any other means, it is incumbent upon educators seriously to consider whether they are not bound to attempt to utilize this method. Can this necessary factor in true education receive a place in the curricula of schools? Can it be formally taught in class-rooms, as languages or mathematics are used to enlarge the powers of youth? The first thought in reply is, "Certainly not." Educators must be content to leave this branch to parents, Sunday school teachers and preachers. Yet it is a pity that the most important means of growth cannot be used by those who, above all others, come into intimate contact with young lives, and I am not at all certain that our thought must be final.

In our public schools, as now constituted, the matter is, of course, impossible. Yet while we inveigh against Romish attempts after a separate school system, are they not right in their criticism of "Godless" schools, and insisting on training their children under their idea of Christian instruction? The Sunday hour is not sufficient for religious instruction, and for a host of children that is all that is possible. It may not be wise to alter the present school system, but it is possible and advisable to establish distinctly Christian schools, of all grades (primary ones in every community, and advanced ones wherever required), in which every person officially connected with their operation, from principal to janitor, shall be active Christians, and in which the Bible shall be regularly studied by every pupil. If any instruction, as a whole, exhibits an aggressive Christianity, even if that Christianity is not formally promoted in class-rooms, it will assuredly be a tremendous success, as an evangelizer, as many of our already existing colleges prove.

In Christian schools, it is not impossible that there should be "conquest" classes, formally conducted for the salvation of the unsaved, rendered so attractive on account of the fervent and unaffected piety of their conductors, as to be irresistible.

Furthermore, it is not impossible to organize, in every Christian school, regular classes for the promotion of growth in

grace, in which, through the proper means, the Christian life of the students shall be effectively developed. Assuredly, if there were no other result, students in our schools of higher learning would be saved from the spiritual decline usually incident to long mental activity.

At the very least, the study of the Bible, to be scientific and devotional, ought to be engaged in by every student in all our schools, under the direction of the most capable and magnetic teacher on the staff.

L. S. Hughson.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Beneath the Mount, demons of darkness reign,
Exulting in their brief destructive hour.
Loving and loved ones writhe in grief and pain,
Helpless alike against their torturing power.
Upon the Mount, far other scenes befal;
The lowly friend of men outshines the sun:
Hades and death have yielded to His call,
And God from heaven has owned Him as His Son.
O, fore-flash blest! thou bright prophetic gleam,
The King shall yet fulfil earth's longing dream.

W. H. Porter.

Students' Quarter.

VOLCANOES.

Vulcano is no longer the forge of Hephaestus, nor Ætna the tomb of the rebellious Typhon; but the mysteries that thus sought an answer still remain. Theories there are without number, but in many cases theories only; this too in face of the most careful inquiry from the days when the elder Pliny lost his life, down to the present time.

Scientists are now thoroughly acquainted with the external manifestations of volcanic action, but real facts concerning the deeper seats of turmoil are altogether wanting. Three leading theories respecting the centre of our globe obtain. We will proceed to deal with them as follows:—First—It has been suggested that the earth consists of a fluid or semi-fluid nucleus surrounded and enclosed by a solid shell. Varying thicknesses have been ascribed to this outer crust, some stating it to be altogether insignificant, others placing it as deep as several hundred miles. The known stability of the earth, together with the necessity of a means of exit, are given as refuting this theory.

Secondly—Other physicists have claimed that a globe of liquid matter radiating its heat into space would necessarily solidify at both surface and centre, thus leaving an interposed layer of molten matter. The solidification may have gone on so far as to cause a partial union of these two spheres, leaving reservoirs of liquified rock. A sufficient cause of internal disturbance would thus be formed, while the earth might still retain its stability, because of the preponderance of *terra firma*. This necessitates the formation of the "pools" at no great distance from the surface,—a supposition which we are inclined to question.

Thirdly—It has been maintained that the earth may have become perfectly solid from centre to surface. Those who hold this view say, either, that the earth, though actually solid, is potentially liquid, or that volcanic action has no direct connection with a supposed incandescent condition of our planet, and

that the various phenomena find sufficient explanation in mechanical and chemical agencies at work within the globe.

From this summary of views it is plain that we are not, at present, in a position to give a definite solution of the problem. The conditions of temperature and pressure which must exist within our sphere are so different from anything that we are acquainted with, that the results are altogether beyond us. The latest speculation on the matter tends to the opinion that volcanic action is local, being produced by the action of air and water on the metals of the alkalies and alkaline earths, supposed to exist in a free condition within the earth's crust. This statement is supported in part by known chemical data, together with the fact that most volcanoes are near the sea. Graham and other supporters of this theory have gone far towards answering the various objections brought forward. The vast quantities of steam thrown off during eruption are thus accounted for. However, all volcanoes are not neighbors of the great deep. Those of Tibet are several hundred miles from any large body of water, and one in Mexico is at least one hundred and fifty miles from either the Pacific or the Atlantic. Then indeed we may truly say that no theory, as yet, satisfactorily explains the mystery of internal heat in all of its varied manifestations.

Volcanoes, either past or present, dot almost every continent and island of the sea. The number of active volcanoes at the present day is several hundred. These are unequally distributed over the exposed portions of the earth as follows :—On the continent of Europe there is but one active vent,—that of Vesuvius. In the islands of the Mediterranean, there are no less than six volcanoes : Stromboli and Vulcano, in the Lipari Islands ; Ætna, in Sicily ; Graham's Isle, off the Sicilian coast ; and Santorin and Nisyros in the Ægean Sea. The African continent is known to contain ten active volcanoes,—four on the west coast, and six on the east ; ten others occur on islands adjacent to that continent. Asia has twenty-four active vents, of which no fewer than twelve are in the peninsula of Kamtschatka. Australia is without any volcanoes. North America has twenty ; Central America twenty-five ; and the Southern continent thirty-seven. In all, one hundred and seventeen volcanoes are situated on the great continents, while twice as many occur upon the islands

scattered over the various oceans. In almost every case they are situated near the coast. In fact all oceanic islands, not coral reefs, are composed of volcanic rocks. They are found from Heckla in the North to Erebus in the South, from Fusiyama in the far East, to Fairweather in the West. The Pacific Ocean is completely encircled by a volcanic ridge, and in its submarine depths many active vents are known to exist.

One of the strangest features of volcanoes is their line of action. In straight c urses they seem almost to bisect the sphere. From the Aleutian Isles to Cape Horn we have one continuous manifestation of volcanic action. From California to Honolulu; from Kamtschatka to Java; from Terra del Fuego to New Zealand; from Iceland to the Canaries; and from Corea to Gibraltar we have further illustrations of the same strange fact. If there is not one common centre, why should these lines of action be so universal? They could not all fall into order by mere hazard.

In close connection with these ridges are parallel mountain chains. Their proximity at once leads us to suspect a near relationship. There are also a few exceptions to this rule. Some volcanoes are known that have no accompanying mountain axis. The elevations may be caused by contractions of the outer crust and possibly have no connection with volcanic action.

Turning now to the external manifestation, we enter at once the realms of the positive. Volcanoes are not mountains, as no doubt we long regarded them. They are really nothing more than vents in the earth's crust, caused by the attempt of imprisoned gases to escape; neither do they send forth flames and ashes. Dust of rock and steam ruddy with the glow of the incandescent mass within is all that causes the peculiar phenomenon that we popularly call a burning mountain. Year after year the cone is added to by each fresh upheaval, until at last we have a mass as high, if not higher, than the surrounding mountains. Ages again may pass, and by the forces of denudation, the soft material of the cone is swept away and nothing but the great dykes of lava are left, showing us the original structure of the base of the cone. We can read the life history of no one volcano, because the last ejected materials are likely to cover all previously thrown out; but we have volcanoes in every stage of

development and, by putting the various observations into one, we are able to say what has been the nature of such action even during past ages.

A district at present giving off sulphurous or other vapors may be the scene of past activity now dying out, or of future activity still in its infancy. In the average volcano, there is a gradual increase to a maximum and then as gradual a decrease. The portion of the crust affected may be shaken by attempted upheavals long before the actual outburst occurs. When the repressed subterranean forces have once found an exit, the violence of the explosion will depend upon the amount of water imprisoned in the lava. Where water is in abundance, the materials will be scattered far and wide and immense volcanic cones will be the result. The force is often so intense that the strongest rocks are shattered into fine dust. In other cases where water is wanting the lavas are very viscid and the mountain never attains any great height. The crater may even be filled completely and subsidiary cones formed at the base. The order of the overflow of gases and lava is much the same in all parts of the world. Cold water at first issues. Then, as the temperature rises, hot springs charged in turn with carbonic acid, sulphuric acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, boracic acid and hydric chloride may be seen. The lavas appear later accompanied by scoriae, pumice, lapelli and dust. These occur everywhere in a fairly regular order. Those lavas of intermediate composition, characterized by the nature of their feldspar and free quartz, appear first. Trachytic lava may either precede or follow the above. Last of all, come the acid and basaltic rocks. As the volcano becomes weaker, the various sulphides and acids again make their appearance in solution; and in some districts immense deposits are formed, which may be purified and fitted for industrial use. These later demonstrations of volcanic activity are often looked upon as of little importance; but such is not the case. A geyser or hot spring may relieve the earth of as much of its superabundant temperature as many of the active volcanoes. It has been clearly shown that the springs of Bath, England, have carried away in solution during the past two thousand years sufficient material to have built up a second Mount Nuovo. They probably take quite as active a part in the economy of nature as any of the

more noisy vents. Deposits from the earth's interior are constantly taking place. The amount of surface built up and removed within historic times is simply stupendous. Thousands of square miles have been destroyed by the action of volcanic dust alone. In 1835, the volcano of Cosequina sent forth such enormous quantities of ashes that there was night for a radius of thirty-five miles; and at a distance of eight leagues the dust fell to a depth of ten feet. A rain of dust and sand fell over an area 270 geographical miles in diameter. Some of the finer materials fell in Jamaica, seven hundred miles distant. In 1783, during an eruption of Hecla, a lava stream from 600 to 1000 feet in depth, 15 miles wide, and reaching almost 100 miles, desolated the country far and near. Cases like the above might be multiplied without number. Destruction seems to be everywhere and widespread. Whole regions have subsided, fair valleys been desolated; and at each fresh demonstration many lives lost. Wherein then is their usefulness? Could we not well dispense with them? The question may be looked at from various standpoints. While Vesuvius in 100 days sent out over 2,100,000 cubic metres of water causing most destructive floods, it also sent out during the same time many tons of useful chlorides, such as iron, copper, sodium, besides numerous acids, all of which form deposits in the crevices of the rock. In fact, if it were not for volcanic action, the economic minerals would be almost wanting. No veins or lodes would be found. All would be buried beneath an impenetrable mass of earth. Then again the most destructive features of volcanic action, viz., earthquakes, are in most cases but unsuccessful attempts of the imprisoned vapors to find an exit. An opening would prove a sufficient safety valve; and if these vents were numerous, the phenomena of earthquakes would almost disappear, the only parts affected being those in the immediate neighborhood of the internal activity.

Volcanoes are not a curse, but in reality a blessing. Without them our globe, in many of its fairest portions, would be desolate and void. The very existence of our race would wellnigh be impossible, and again might return the age of plant possession of our sphere. Vegetation alone would flourish. Man's age would soon be past, and a return to the world's primeval state would be but a question of time.

As it now is, we live in happiness and fair security, joyful in the knowledge that these fountains of the central deep may leisurely pour forth their unretarded streams upon the surrounding land. Should these vents prove insufficient, who will say that we will not one day excavate a few fresh holes and thus free the earth from its unwonted trembling and bring security to ourselves.

R. Routledge.

FULFILMENT.

By the waters that go softly
Over golden gravel clear,
Where the breezes in black ash-buds
Make May-music by the mere—
Where the firry woodland stretches
Slope away in sun-steeped hills—
In the mossy meadow margin
Full of life a flower bud thrills;
In the mosses dank and dewy
Poured its perfume on the air,
All unseen in silvery splendor
Swelled and bloomed and faded there.
Undisturbed the ripples tinkled,
While the perfume-laden breeze
Still in fitful, fragrant flurries
Lined the mere and tossed the trees.
Spring's crimson sunset burned to gloom
Night the sylvan songsters stilled,
Silently life had come and gone,
Eternal purpose was fulfilled.

X. E.

Moulton College.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANOE VOYAGE.

(Concluded.)

When the jovial old sun once again began to shed his light over our fair lake country, some of the more ambitious of his beams peered in through the half open door of a tent where six sleeping forms lay huddled together under their blankets. As these beams became more inquisitive, one of the forms yawned, rubbed his eyes, and shook an adjacent form. Then the two forms arose and departed out of the midst of the others and proceeded to a place apart, where they lighted a fire. Ben and I had been appointed to prepare breakfast, and we were doing our duty. One by one the other forms emerged from the tent and, assembling round the camp fire, took part in the demolition of breakfast. This done, the canoe was again loaded and launched, and we were again under way. A well manned canoe, as it approaches the spectator, is a peculiar sight. Six arms are raised as one, and six paddles cleave the water in perfect unison, while only the man in the bow is seen, who seems to possess a multitude of arms.

Not more than half a mile had been traversed when the unusual and unexpected sight of several tents on the shore caused all paddling to cease. A united shout by all the members of the company was executed for the purpose of arousing the supposed inmates. After several unsolicited encores, a sleepy-looking mortal rolled out of one of the tents and was evidently on the point of using unsuitable language, when the Doctor soothed his troubled mind by civilly asking for information. The sleepy man's remarks were extremely discouraging. He informed us that the tents belonged to a gang of lumbermen who were damming up the river in several places for the purpose of rafting logs. On account of these dams, all the remainder of the river would be either very rapid or very shallow, making our farther advance impossible. Had we been less energetic and persevering, his statement would have proved correct, for the river from this time forth was execrable. Mile after mile of its extent contained nothing but rapids and shallows. On

account of the steepness of the river banks, it was necessary for us to walk in the water, whenever it was too shallow to float the canoe. Splashing along through the water with our burdens on our backs was a task both ludicrous and melancholy. So inured to wet and mud did we become, that it was no longer a matter of concern to us how much moisture we absorbed. Our only aim was to keep blankets and provisions dry, which effort was to some extent successful.

A log hut is a common, unattractive object at any time, but when we caught a glimpse of the rude chimney and moss-covered roof of one of the roughest of all shanties, our hearts were gladdened at the sight. The proprietors proved to be a family of Dutch settlers, who accorded us the greatest hospitality, generously placing their whole house at our disposal. You may be sure that we made the most of our opportunities. Soon our long delayed dinner was in preparation, while our dripping garments hung behind the stove. The Doctor distributed several small coins among the children and was amply repaid by the result. I never saw children so pleased and gratified as were these little Dutch settlers when they received the coins in their grimy outstretched palms. The mere sight of their recently acquired possessions seemed to be a source of continual delight. Poor little fellows! In all probability they had never owned a cent of money before, and considered their fortunes made. Soon after our arrival the old man came in from the field, bringing with him several of the older boys. He picked up our Winchester, took a sight with it, and pronounced it "*sehr gut.*" One by one, he examined each article of our outfit, making appropriate remarks in his own expressive dialect. When the Doctor asked for information with regard to the remainder of our journey, he seemed very reticent, but he was persuaded to hold forth when we produced our map. This he pronounced a delusion and a snare. We assured him that it had proved so to us. Let me just say here that our map was one of that variety of charts which are "got up to sell" unsuspecting tourists. Beware of maps which are thus offered for sale!

Much as we wished to hasten on, we were obliged, out of courtesy, to wait for the old man to make numerous alterations in our map. When this task was completed, we heartily thanked

them all for their hospitality, and again took to the water. Several miles had been traversed at a rapid rate, when the rain, which had been threatening for some time, began to fall in torrents, forcing us to seek shelter. We had arrived at the head of the Mountain Rapids, where a suitable camping ground was found. The tent was pitched. All baggage was soon under shelter. What cared we how long the rain continued? We were perfectly accustomed to wet. Seeing how useless was its attempt to dampen our *spirits*, even though our *clothes* were thoroughly damp, the rain ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and a beautiful sunset was provided for our entertainment; at least so we said to each other while we enjoyed it. Supper served up by the Doctor and Mac., our clothes stretched on poles before the fire, we all took a good swim in the darkness, after which most of our clothes were dry enough to resume.

We were rather weary that night, and well we might be, after such a day's work. We took a few boxing-lessons from Ben in order to warm ourselves up after the swim. Then we went to bed. Profiting by our experience on the shores of Little Black Lake, several of us preferred to sleep around the camp-fire, rather than trust to the indifferent comfort of the tent. Those of us who thus trusted to nature's couch enjoyed a sound and refreshing sleep. Those in the tent evidently fared not so well. About midnight a voice from within awoke the silence and some of us also. The voice belonged to Aleck, whose plaintive strain was a follows: "Say, is there any room out there?" We assured him that the exterior world was quite extensive enough for the accommodation of a medium-sized boy, so he crawled out and rolled up in his blanket beside us. Soon his snores indicated his perfect contentment.

On arising early the next morning, the task of portaging past the Mountain Rapids confronted us. A hearty breakfast was a good preparation for our task, and soon the canoe was launched in the waters below. A brisk paddle of a mile brought us into Seguin Lake, from whose waters flowed the river which would bring us to the end of our canoe journey. This river was not found without some difficulty, on account of its concealed outlet, but when we at last entered it you may be sure that no time was wasted. Under the influence of six sturdy paddles, the

canoe bounded forward like a thing of life. Suddenly a bridge came into view over which, as we had learned from the Dutchman, a road led to the mines, the immediate objects of our journey. The distance by road was so great that the utility of a horse and buggy naturally occurred to all of us, so Ben and Mac. volunteered to seek a conveyance.

Two more formidable fellows could scarce be found than were they, as they started off down the road. Ben's appearance was characteristically Western. His head was adorned by a broad sombrero which had once been white. Around his waist was a belt full of cartridges, food for a vicious-looking revolver suspended at his side. His trousers were rolled up to his knees, and his back boasted the possession of nothing but a very soiled négligé shirt. Mac's costume was that of a typical wood-ranger or hunter of the north. His trousers tucked into his boots, his broad-brimmed felt hat, and his Winchester over his shoulder, all combined to give him the appearance of a rough character.

We did not see either of them again for nearly an hour, but the story which they told on their return amply repaid us for all our impatience. About a mile up the road they came to a house which seemed to be occupied. After a hearty knock, administered on the door by the stock of Mac's rifle, they waited several minutes before any sound was heard from within. At last the latch was lifted and the head of an old man was protruded, which, after a hasty glance around, was hastily withdrawn. The door was then slammed in their faces. At a loss to explain this impolite conduct they opened the door and looked in. The old man was peeping from behind the stove, and was evidently greatly disturbed. When Ben stepped forward he made a dive for the door, but seeing Mac. there, he beat a hasty retreat to his iron stronghold. Seeing that escape was impossible he resorted to stratagem: "Take a seat, sir. Want a horse, eh? I ain't got a horse, but I'll tell ye where ye can git a good un. George Burroughs has two of 'em. His place is about a mile t'other side of the bridge. You'd better go there, hadn't ye?" The boys reluctantly consented to depart, much to the relief of the old man, who evidently mistook them for horse-thieves. When we made a calm, cold, unimpassioned examination of our

companions, we little wondered that such a mistake should have been made.

On our arrival, we found that George Burroughs had two good horses, but one of them was very much indisposed, so much so that its life was despaired of. Since the only vehicles on the farm were a hay-wagon and a seeder, only one of us could utilize a horse to advantage. The Doctor was the one most interested in the mines, and we expressed ourselves quite willing to remain in that region for the remainder of the day, awaiting his return. He promised to be with us again within about six or seven hours, and you may well believe that we found no difficulty in spending pleasantly the intervening time. Ben, whose experience with horses during his cow-boy days was quite extensive, made use of his veterinary lore in the treatment of George's horse. So successful was he as a doctor that the steed was nearly as well as ever before we left. Our occupations during this afternoon were too numerous to mention. We picked and ate blackberries, did some shooting at various animals, and helped George at his work. The time passed very quickly, and the sun was down almost before we knew it. Where could the Doctor be? We were beginning to become uneasy about him. The evening was spent with George's family until about ten o'clock, when we determined to retire and keep no longer vigil for the Doctor. Our bed was in George's hay-loft. The boys and I climbed up and levelled the hay while Ben and Mac. went down to the river to make canoe and baggage safe for the night. While they were absent, the wanderer returned and lay down beside Artie, who was already asleep. We decided not to tell Ben and Mac. of the Doctor's arrival, but to await the outcome of the scheme in the morning. They came up shortly, remarking that they supposed the Doctor had either decided to camp out or had lost the road. Then we all settled down in the soft, sweet, hay and slept the sleep of the just until we were awakened by a great commotion. Mac. had opened his eyes upon the light and the first thing he saw was the Doctor's face about two feet away from his own. He thought he had made a wonderful discovery and had given vent to a few shouts in order to awaken us and to impart his good news. Mac's jubilant behavior received a quietus when we informed him that we knew all about it the night before.

Then Ben and Mac. demanded an explanation, and the Doctor was not loth to satisfy their wishes. This journey had been a greater one than was anticipated, and more time had been consumed than was expected. His mineralogical researches were unsatisfactory. The best of the mines were already being marked out for working, while the remainder were not sufficiently valuable to repay the labor of mining. A council of ways and means was then held and the following decision was arrived at:— "Whereas, provisions are at a low ebb, and whereas it would be almost impossible to return by the same route over which we had passed, and whereas there is a shorter and easier road to Lake Joseph, via Parry Sound and the Georgian Bay; this council favors the latter course, and proposes an immediate start." George was profuse in his thanks to Ben for his successful treatment of the horse, and showed his gratitude in tangible form by loading us down with choice vegetables on our departure.

Not much difficulty was experienced in reaching Parry Sound. By noon the tall smoke-stacks of the saw-mills loomed up before our sight, and in a very short period of time we were once again in civilized territory. Ben and Mac. took the canoe down the river which runs through the town, while the Doctor and I escorted the boys through the streets. We attracted much attention, but what did we care? Were we not to be envied? Several stores were visited and many parcels of groceries were purchased and conveyed to the dock, where Ben and Mac. met us with the canoe. While enjoying a hearty dinner on the dock, we discussed future prospects. The Doctor had made the journey from Parry Sound to Lake Joseph before, and thus we knew just what to expect. Our return journey was not so eventful as the previous part had been, therefore I shall not weary you with a detailed account.

Our final entrance into Lake Joseph was celebrated by a good hearty cheer. During our absence, we had traversed the waters of twenty-seven lakes and fifteen rivers, and none seemed so beautiful as our own Lake Joseph. The ten miles which lay between us and home were paddled in darkness, but no difficulty was experienced in finding our way. When near home we began a series of songs which lasted until our arrival at our own island, where we were met by many friends who welcomed us back in a hearty homelike way.

H. H. Newman.

A FUNERAL IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Early one Saturday morning, a rough-looking farmer about thirty years of age was ushered into my sitting-room, who said, with neither "good morning" nor any other preliminaries: "Will you tell the parson the funeral is this afternoon at 2 o'clock?"

Having heard nothing previously of an approaching funeral, and knowing of no death among our parishioners, I immediately concluded that he had been shown into the wrong sitting-room, as the Church of England clergyman lived in the same house. I told him that I thought he had made a mistake and that I presumed it was the Church of England minister he wished to see. He looked puzzled, said he did not know, eyed his boots steadily and nervously, and uneasily thrust his hands into his pockets, immediately withdrawing them again. At last we heard a step, and on looking up, saw Mr. G. approaching. The farmer's face became radiant as he exclaimed, "That thar's him!"

On entering, Mr. G. was greeted with the same information; that "the funeral is this afternoon at 2 o'clock," to which he replied: "Oh, is the old man dead? and when did he die?"

The "old man" referred to had been one of the pioneers of that rough country, a terrible drunkard and a notable fighter. During his last illness, which extended over a period of two years, all of which time he was confined to bed, he had ample time to repent his folly, which I think he sincerely did, and sought the only forgiveness.

But there was no time for further comment, we had to start at once, as the distance to be covered was some ten or eleven miles, and the roads anything but good. Away we went in our cart, up-hill and down-hill, over bogs, through marshes, the fox often starting from just beneath the horses' feet, and the cry of the wild cat continually resounding in our ears.

Arriving at the place where so shortly before the Angel of

Death had entered, we found the corpse laid out in a rough coffin, rougher indeed than any we had been accustomed to see, for the lumber had never so much as felt a plane. They had done their best, however, to make things look well. By daubing the rough exterior with black paint or pitch or some other mixture, which stood here and there in patches, it served to take away the brightness of the new wood.

The "old man" was laid out in his "best," which I afterwards learned was not only his wedding suit, but the only one which he had ever possessed. A bit of blue ribbon, symbolic of the "True Blues," an order of which he had once been a member, was tied under his chin; his hair had been straightened and smoothed as well as could be expected without the aid of a comb. The neighbors for miles around had gathered to pay their last tribute to the departed, and as the house comprised but one small room, we held a service outside the door. We commenced our meeting by that accordant hymn of Cowper's—

> "The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day."

I saw tears start and course down the cheeks of some whose hearts, we are so often wont to think, are as hard as the rocks among which they live.

After reading of the Scriptures, we started on the sorrowful procession to the cemetery, a mile-and-a-half distant from what had been the "old man's home." Our pony seemed rather proud to head the cortége, while six of the natives carried the coffin. Following close on these, limped the dog on his three legs; the others in twos and fours, walked behind in solemn silence.

The trees seemed to clasp hands and form an arch above our heads, while the woods re-echoed the sound of our tramp on the rock pavement beneath, as we wended our way with the body to its last resting-place. And a rough resting-place it was indeed. The grave had been roughly dug out of the rocks, and four boards nailed together in the shape of an oblong, formed the rougher coffin. Evidently, however, the undertaker (?) had made a mistake, for the boards were too short to admit the coffin—so it had to be raised while one of the natives descended

and kicked one end out, it was then lowered again and I felt unutterably sad as these words came to mind: "If in this life only we have hope we are of all men the most miserable."

At this moment, however, the sun, which had been hiding itself all day, burst its dark bands, and our hearts became radiant with expectation and hope as we sang:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

JULIA MARSHALL.

UNVEILED.

A cohort of angels left the skies,
And came down to earth one day;
With rapturous flight they sped them back,
For a treasure they bore away,—
A soul they bore to its Father's home,
And in Heaven a great joy spread:
But shadows fell on the earthly home,
For the fair sweet child was dead.

II.

The cohort to earth again came down,
But sad were their hearts and sore;
For they bore a soul from its Father's home,
To leave on earth's lonely shore:
With tardy wing to the skies they went,
And in Heaven was many a tear;
But our hearts were light and we were glad,
For Thou, whom we love, wert here.

JNO. F. VICHERT.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We are very happy to be able to present in this number of the Monthly the portrait and sketch of Mrs. Yule. The sketch, by our good friend Mr. Dadson, whose contributions have not unfrequently enriched our pages, has been written *con amore*, but in terms, we think, not a whit too strong. We share with him, and a large circle of others, very warm admiration for the subject of the sketch, and a high estimate of the value of her contributions to Canadian literature. We should like to do our students and others the service of introducing them to Mrs. Yule's books ; and, with this in view, we have made particular enquiries as to the availability of the several volumes. We find that of he last edition of " Records of a Vanished Life," there are perhaps at hundred copies unsold. Of the " Poems of the Heart and Home" there are about the same number. It is not likely that Mrs. Yule will issue new editions of these works. " Sowing and Reaping " has had a large and continuous sale, and is still handled by the publishers, making it available to any extent. Every volume remaining of the " Records " ought to come into the hands of our own students ; for the " Life " that has " Vanished " was consecrated to study, and to the service of Baptist students, and was, in the loftiness of its ideals, the depth of its devotion, and the strenuousness of its labors, an inspiring model for our young men. The " Poems " are real poems, covering a wide range of subjects, and will be prized by those who make their acquaintance. "Sowing and Reaping" is an exceedingly interesting work of fiction, designed to inculcate temperance principles, and to illustrate, from the Christian standpoint, the folly of bringing up children in luxurious self-indulgence. It is calculated to make a very strong impression in these directions.

Select Poems of Tennyson, with Introduction and Notes, by Frederick Henry Sykes, M.A., Ph.D. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co. In this handsome little volume will be found the text of the poems of Lord Tennyson, to be critically studied by students preparing for the departmental examinations of Ontario in 1895. The introduction gives a brief sketch of the poet's life, followed by several paragraphs discussing some characteristics of his poetry. In the two hundred pages of carefully prepared notes, the student has access to a large and varied store of helpful information, such as only an eminent scholar and a practical teacher, with the best of libraries at his command, could furnish him. Readers of the McMaster Monthly will be pleased to

find, as part of these notes, the full text of the well-known article by Chancellor Rand in the June number of Vol. I, entitled *Limæ Labor*, together with the fac-simile reproductions of the autograph copies of the songs from The Princess in his possession. The article is introduced with remarks referring to the special interest of the subject treated, and expressing hearty thanks to the Chancellor for permission to reproduce it. The letter from Lord Tennyson to Dr. Rand, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of this article, beautifully reproduced, forms a fitting frontispiece to this excellent students' hand-book.

The recent death of James Anthony Froude, Regius Professor of History at Oxford, presents a fitting occasion for a remark on the living and recently deceased English historical scholars. Froude's predecessor in the chair was E. A. Freeman, whose untimely death was universally lamented. Freeman was preceded by William Stubbs, who resigned the Professorship to accept a Bishopric. Stubbs is probably the foremost authority on mediæval English history, a department which Freeman also had made pre-eminently his own. It must be admitted that Froude occupied a distinctly lower plane than either of these great historical scholars. In fact, it is doubtful whether he deserves the name historian in any high sense. He was a rhetorician of a highly popular type, who treated rhetorically historical subjects. Historical truth was with him subordinated to rhetorical effect. His use of historical materials was severely but justly criticized by Freeman, and that he should have attained to the Regius Professorship after Freeman's exposure of his unscientific methods is one of the mysteries of the age. After such a break it would be idle to attempt to forecast the appointment of the next incumbent. There can be little doubt that the most eminent man available is Samuel R. Gardiner, whose special field of research has been the age of the Puritan Revolution and of the Restoration (1640-1688). But merit has so little to do with the filling of such positions that some less eminent man is as likely to receive the appointment. After all, the position is largely honorary, the amount of work required being insignificant. It is as a man of letters rather than as a scientific historical scholar that Froude will be remembered. In literature he attained to eminence; but it is questionable whether even in this sphere his reputation will endure.

The rumor that Dr. Strong, of Rochester Theol. Seminary, had adopted Monism and was adapting his theology to this new view has been confirmed by three articles from his pen in the *Examiner* on Ethical Monism.

Dr. Strong declares that "there is but one substance—God." At the same time, he believes in the doctrine of creation and free will, thus distinguishing his Ethical from Deterministic Monism. "All persons as well as all things are," therefore, "but forms or modifications of the divine." Just as "in the one substance of God there are three infinite personalities.... in that same substance there are multitudinous finite personalities." "In the one all-including divine consciousness there are finite consciousnesses quite unaware of their relation to the whole, and even antagonistic to it." As "finite spirits are circumscriptions of the divine substance, and have in them the divine life," Christ limited Himself when by creation He manifested His life under finite conditions. Because of this same fact, Christ's atoning sufferings began with the first sin which introduced disorder and evil into a part of His own body. Still further, "It is impossible that He who is the natural life of humanity should *not* be responsible for the sin committed by His own members. It is impossible that He should *not* suffer, that He should *not* make reparation, that He should *not* atone."

Because all the fullness of humanity as well as of the Godhead was in Christ, "when He atoned, humanity atoned. He could pay man's penalty because He constituted the essence of man's nature." We can but add a word. We cannot understand how all things are of the substance of God, and have not existed eternally, in substance, in Him. Either the substance of God has been capable of increase, and so not infinite, or the *creation* which Dr. Strong deems consistent with his Monism is but an *evolution*. How, also, all things can be of the substance of God, and God's transcendence over the universe be held seems very difficult to conceive: for it means that God exists, in some sense, above and independent of His substance. It is also far from clear how Christ's sufferings can be either atoning or vicarious, if Dr. Strong's statements adequately express his view. We cannot share the belief of the editor of the *Examiner* that Dr. Strong's articles will introduce a new epoch in the study of theology. Both philosophic and theological mists hang over his view, and these must be cleared away by much careful thinking, before many will be inclined to adopt it. It is also to be remarked that the view is not new in German thought.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

NOVEMBER.

The river's face grew hard last night.
The last leaf from its swaying throne
Has fluttered, brown and small, and lies
Upon the ice—alone.

The sun, wrapped in his misty skirts,
The West with purple glory dyes;
And, clearly as a cameo cut,
The mallard Southward flies.

The crescent moon gleams on her bed
Of argent cloud; by slow degrees
Drooping on unseen wings beyond
The lattice-work of trees.

Northward gleams one bright star, that says:
I guard the seas that lie below!
And from the East the wind runs out,
And comes—and brings the snow.

In The *Owl*. Charles Gordon Rogers.

The *North-West Baptist* has a timely article on "The Church and Church Societies," by J. P. McIntyre, M.D., of the Class of '94. The position taken is that there are too many organizations within the church in these days, *e.g.*:—B. Y. P. U., Y. P. S. C. E., Ladies Aid and Mission Circles, etc. That the organization of the Christian Church is the only Scriptural organization, is a sound principle. The Christian Church should do all the Christian work, appointing its own officers and committees for different and distinct duties. Sunday School officers and teachers should be appointed by the church, young people and the women should have their special duties assigned them by vote of the church and report periodically upon the work overtaken. The end would be unity and harmony in the body which Christ instituted, instead of rivalry and division. No doubt the lack of general interest on the part of many members is a result of half-a-dozen different sets of workers, each more or less ignorant of the others' work.

ASPIRATION.

Alone I'll go from clime to clime,
From earth's fair walks, on spirit stairs.
Alone I'll mount to Heaven's height—
Softly I'll go the course of time,

No human voice shall calm my fear,
No human hand shall mine rest on;
Alone I'll walk on spirit feet—
No mortal sound shall reach my ear.

The constant sighing of the wind
Shall come to me with nearer power;
The gentle dipping of an oar
Shall bear me to a greater mind.

Louise Moulton.

In *Tabor College Monthly*.

Some angels must have been at play
Upon the earth one summer day,
And, 'ere they took their homeward flight
To realms on realms of whirling light,
Let fall upon the emerald sod
These sprays of yellow golden-rod.
Or else, perhaps, their garments, wrought
With fine celestial gold, had caught
Upon the tall, thick stems of grass
As they essayed the fields to pass,
And lo! the weeds of earth became
With bright resplendent gold aflame.
Or else, while trooping through the gate,
One playful spirit, being late,
Threw down upon the smiling land
A handful of the heavenly sand.

W. Reed Dunroy.

In October *Midland Monthly.*

In our list of exchanges, the *Brunonian* stands among the first. It excels in two lines, verse, and that difficult department of literature, the short story. Every number produces one or two stories, many of which are of high excellence.... *Tabor College Monthly* is a new arrival, well printed, neat, ably edited. Its ideal is well stated: "devoted to the interests of colleges in general and Tabor College in particular."..... *Knox College Monthly* is as full of good matter as it is free from nonsense; a sound, sensible hour's reading every month. Knox jubilee has been duly celebrated, and it too has become a matter of history, a proud history indeed!

The *O. A. C.* has improved in appearance, being printed better and upon better paper, but the old fault is still conspicuous. We counted sixteen typographical errors in one column....The *Varsity* still publishes letters abusing the professors. We congratulate ourselves that our professors are men that the students have no need to criticize, either in point of scholarship or teaching ability....The *Sibyl* of Elmira College is the daintiest piece of journalism that comes to our table. The fair inmates of Elmira know how to produce a periodical that is a credit to the institution.

OF BEAUTY.

The convoluted wave, God's first sea-shell,
Upgathers now the deep's great harmonies;
From the far blue an Alp-like cloud doth well,
Baring its azured peaks to the heavenlies:

My spirit's outward bound, hath liberty!
Earnest as rising flame its young love burns
To catch the awesome gladness flowing free
O'er earth and sky as Beauty's face upturns.

O, naught is great without thy effluence!
In curving billow's culminating sweep,
In mountain heights, the strength of grace is seen:
Essence divine, of God-like competence,—
Reposeful in the heart of things as sleep!
Robed in the purple, sceptered, throned a queen!

Theodore H. Rand.

Minas Basin. In *The Week.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. Newman,
W. J. Thorold,
Miss M. E. Dryden, } *Editors.*

The University.

Around the festive board they sat,
Conundrums followed bread.
"Why is this tart," said one, "so like
A Sophomore's big head?"

The Freshie gave it up at once,
The Junior thought a minute,
In haughty triumph then exclaimed,
"*So little filling in it!*"

Professor:—(Erasing philosophic hieroglyphics from the blackboard, to make room for New Testament notes).... "Gentlemen, in this case philosophy must give way to religion."

Football:—(Triumphantly to pair of old shoes in the same closet).... "Say; you can't kick me any more until next Spring. See!"

Victoria University has asked for a public intercollegiate debate with McMaster. We have accepted the challenge, and hope to be ready to give the Victoria men a lively time in January.

Student:—(Drawing a diagram of Herod's temple on the blackboard).... "And at this corner there was a bridge, professor. I couldn't find out why it was needed there." Professor:—"Couldn't you? Why.... to get over something, I suppose, sir. What other reason would you give?"

On Friday evening, Dec. 7th, the Literary and Scientific Society is to hold its first open meeting of this season.

Messrs. J. B. Paterson, J. J. Reeves, and Y. A. King were our representatives at the Canadian Intercollegiate Missionary Convention held in Belleville from Nov. 23rd to 25th.

Gratitude would fill the hearts of the day students, if some means were provided, a filter or anything else, whereby they might allay their thirst with a cup of cold water.

The Classical Society recently spent a most profitable hour in the study of Cicero. Three papers were read: "Cicero's Life and Writings," "Cicero as an Orator and Statesman," "Cicero, the Author and Philosopher."

The great evangelist Moody has just completed a visit of three weeks in Toronto. His labors have met with the highest success. Many McMaster students worked nobly in the good cause.

Dr. Newman was absent from us for ten days in November, having accepted an invitation from the Faculty of Crozier College to deliver a course of lectures on Mediæval Church History in that institution. We learn that the Pennsylvania Seminary is anxious to have our gifted professor visit them again.

We were glad to have recently had a visit from one of our former students, the jovial A. P. Kennedy. He was always most popular, and when asked to speak before the Literary and Scientific Society, his words of reminiscence and greeting were very heartily received. We are always pleased to see the McMaster boys of by-gone days.

On Oct. 14th the members of Class '95, met for the election of officers. The result was as follows: President, Fred. Eby; Vice-President, O. G. Langford; Secretary and Treasurer, C. H. Schutt; Historian, G. R. McFaul; Poet, G. H. Clarke; Orator, D. Nimmo; Prophet, B. Routledge. Executive Committee: McDonald, Tarr, Russell, Eby, Langford, Schutt, McAlpine, Thorold. '95 is called the unique class of the University. All its members have won distinction in some department of activity and service. It may also be remarked that in their class organization they are all officers.

The Class of '96, with its usual energy and gusto, met at a very early date to re-organize for the collegiate year '94-'95. Hearty goodwill prevailed, and spirited addresses were delivered by several members. The election of officers resulted as follows. We were all very glad to welcome into our class Miss Timpany, who formerly was known as 95's lady, and we showed our feeling, by electing her Honorary President. The responsible and honorable position of President was given to Mr. C. E. Scott, who is sure to be a credit to us as a chairman. Mr. Lewis Brown was elected to the position of Vice-President, and although his duties are not likely to be arduous, his presence will be an aid to the Executive Committee. Miss M. E. Dryden enters this year upon active duty for her class as Secretary-Treasurer, with the additional office of class poet. Items of historical interest are to be recorded by Mr. H. H. Newman, the class Historian. The Orator is Mr. A. Imrie. The Minstrel and sweet singer is Mr. J. B. Paterson. All correspondence in connection with the class, and the reporting of news to the daily papers, and to the McMaster Monthly, constitute the duties of Mr. S. T. Foster. Entire satisfaction was expressed at the elections, and the meeting was adjourned with all the members feeling that '96 is the class *par excellence.*

On the twelfth day of October the class of '97 assembled to elect its officers for the year. The following were the appointments: Hononary President, Dr. A. H. Newman; President, W. J. Pady; Vice-President, Miss Woolverton; Secretary, Miss McDermid; Correspondent, P. G.

Mode; Orator, G. H. Sneyd; Bard, J. F. Vichert; Historian, A. M. Overholt. Contrary to the usual custom of electing an Honorary President from the lady members of the class, we elected Dr. Newman to this position to show our appreciation of his hospitality for the past year.

THE class of '98 assembled on Oct. 11th for the purpose of organizing for the ensuing year. The officers elected are as follows: Honorary President, Miss Baily; President, Mr. Y. A. King; Vice-President, Mr. C. S. F. Randolph; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Gile; Orator, Mr. L. H. Thomas; Reporter, Mr. W. B. H. Teakles. Although not so large as the former class, we of '98, under the leadership of our energetic President, Mr. Y. A. King, hope to uphold the honor which has been established by former Freshmen.

OUR next graduating class in arts is remarkable in more ways than a dozen. No two of them have pursued the same line of studies throughout their university course. Some of them take first class honors in every subject at the annual examinations. Some are spoken of as the coming preachers. Some have already won laurels as writers in several of the prominent newspapers and magazines.

MR. WAYBACK, after waiting for about an hour outside the door of the room for Experimental Optics, has decided not to give his daughter any of this "higher eddication".... "Them gals in there," he says, "stood fer a hull hour starin' at theirselves in a couple o' lookin' glasses, and turnin' first this way and then that so's to git a look at all sides. My gal's took up enough with herself to hum without comin' up here to git giddier 'n ever."

A SCENE of unusual festivity was enacted upon the occasion of the recent birthday of a certain young Sophomore. The appearance of the room after the banquet showed how liberally the parents of the youth had provided for his anniversary. The ghastly, hollow skeletons of two turkeys, surrounded by a conglomerate mass of plates, knives and forks, adorned the table, hitherto devoted to purposes of study. All the boys who partook of the feast were glad that the Sophomore had completed another year of his earthly sojourn.

THE Ladies' Literary League (formerly the Modern Language Club) held a regular meeting in the University chapel, on Friday, Nov. 9th. Almost all the members were present, and a very pleasant afternoon was spent with Mrs. Browning. Miss Burnette gave a very interesting account of the poet's life, and Miss Whiteside pointed out in an essay the chief characteristics of her works. Selections from these were then read by Misses Gile and Iler. To the musical part of the programme, Misses Rose, Holmes, and Taylor ably contributed and the singing of "The Maple Leaf Forever" brought the meeting to its close. As the notice of the appointment of new officers was omitted last month, it may be well to insert it here. The following are the names of the officers for '94-'95. President, Miss Timpany; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Marshall; Sec.-Treas., Miss Iler; Pianist, Miss Gile; Critic, Miss Eby.

On the evening of Tuesday, Nov. 27th, the young people of Jarvis Street Baptist church gave a reception to students. Many of the latter, both from McMaster and Moulton, availed themselves of this kindness and enjoyed a very pleasant evening. A programme of exceptional quality was rendered in two parts, leaving plenty of opportunity for social intercourse. During the evening Mr. J. Russell spoke on behalf of the gentlemen students present, while Miss Newman voiced the sentiments of the ladies from the various institutions of learning. Both expressed the hearty thanks of those whom they represented for the pleasant evening which they were being permitted to enjoy. We are always sure of a good time when we go to Jarvis Street.

Camelot Club.—At last the studious specialists in English language and literature have found time to organize upon a solid and satisfactory basis. That they intend earnest and careful work is evident from the Article of the Constitution entitled, "Purpose." The membership is large, and enthusiastic regarding the future welfare of the promising young society, which now enters upon a life of usefulness under the pretty and suggestive name of Camelot Club. Mr. W. S. W. McLay, B.A., is *ex officio* Honorary President; G. H. Clarke, '95, was elected President; L. A. Brown, '96, Vice-President; Miss M. E. Burnette, '97, Secretary-Treasurer. The following representatives on the Executive Committee were also chosen: O. G. Langford, '95; W. P. Cohoe, '96; Miss Eby, '97. Full arrangements are being made for a thoroughly instructive and enjoyable series of meetings. The motto of the Club is taken from In Memoriam:—

> "Where once we held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art."

One fine morning, a short time ago, a number of students ran down the college steps and boarded a westward-bound car. The other passengers wondered at the number of bags, valises, picks and hammers which accompanied the party. If they had listened they would soon have learnt that the class in Geology was making a tour for the purpose of observing phenomena and collecting specimens. Under the direction of the professor they proceeded to regions beyond the Humber, where extensive limestone, shale, and sandstone deposits afford excellent material for study. At High Park two ladies joined the party, and all took the Mimico car. After a pleasant ride along the lake shore, they alighted near the cliffs which are so conspicuous from the Island. Preliminary instructions were given by the professor, and then all set out to unearth fossils from their ancient resting-places, and to investigate the structural features of the rock. When the class met again preparatory to departure, all were laden with various material. Some ambitious geologists were groaning under the weight of slabs of rock many pounds in weight, while the bulging pockets of others attested the fact of an already over-loaded valise. The excursion was a great success. Fossils and rocks of many species were collected, and all have a clearer and more practical knowledge of this most interesting subject.

A NEW feature has been added to the meetings of the Literary and Scientific Society. After mature consideration and spirited discussion, it was decided to make a bold endeavor to secure the presence of the lady students at our meetings. A formal invitation was sent to them, and the result may be described by an extract from the minutes of the Society..... "At this juncture Mr. McAlpine was hastily appointed to usher in the ladies, who appeared in full force. Hearty applause showed the feelings of the gentleman of the audience toward this new feature in our meetings. The presence of the ladies must truly have been inspiring, for, under their benign influence, the President made several brilliant sallies. Briefly and to the point, the ladies were welcomed to our meetings, and regret was expressed that the favor of their presence was to be bestowed so sparingly. After the excitement caused by the visitors had subsided, the literary programme was commenced, two of our new members taking part." The subject of the evening, "The New England School of Poets," was suggested by the recent death of Oliver Wendell Holmes. An able essay on this subject was read by Mr. J. B. Paterson ; selections from the various authors of the school were presented by both ladies and gentlemen, and Mr. McAlpine rendered Longfellow's "Bridge," excellently sung to the accompaniment of the guitar. In every respect this meeting was a success.

RALLIES are again to the front, and the class of '97 has the honor of holding the first of the season. As was anticipated, the event was a great success. The number of guests was very large. Dr. and Mrs. Newman, who have frequently extended favors to the class, were present, together with many other friends of '97. A programme, rendered for the most part by members of the class, was presented, Dr. Newman, the Honorary President, presiding. Music, instrumental and vocal, was rendered by Misses Holmes, Wolverton, and Timpany. Words of welcome were extended to the representatives of the various classes of the University, by the popular President, Mr. W. J. Pady. After this inspiring address, an offering of flowers was presented to the hostess of the evening, in recognition of her kindness to the class. Mr. C. H. Schutt, with the gravity and dignity of a Senior replied, on behalf of the representatives. A most excellent chronicler's report was presented by Miss Woolverton, after which Mr. Jno. F. Vichert, in a masterly oratorical style, recited his melodious eulogy of class '97. Now we know that the Muses exist, and above all that they view this class very propitiously. The climax of the evening was reached in the glowing oration of Mr. G. H. Sneyd. He ably justified his election to the honor of class orator. Social intercourse and refreshments were not over-shadowed by these proceedings, but all took leave of the hostess feeling that such an evening's profitable enjoyment was one of the bright lights of student life.

HAD anyone been wandering throngh our halls on the morning of Saturday, Nov. 3rd, he must have come to a sudden halt on reaching a door, almost hidden behind a poster bearing in large type the words, "Natural Science Club." Having once made a halt before this door,

his fate would have been that of all other passers-by; he could not have resisted the temptation to go in. Once in, he could never for a moment question the success of the first regular meeting of the Club. Not only were the special students of science in full attendance, but there were also present representatives from the Classical and Mathematical Societies, and a goodly number of others who are interested in our subject. The programme was opened by an inspiring address from our President, Mr. Routledge, who himself feels the importance of his chosen subject, and means to impress others with the same. Two very interesting reviews of scientific journals were then read by Mr. Cohoe and Miss Eby. Mr. McAlpine followed with an essay, entitled, "The Effects of Water upon Land." This paper was written in a very pleasing style, and enabled us to gather much useful information. We were also encouraged by the presence of our Hon. President, Prof. Willmott, who in a short address gave us some idea of the magnitude of our subject, the enormous amount of literature written upon it, and the best methods of keeping abreast with these times of scientific research. After congratulatory remarks from representatives of other societies, the Club adjourned to meet again next month, when it hopes to see still larger numbers in attendance.

MANY of us have watched with great interest the progress of the Rugby football season of 1894. Great hope was fostered at the beginning of the season that our friends, the Toronto University men, would win the championship. As we watched their practice matches at the beginning of the season, they seemed to us to be almost invincible, but, as bad luck would have it, they were defeated in the first round of the struggle by the doughty warriors from Osgoode Hall. Then our hopes centered upon Osgoode to bring the championship to our fair Queen City. However, we were again doomed to disappointment, for the Tigers from the slopes of Hamilton's mountain overthrew them in a fair and well-fought battle. Then came the final struggle. Hamilton had overcome all the warriors of the West, while Queen's College was master of all whose home is in the East. Which of these clubs deserved the allegiance was not a question of much doubt. It was a contest of College men against civilians. Of course, we wished to see the College men carry off victory, and we were not disappointed. Queen's overcame the Tigers and earned for themselves the title of Champions of Ontario. One more struggle was to take place to decide the championship of the Dominion. The Ottawa College team was the best in the Quebec League, and were pitted against the men of Queen's. Many of us saw the fierce struggle between these two magnificent teams. Thousands of people watched them as they strove for victory on the Rosedale grounds. We had faith in Queen's, but Queen's was not the Queen's of a few weeks ago, and we were doomed to see the overthrow of the Protestant University by the Catholic College. The latter deserve their victory, however narrow the margin by which it was won. The results, on the whole, were disappointing to us, but we wish the 'Varsity boys better success next year.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

MEMBER of chemistry class, reflectively: "Bismuth—bismuth; isn't that the man that's trying to run Germany?"

WHY is mischief at Moulton like mathematics? It demands the concentration of the Faculty.

WHY do we prefer the system of marking used by our teacher in mathematics to any other? Because she lets x equal what we don't know and others let zero do the same thing.

TEACHER (reading):

"And over the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Across the night, beyond the day,
Thro' all the world, she followed him."

"A beautiful picture, beautifully expressed. 'And over the hills and far away.' Can any one give a parallel passage?"

Pupil (thoughtfully):

"Over the hills to the poor house."

THE short interval of our thanksgiving vacation has been highly appreciated. The majority left the College and enjoyed a return to the gaieties of the outside world. Those who remained in Moulton report a general good time also. Now study is once more the order of the day, but "Girls, it's *barely* three weeks to Christmas."

THE LATIN EXAM.

I gave full many a careful thought,
An anxious hour I spent,
And on the rules of Bradley's Prose
My every power was bent.

Yet o'er that sentence, penned with care,
I've wasted many a groan,
Forms, rules and words were clear and fair.
But I wrote "dixit non."

Oh, hear my groan;
One fault alone;
I alway write it
Dixit non.

We are glad to have Miss Ham with us again after her long seclusion in the sick-room. We hear Miss Harper proclaiming her the most patient patient that ever entered it. Such a recommendation from such an authority certainly speaks well for Miss Ham, and we venture to say that, if she puts the same amount of quiet patience and perseverance on her course, Moulton will be proud of her in the days to come.

The regular meeting of the Heliconian was held and the programme much enjoyed. The reading of the Heliconian paper was the chief feature of the evening. The paper was a bright and spicy compound of local sayings and doings. The whole programme was as follows :

Critic's Report, ... Miss Rosser.
Piano Solo, ... Miss I. Matthews.
Essay, . . " The Southern Question." . . Miss Dubensky.
Vocal Duet, ... Misses Johnson and Taylor.
Heliconian Paper, ... Miss Taylor.
Bellamy Drill, Misses Woolverton, Cowan, Hill, McLean, VanCamp and Dunlop.
Maple Leaf.

We were all delighted to hear Mr. and Mrs. Garside, who were present at the last meeting of the Mission Circle. Both addresses were very interesting and we gained a new and clearer insight into the Indian customs and characters. Five of our students were dressed in native costume, representing different Hindu women. Mrs. Garside gently hinted to the bride, that she looked altogether too delighted with her position. We also enjoyed a quartette from former members of the lamented Glee Club.

Woodstock College.

Teacher : "Mr. —— will please give the synopsis of *οἶδα*.
Mr.—— : *οἶδα—εἴδω—εἰ—εἰ—εἰ—δυνω.*

Monthly exams. are just completed and there are many wry faces among the boys.

Thanksgiving Day passed quietly away. The customary turkey was served and then—devoured.

The day of sports, September 28th, was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the College. Mr. J. W. Pengelly was the winner of the highest aggregate of points and therefore holds the championship. To Mr. Emmet Scarlett belongs the honor of being next to the champion in athletic attainments. Mr. W. Walker stands third.

The Literary Societies are doing excellent work this year. It is many years since they were so well attended and never was greater interest shown than at present. Mr. T. R. Welsh is the able and talented president of the Philomathic. Mr. Phipps has the leadership of the Excelsior.

On the morning of November 13th, the students and faculty all assembled at the station to bid farewell to Misses Hatch and McLeod, on their departure for India. As the cars moved out of the station, the boys all sang "Blest be the tie," and "God be with you." We wish them God-speed.

Mr. Baghdasarian is considerably troubled about the recent disastrous times in Armenia. He has our sympathy and earnest wishes that soon some happier arrangement shall be arrived at, whereby these atrocities shall become less possible.

On November 10th, Mr. Robertson, our science teacher, kindly gave as many as wished it, the opportunity of observing the transit of Mercury. A large number went out to the College observatory to gaze upon this beautiful phenomenon, but many came away very little wiser than before, as they evidently confounded the sun-spots with Mercury.

Rev. O. C. S. Wallace lectured to us on October 16th, on "The tribute of Chisel and Brush to Jesus Christ." The lecture was largely attended and proved to be both interesting and instructive. A number of views were exhibited by Mr. Wilson of Woodstock. These greatly added to the already interesting lecture.

A visit from Mr. Stillwell, the missionary, proved of interest and help to our Judson meeting. Mr. Stillwell spoke words of sage counsel, words which we shall do well to heed. We trust that we may have the good fortune to hear him again.

We have had the pleasure of hearing two lectures during this month, one on November 20th, by Rev. Mr. Spencer, the pastor of the Baptist church of St. Thomas. His subject was "Buried Cities, Temples and Tombs." The other was delivered on November 23rd, by Mr. McDairmid, Foreign Mission Secretary, the subject being "William Carey." Both lectures were largely attended and much appreciated by both visitors and students.

We are glad to say the school has entered upon another year of its work. The opening day, Sept. 4th, witnessed a good attendance and from that date classes commenced, and have gone on right merrily. The majority of the old boys have returned, and we are glad to welcome many new faces. The utmost harmony prevails in the school, and we think ourselves fortunate in having such a promising addition of fine fellows.

We are glad to have back with us Mr George, who has been for some time in New York. Mr. George holds a very high place in the esteem of all, and was accorded a warm greeting on his return. During his absence, his place as teacher was very ably filled by Miss Jennie McLaurin, whose position as a member of the Faculty is—we hope—an augury of happy times yet to come for Woodstock College.

We heartily accord a welcome to the new Steward and Stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and trust that their connection with the College may be happy both for them and us. We also wish to place on record our appreciation of the services of Mr. and Mrs. Peters. With pleasure we look back to the days—now past—when they were among us, and trust that in their new home they may find peace and comfort for many long years.

The football team is fully organized under the captainships of Mr. J. E. Pengelly, of the Seniors, and Mr. Roy Simpson, of the Juniors. On Oct. 27th the Seniors played a match on the College grounds with the Plattsville team for the International cup, but neither side scored a goal, though the College seemed to have rather the better of the game. At the return match the Plattsville men were victorious, the game standing at four to two. The Juniors also played a match on Nov. 2nd, with the Junior team from the Collegiate. They succeeded in defeating their opponents by a score of two goals to *nil.*

Two noteworthy events have recently taken place within and without the College. Both happened on Nov. 15th. Rev. Mr. Shields, of Vittoria, came to the College for the purpose of delivering an address before the Judson Missionary Society. The address was much enjoyed. It was full of beauty, imagination and earnest teaching. The other event was a general school march. The boys assembled promptly, formed four deep, and marched in orderly array through the town. They were headed by Mr. A. K. Scott, with highly ornamented headdress, seated upon a bay charger. Next came Mr. Pinkham, the drum major. The band followed, consisting of two harmonicas, two cornets, three kettle-drums, and one bass-drum. After these marched the rank and file under the charge of Captain W. J. Spidell, and Lieutenants Scarlet and Bovington. The march was quite orderly and gave the people of Woodstock some cause for amusement and admiration.

The Philomathic Society held an open meeting on November 2nd. A goodly number were present from the town. The feature of the evening was a "Mock Parliament." Mr. McKechnie was Speaker, Principal Bates made a worthy Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. J. C. McFarlane represented Sir Oliver Mowat, Mr. A. K. Scott impersonated the Patron Leader, and Mr. Bovington the Tory Leader. The meeting was manifestly a success. Many excellent speeches were made. The Lieutenant-Governor held the floor for some time with bills for the "facilitating of the renting of unoccupied houses," "the utilization of the surplus energy of the small boy," etc Mr. A. K. Scott's eloquence was heightened by his algebraical-arithmetical-geometrical solution of the problem "the abolition of the Lieutenant-Governor's house." Mr. Tighe, with a dress coat of fifty years ago, a battered white hat, dishevelled hair, grip, great-coat and stick, verily impersonated a "Mr. Turniptop, from Stick-in the-mud in Slogo Township." Hon. Hezekiah Spidell was a success. His position as Patron supporter was strengthened by his reference to his conversation with "Mary Jane," relative to sending his "son Abraham" to school in these hard times, "when butter is only ten cents per dozen and eggs five cents per pound." Every member played his part excellently. All, visitors and students alike, agreed in voting the meeting a grand success.

Grande Ligne.

Mrs. G. N. Massé has the heartfelt sympathy of all the teachers and students in the loss of her mother, Mrs. Kinsman, of Brandon, Vt.

The task of critic in our Literary Society is by no means an easy one. A thorough knowledge of both French and English is required, because debates are carried on in both languages. The first speaker begins in English and his opponent follows in French. Thus the critic must of necessity be able to carry in his mind arguments in two languages. However puzzling and perplexing this may be, a knowledge of French is imbibed by the English boys and that is what is needed.

Among our visitors of the past few weeks have been Mr. King, Q.C., of Halifax, Mr. Craig, of Abbottsford, an old friend of Mr. G. N. Massé, Rev. C. E. Amaron, editor of L'Aurore, and Rev. Father Chiniquy, D.D., of Montreal. From nearly all of these we had instructive and encouraging words. Father Chiniquy remained with us a few days and lectured on "The Church of Rome, the Enemy of the Virgin Mary." His kindly words were highly instructive and were well received by the numerous Catholics as well as Protestants, who heard them. May Father Chiniquy long be spared to his work, and may he come to visit us again.

The boys at Feller Institute are by no means deficient in football, as their recent exploits clearly show. On the 10th of November they collected their army and bore down upon the forces assembled at the St. John's High School. They went with the intention of winning the day and they won it. After a closely-contested match the Fellers sent in such a swift liner that nothing could stay its flight, and one goal was recorded in favor of the boys from Grande Ligne. Great rejoicing prevailed throughout the whole College. The young ladies smiled benignly on the victors, while both masters and principal heartily congratulated them on their success. This is their first victory, but we hope that many more shall follow.

Thanksgiving Day will be long remembered by all of us. In the morning the boys played a lively football match which gave them an excellent appetite for the dainties prepared for their Thanksgiving dinner. The afternoon was spent pleasantly by all, but the anticipation of the pleasures of the evening so preoccupied the minds of many, that they were content to sit still and give thought free scope. A grand *soirée* had been arranged and no labor was spared to make it a success. As a means of social stimulus a promenade was begun and partners were soon chosen. We need not say the students were not slow to avail themselves of this privilge of enjoying one another's company. Pleasant thoughts accompanied all to their rooms, and let us hope that pleasant dreams followed. We are all looking forward to the time when another *soirée* shall be given, for we consider this one to have been a surpassing success.

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T. J. Caldwell

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THOMAS FORD CALDICOTT, D.D.

A suggestion has been made by the acute and judicious Andrew Fuller, that "those lives alone should be sketched for narration, which were distinguished by gifts, graces and usefulness." Judged by this standard, not a few biographies ought never to have been written; but even in its most rigid application, the rule would admit the subject of the present sketch. The "gifts, graces and usefulness" of "good old Dr. Caldicott," as the friends of his later years loved to call him, were acknowledged by all who knew his work and worth.

Thomas Ford Caldicott was born in Long Buckby, Northamptonshire, England, on the 21st of March, 1803. His father was for many years a deacon of the Baptist church in that village, and occasionally officiated as a lay preacher in the neighborhood. The boy was nurtured under Christian influences; and when only a lad of seventeen he was brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and publicly baptized on a profession of his faith. Shortly after uniting with the church, young Caldicott was appointed superintendent of the Sunday school. His gifts became so apparent to his brethren, that he was soon urged to exercise them in the Gospel ministry. His first sermon was preached at Sheepshead from Hosea xiii: 9,

"O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in Me is thine help." So full was he of the subject, that he had time to open up only the first part of the text; but he promised to return and finish the sermon. The opportunity did not immediately present itself, as he soon afterwards removed to Leicester, and subsequently crossed the Atlantic; but on a visit to his boyhood's home, after he had become eminent as a preacher, he kept his promise and completed the discourse! In his later years, he often told the incident with peculiar zest, and remarked that quite a number of those who heard the first part of his sermon were still living thirty years later to hear it finished, so permanent are village residents in the old land.

Northamptonshire has for many years been famous for the manufacture of boots and shoes; and young Caldicott, like William Carey, a native of the same county, learned the trade of a shoemaker. As a boy he had received the elements of a good English education, and he soon manifested such fondness for books and study that it became apparent to his father and other friends that his heart was elsewhere than in his trade. Indeed he opened his mind to his only sister, and told her that he felt "very unhappy" in his secular calling, adding, in the words of the great apostle, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel." A council of ministers, before whom he preached, recommended that he be immediately sent to college. Applications were made on his behalf to the institutions at Bristol and Stepney, but both were full. Meanwhile, at the age of eighteen, he proceeded to Chipping Norton, to enjoy the advantages of a school of some note. At the end of eighteen months the colleges were without a vacancy, but the young aspirant to the ministry was not to be discouraged. He visited Leicester, where his sister was residing, and sought the advice of Mr. Wigg, a Baptist minister of some reputation, who recommended him to open a day-school in the town. The school was successful, for the young teacher had singularly clear perceptions, and possessed in a marked degree the power of impressing his thought upon others. He employed his leisure hours in the study of languages, under the instruction of a clergyman, and nearly every Lord's Day he preached in the adjacent villages. Cir-

cumstances eventually led him to seek a home and field of labor on this continent, and he landed at Quebec in the year 1827.

His first employment in the new world was that of Tutor to the family of the Commanding Officer of the 79th Highland Regiment, and he was subsequently appointed to the position of Regimental Schoolmaster. In this capacity he accompanied the regiment to Montreal, Kingston and Toronto. In the last named city, he opened a private school, in a brick building near the present site of Knox Church, Queen Street, where several who afterwards rose to considerable eminence in the city and province, received a part of their early training. In all the Canadian towns in which he was successively located, Mr. Caldicott joined himself to the people of God, and preached the gospel as opportunity presented. A minute in the first Church record of the March Street Baptist Church, Toronto, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Alexander Stewart, states that he was received into membership, May 22nd, 1831. by dismission from the church in Kingston: another minute notes his appointment as deacon, July 3rd, 1832; and a third, dated Oct. 2nd of the same year, records the fact that he was unanimously invited to occupy the pulpit in the absence of the pastor. He seems to have given up his school and opened a book-store, for in the "Landmarks of Toronto," recently published, we find the name of T. F. Caldicott as a book-seller and stationer on the south side of King Street, a few doors east of Yonge Street. Still he could not get rid of his burning desire to devote himself wholly to the work of the Christian ministry, and in the year 1834, the way was opened for his ordination. This took place in the township of Chinguacousy, north of Brampton; and among the ministers who took part in the services of the occasion, were the Revs. John Harris, William Cook, and William Rees. who were all useful and devoted pioneer Baptist preachers, and the two first of whom have been succeeded by grandsons in the sacred office. Not a few of the early settlers in Chinguacousy retained for many years an affectionate remembrance of Mr. Caldicott's self-denying labors among them. He was then in the prime of his manhood, a vigorous thinker, an effective speaker, and a good singer: and interesting reminiscences of his discourses and services of sixty

years ago are still preserved by a few of the oldest inhabitants. Some of the constituent members of the Cheltenham Church were the first fruits of his ministry.

In the year 1835, Mr. Caldicott removed to the United States, which was the scene of his labors for twenty-five years. He received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the church in Lockport, N.Y., where his ministry of four years was greatly blessed. His three subsequent pastorates were in Roxbury, Charlestown, and Boston proper. Of the nineteen years he spent in New England, some two or three were employed in the service of the Northern Baptist Education Society. As its Secretary, he visited the churches, pleading the claims of ministerial education, and giving counsel and encouragement to young men who believed they had been called of God to the Christian ministry. A severe illness, which lasted for a whole year, and which a trip to England failed entirely to remove, compelled him to resign his pastorate of the Baldwin Place Church, Boston, which was probably the most successful of his whole ministerial career. On his recovery, he received, but declined, a call to the Oliver Street Church, New York, as being too laborious a field for his yet feeble health. He accepted an invitation to take the pastoral charge of a newly-formed interest in Williamsburg, a district of Brooklyn, N.Y., which afterwards developed into the Lee Avenue Baptist Church. The members of this young church expressed themselves as greatly indebted to him for his untiring exertions and fidelity during the past two years of their history; and bore the fullest testimony to the honored place he held among them as a faithful and effective preacher, a judicious and devoted pastor, and a generous sympathizing friend. When the foundation of the new interest had been well laid, he was visited by a deputation from the Bond Street Baptist Church, Toronto, then vacant by the resignation of Rev R. A. Fyfe, D.D., who had been appointed Principal of the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock. The deputation reported favorably, a unanimous call was extended; and Dr. Caldicott began his Bond Street ministry in November, 1860.

Of his nearly nine years pastorate in Toronto, the fruits

were abundant. He was now in the fifty-eighth year of his age, and he came back mature in years, in experience, and in wisdom, to the church he had served in its infancy as deacon and lay preacher. As a gospel minister, he was a workman that needed not to be ashamed. His discourses were pre-eminently scriptural, methodical, and practical; and if not delivered with the fire and fluency of earlier years, they derived peculiar impressiveness from a commanding presence, a deep, rich voice, and a calm deliberation. He was too ingenuous to court popular applause, and he never affected peculiarities of either matter or manner, in the pulpit. Dr. Rollin H. Neal, a fellow pastor in Boston and a brother beloved, said of him, as a preacher, "The gospel was commended by him because there was *a man* behind it." The great theme of his preaching was Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and the great aim of his ministry was to feed the flock of God, and to lead sinners to the Saviour. He was not without experience of church troubles during his Bond Street pastorate, but no amount of provocation ever ruffled his equanimity, and no harsh or censorious words ever fell from his lips. He was eminently judicious and practical in all his plans for the material prosperity of the churches of which he had the pastoral oversight, and it is believed that he left every one of them free from any claim of man. His great desire was to spend and be spent in his Master's service, and to his sacred calling he devoted not only a strong and gifted intellect, but a moral nature, peculiarly attractive and noble, and deeply under the power of divine truth. He was suddenly called away from the work he loved; but he died with his armor on: "he was not, for God took him."

The Hon. J. A. Boyd, Chancellor of Ontario, who had been a member of the Bond Street Church during the whole of Dr. Caldicott's pastorate, and who was deacon and superintendent of the Sunday school at the time of his death, wrote the following interesting sketch of his work and character:—

"One branch of Christian duty, in which the fruits of Dr. Caldicott's teaching have been manifest, is that of 'systematic beneficence.' By him were introduced the 'cards of beneficence' in 1863, by means whereof the scheme of defraying the debt on the chapel was first started; the interest of the church awakened in Home and Foreign Missions, and in the various special agencies for spreading Baptist principles and Christian education. By means of his guidance and suggestions, the large chapel debt, which had long encumbered the usefulness of the

church, was completely cleared off. He encouraged the 'weekly offering' system, whereby the revenues of the church have been more than doubled; and the last Sunday before his death, he had the happiness of seeing the old plan of passing round the collection-plates abolished, and all the sittings of our place of worship declared free. By the influence of his words and example, he gave a great—and shall it not be a lasting impetus—to Christian liberality, and guided into new channels of usefulness the energies of his people. Admonished of his increasing years and many infirmities, he directed the members in securing the services of an associate pastor, and one whom he taught them to look upon as his successor. And so he wisely set all things in order for the decease, and having finished his work, he was ready to go at the Master's bidding to receive his reward.

"His was essentially a work of building up the church in their most holy faith, developing and consolidating their influence and their usefulness, welding his people together in true Christian unity, and himself leading the way in every good word and work.

> 'This noble example to his sheep he gave,
> That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.'

He could and did adapt himself to the capacities and peculiarities of all. He had singular aptitude in attracting the young to himself, in fixing their attention, in stamping in their memories and sending home to their hearts the great central truths of Christianity. Large numbers of his converts were those in the dawn of youth, who have shown the reality of their Christian faith by the steadfastness of their Christian life. He could also sympathize with and speak consolation to the aged, the infirm, the afflicted, the bereaved, the mourning and the dying. He was tender-hearted as a woman to all suffering, and open-handed to relieve the wants of all the needy. Yet his goodness in this respect was quietly wrought: the sum total of his deeds of mercy, of

> '—— that best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love,'

shall not be known, or spoken of till the day when 'the books are opened.' 'His works do follow him.'

"When he last exercised his pastoral office, in the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, two days before he died, his discourse was as vigorous, as fresh, as impressive as any of his best efforts. With an intuition that now seems almost prophetic, he was led to speak of the blessedness of sudden death. His remarks were suggested by the drowning of Mr. Wingell, one of the members of the church, two days before. He showed how happy were they who died in the Lord: that sudden death for them was sudden glory: that we should not sorrow for those whom God had summoned to Himself, the sorrow was rather for them who were left behind. He then referred to the mysterious providence of God, in cutting short the life of one who was the prop and mainstay of a helpless family; of one whom others leaned upon and looked up to for support and direction; and then suggested some of the causes of God's so dealing with the children of men. He would quicken the sympathies awaken the compassion, and enlarge the charities and love of Christian people towards the bereaved ones; he would cause the words of advice and instruction spoken by the departed to come with re-doubled, with tenfold force upon the recollection of the living, and so influence them more for good than if the death had not intervened. And then reverting to his starting-point, he said he remembered what agonies had been undergone by one of his brothers, when on his dying bed, and, in view of being spared such sufferings, he could thank God that there was such a thing as sudden death, and for such a thing he could pray.* And it has happened unto him even as he desired; his prayer has been answered, and we who remain may well comfort one another with the rememberance of his last words."

*It is worthy of special record, that the last hymn he announced for singing at that Wednesday evening meeting was the well-known one of Wesley, beginning:

> "Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly."

The death, which resulted from the rupture of a large blood-vessel near the heart, was almost instantaneous. It took place July 9th, 1869, at the house of the late Deacon J. F. Lyon, where he found a comfortable and congenial home after the marriage of his niece and the death of his brother Samuel, for years his faithful attendant and helper. His health had been impaired for several months, but the week or two before he died there had been a sense of betterness. It was only "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below." His work was well done, and God took the weary worker away, without any of the anxious anticipations, and the painful illness that so often attend the last struggle. Never can the writer forget that the last journey Dr. Caldicott took from Toronto was to urge the acceptance of a call from the Bond St. Church to be his co-pastor, that the last business which engaged his attention in the church was the arrangement of some fitting reception for his colleague and successor, and that the first duty of the latter in the Bond St. pulpit was to preach his funeral sermon.

A profound sensation was produced by Dr. Caldicott's sudden death. The funeral solemnities were of the most impressive character. The Bond St. Church-edifice was thronged by hundreds who were awed at the thought that the sparkling eye was closed in death, and the ringing voice was for ever still. The drapery of mourning with which the pulpit and galleries were hung; the tearful countenances of men, women and children; and especially the sight of "the good gray head which all men knew" resting in the coffin, with the face calm and easy, as if in a deep sweet sleep, rendered the scene indescribably solemn. The funeral procession was very large. The members of the Bond St. Church showed their respect and affection for their deceased friend and pastor by erecting over his grave in the Necropolis a neat monument, which bears an inscription, stating that "he was a judicious adviser, a faithful pastor, and for nearly forty years a successful preacher of the gospel." Indeed, so successful had he been as a servant of Christ, that during his entire pastoral service of about thirty-five years it was estimated that he had baptized upwards of a thousand persons.

There were strong men associated with him during his Bond St. pastorate. Some of these are still spared as pillars in the

churches, but many are fallen asleep. Among the latter may be named Hon. Wm. McMaster, Rev. Hoyes Lloyd, Messrs. David Buchan, A. T. McCord, J. F. Lyon, Wm. Elliot, James Ryrie and William Poole. Most of these at one time or other filled the office of deacon, and several of them held positions of prominence in the city and province. The brother who was his most active and zealous co-adjutor in inaugurating the plan of systematic beneficence was Mr. David Buchan; and it is safe to say that but for their successful efforts the work of Baptist church extension in Toronto would not have been possible. That work developed so rapidly that in little more than a year after his death the two mission-interests were started which soon grew into the Parliament St. and Beverley St. Churches; while the Yorkville Church, organized in the following year under the lead of Mr. Buchan, was self-sustaining from the very first.

Chancellor Boyd's testimony about Dr. Caldicott's power of attaching young people to himself deserves to be emphasized. The reason was that he was full of love himself. His heart throbbed with generous impulses, and he not only seemed to feel, but he really felt a personal interest in those with whom he became acquainted. This was especially true of young men, who ever found in him a true friend and councillor. Indeed one of the marked characteristics of his ministry up to its close was the influence he exerted over young men, and the deep affection he awakened in their hearts. The Rev. S. A. Dyke, who was much with him during the last years of his life, and who has given valuable assistance and suggestions in the preparation of this article, says in regard to him:—"Dr. Caldicott was my spiritual father. He baptized me, received me into the Bond St. Church, and advised me to prepare for the Christian ministry. He commended me to Mr Spurgeon, when I entered the Pastors' College. I loved him more than my own father."

It is scarcely possible to over estimate the esteem and affection with which Dr. Caldicott was regarded by his brother ministers, or the influence he exerted in the denomination. During his Boston ministry he was the intimate friend and associate of Rev. Drs. R. H. Neal, and Baron Stow. The former visited him almost every year during his residence in Bond St., and it was a treat to be in the company of the two men, as they talked over

their old associations, and became "like boys again" in recalling familiar scenes and incidents. With the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, a pleasing acquaintance was formed in 1857, when the visit to England was made, and Dr. Caldicott took to him the sum of one thousand dollars from Sheldon & Co. of New York, as a share of the profits on the first published volumes of the sermons of the noted preacher.

In our own province such men as Revs. John Bates, James Cooper, D.D., T. L. Davidson, D.D., and one or two others who are still living, enjoyed his friendship and often shared his hospitality. When surrounded by a company of friends, nothing in the way of social intercourse could be more thoroughly enjoyable than his genial and humorous conversation. In his own kindly and homely way he was unexcelled as a host, while his interesting anecdotes and large share of wit added to the happiness which he ever seemed to diffuse around him. It was these social characteristics, combined with thorough practicalness and sound piety, which gave him prominence in denominational councils. He was no ecclesiastical lawyer, and he never sought official appointment, but his brethren loved to honor him. The two Convention sermons that he preached, one on "Systematic Beneficence," and the other from the text "O Lord, revive Thy work," were mighty in their power for good. In that wonderful Ingersoll Convention of 1867, when the Foreign Mission enterprise was launched and the Rev. A. V. Timpany was designated to his life-work among the Telugus, amid such a flood-tide of holy enthusiasm as only those who were present can understand, it was his opening sermon that was a factor in contributing to the grand result; while as amid tears and prayers the contributions rolled in so rapidly that they could not be counted, it was his voice that was heard saying in its most sonorous and emphatic tones, "Brethren, I always loved you, but I love you to-night more than ever."

While from his youth up Dr. Caldicott kept the faith as a sound and loyal Baptist, he was a lover of all who loved the Lord Jesus, and a helper in every good word and work. The early records of the Upper Canada Bible Society show that he was a director of the York Bible Society, as it was then called, from 1833 to 1835. At the time of his death he was senior Secretary of the Upper Canada Tract Society, which he served

with faithful devotion and prudent counsel. He was also active in the origination and maintenance of the Toronto Branch of the Evangelical Alliance, the Council of which bore generous and grateful testimony after his decease to the warmth and catholicity of feeling displayed by him in all its meetings. On the Board of the Bible Society he was a prominent adviser till the close of life; and it was at one of its great anniversary meetings, which were attended by vast gatherings thirty years ago, that one of the audience, who heard him speak for the first time, and questioned whether much could be expected from the bearer of that stern countenance and portly form, exclaimed with a breath of relief, as he listened spell-bound to the peroration of his brief but impressive address, "Every word weighed a pound!"

Many interesting reminiscences might be added, but the space allowed for the present sketch is already more than filled. Only one or two additional facts remain to be noted. Dr. Caldicott's daughter, singularly like him in personal appearance, is still living in Sheffield, England. He received his doctor's degree from Madison, now Colgate, University in the palmy days of his Boston ministry. For a short time, in 1861-62, he was associated with another in the editorial management of the *Canadian Baptist*, but he had little taste or aptitude for literary work. His heart was in his pulpit and pastoral duties, and to the discharge of these, he gladly devoted all his powers. It is nearly a generation since he rested from his labors, and the ranks of those who knew him, and still hold him in loving memory, are being rapidly thinned. All the more necessary is it that some permanent memorial should be made of his life and ministry; and the writer of this sketch counts it a privilege to be permitted to weave this humble wreath of laurel for one whose name and memory are worthy of being devoutly cherished. It will be a blessed thing for the Baptist churches in these provinces, if during the coming years there should be raised up many godly and gifted ministers, who shall be deemed worthy of a place in the saintly succession of those princes in Israel who were prominent in the decade from 1860 to 1870, but who now "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

William Stewart.

TO A WOOD THRUSH.

(Singing in the early morn.)

Sing on, glad heart, thy matin songs,
Sing on, sing on!
Since silence lies on kindred tongues,
Since the wide air to thee belongs,
Since 'twas thy Maker taught thy art,
Sing on, glad heart!

Sing on before away shall pass
The grateful dew,
That gracious night shook o'er the grass
From out her robes like beads of glass,
Before it slakes the brazen sun,
Sweet heart, sing on!

Sing on, across the quiet morn,
Thy tuneful psalm;
Before the carking hours are born,
Before the mad wheel's grate and turn,
Before the clamor of the mart,
Sing on, dear heart!

Sing on, ere men awake once more,
To buy and sell;
Ere greed and gain their dupes allure,
And "grind the faces of the poor!"
All mammon's wiles to thee unknown—
Blest heart, sing on!

Sing on, that through the livelong day
Thy blissful strains
In my soul's deepest depths shall stay
To chase all sordidness away,
And thoughts of purer impulse start;
Sing on, glad heart!

M. A. Maitland.

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS.

The Germans understand how to keep a holiday much better than Americans. There is more of it, and it lasts longer. Two or three weeks before December 25th, a stranger becomes aware that something unusual is in process of preparation. Great wagons heaped with fir-trees come rattling and rumbling over the streets, and picturesque looking peasant men and women set up evergreen bowers in every square and open place in the city. The air is fragrant with forest odors. Before long one can walk the pavements between rows of trees, and not have to stretch his imagination so very far to fancy himself in a veritable forest.

What does it all mean? Not very difficult to determine if one stands and watches for a while. Here comes a stout, red-faced man, who marches up to a group of peasants, strikes a bargain, and staggers off under one of the largest trees, his face fairly beaming with joy and perspiration. There walks a sad-faced woman, carrying in her arms a tree she has just bought,—such a tiny tree, scarcely a brush, but destined to make little Gretchen's blue eyes grow wider and rounder at the sight.

By the end of a week the trees are nearly all sold; for every home, no matter how humble, has its Christmas tree; and the smallest custom of the season is most rigidly observed. And not only is the festival kept in each house, but in the churches, in the shops, and even in the streets, is the general feeling of good-will and holiday cheer manifest.

Among the street scenes, the most interesting is the *Weihnachtsmarkt*, or Christmas market. In the *Schloss Platz*—a great open square before the Emperor's Palace—and in many of the other principal squares, long rows of booths are set up, in which are exposed for sale all manner of holiday wares, from plaster casts of Venus, Mercury, and the rest of the godly fraternity, down to little woolly dogs and monkeys, and huge "hunks" of ginger bread.

It is dismal enough in the daytime—how can it be otherwise with rain every other day and the streets in just the condition to put everybody out of temper? Only the owners of the booths sit behind their stalls indifferent, seemingly, alike to

wet and cold, wearing red hands and pinched faces with an amount of patience and contentment really wonderful. "Oh, they're used to it!" is the general answer to any expression of pity, so that sympathy in that direction is quite wasted.

But at night, when the stars shine dimly over the Palace and the other beautiful buildings clustered about the square; when the lights below flame at the open fronts of the booths, showing everywhere bright colors and picturesque groupings of buyers and sellers; when music of different sorts, the dull tramping of feet, and the clamor of tongues fill the air,—then is the time to see the romantic side of the *Weihnachtsmarkt*.

"What do you wish, *meine Dame?*" "What are you looking for, *meine Dame?*" "How can I serve you, *meine Dame?*" So are the ears saluted at every step. Here and there some little peasant girl crouches behind her stall, too timid to join in the general outcry; but most of the sellers cease not to importune the passer-by after the above fashion. Hundreds of people fill the narrow passages between the booths, pushing, jostling, crowding and elbowing one another on their way back and forth. It is like a scene from the Arabian Nights, and one lingers as before a constantly changing kaleidoscope.

Heiliger Abend, Christmas eve, is, as with us, the real beginning of the festival. On that evening the Christmas trees are lighted and the presents distributed. Wondrous creations they are, some of these German Christmas trees. The decorations are very simple. A fine, thread-like stuff,—"angels' hair," it is sometimes fancifully named—is wound in and out among the branches, where it sparkles against the dark green like spiders' webs on a dewy morning. There are tiny candles of white, red, and blue; golden stars; little wax angels suspended here and there; and on the very top stands a figure of the Christ-child. The gifts are arranged upon white covered tables around the base of the tree. After these are duly examined and admired, *Pfefferkuchen*—literally, pepper-cakes, but in reality savoring very strongly of ginger—with nuts, figs, and sweets, are eaten; while the candles burn low and the stars look more star-like than ever in the dim light.

In most houses, the trees stand in their places until the day after New Year's, and are lighted every evening. Where there

are children, an additional attraction is the *Weihnachtsmann*, St. Nicholas, whom they here believe in, if possible, more devoutly than at home The German saint, however, chooses a more agreeable method of entrance and exit than by the time-honored chimney, and comes through the door like other sensible beings. He is believed, moreover, to be sent by the Christ-child in answer to the prayers of good children. A very pretty custom is observed among the children of reciting hymns and other selections of poetry upon *Heiliger Abend.*

On Christmas day, services are held morning and evening in all the churches, and there also the *Tannenbaum* (fir-tree) burns, while the preacher tells of the stars that shone over Bethlehem that night so long ago, when the angels sang, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will towards men." Whatever may be said of Berlin congregations upon other days in the year, at least on Christmas and New Year's the churches are filled to overflowing. In some cases the fine music, and in the *Dom* (cathedral) the presence of the Emperor, may form the greatest attraction, but certainly not more than lies in human nature, which is much the same here as in America.

The 26th of December is regarded as only second in importance to the 25th, all the shops being closed on that day as well. In fact, festivities of every kind are kept up until the New Year.

New Year's Eve, called *Sylvester Abend*, is observed much after the manner of our Hallowe'en. The secrets of the Fates are wrested from them by all the devices known to curious mortals, from melting lead to sailing little ships of walnut shells upon the rough ocean of life (a basin of water), in each a small burning wax candle to represent the lamp of life. Everyone is on the watch for the hour of twelve, and precisely as the clock strikes, the congratulations begin. Each member of the family kisses the others and wishes them happiness for the coming year. Then all sit down to eat *Pfannkuchen*, and drink one another's health in punch. The latter is concocted of rum, hot water, sugar and lemon-juice, and the punch-bowl is as much an institution of *Sylvester Abend* as the trees for Christmas. *Pfannkuchen* are something like our fried cakes, or crullers—without the holes—fried in fat, but having a little jelly or preserve in the centre of each.

Outside, in the streets, the scenes are more hilarious. The bells all over the city ring joyously, windows are opened and merry voices shout, "*Pros't Neujahr!*" (Happy New Year!) again and again. The cry is taken up by every one who happens to be out, and the clamor ceases not until nearly morning. Even the organ-grinders consider it their privilege to add to the general hub-bub, and grind away as if possessed—but not with the spirit which soothes the weary and sleepy citizen. Upon *Unter den Linden*, the principal street of the city, a fast and furious rout of the lower classes takes place late at night, and in the different public halls, balls, masquerades, comic pantomimes, and all sorts of gayety reign supreme.

On New Year's Day the churches are again filled, morning and evening; the shops are closed, and everybody wears holiday attire and feasts on holiday food. Cards of congratulation are interchanged among friends and acquaintances. The tradespeople see to it that their congratulations are not mere form. The baker, the milkman, the postman, the chimney-sweep, all make it their duty to call upon the head of each house, offer the wishes of the season, and demand therefor a fee! Sometimes fancy cards are sent, and occasionally an aspiring merchant sets forth in glowing verse the dependence of the public upon sausage or cheese, and politely requests, still in the accommodating metres of Schiller or Heine, a tangible acknowledgment of that dependence.

Talk about the low wages paid to working people in the old countries! They gather up enough fees in the course of the year to make accounts balance pretty evenly. The effect of the system upon the spirit of the people themselves may be rather doubtful; but it certainly tends to create a spirit of conscious unselfishness in the givers. I heard a German lady express the feeling after this fashion: "I find it a characteristic of Americans to think each one of himself before any one else. We Germans think more of giving pleasure to others!" So it goes in the world! It seems to me the good and evil are pretty well mixed, and that all the plums are not for Jack Horner in his narrow little corner, any more than are Christmas pies for every day in the year.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

In *The Messenger and Visitor*, 1889.

Students' Quarter.

LIFE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY FIVE GIRLS FROM MANITOBA.

I. The Climate and Various other Matters.

As I was born and brought up in Winnipeg, my knowledge of the great North-West has been principally confined to that city, but the climate, I believe, is much the same throughout the whole country. The extremes of heat and cold are of course very trying to our constitutions, and also to our tempers. On a midsummer day changes of temperature are often so sudden and severe, that the inhabitants are kept in a state of constant transition from muslin gowns to winter coats, and from ice-cream restaurants to glowing chimney-corners. However, we have the advantage of such invariably cool and delightful evenings as travellers tell us are enjoyed nowhere else. We play tennis every evening until half-past nine, and it is not really dark until ten.

Our scenery, as a whole, is far from beautiful. This we are all obliged to admit, especially after a visit to Ontario, for we are almost destitute of trees. The appearance of Winnipeg is quite different from that of eastern cities. Our narrowest street is almost the width of Jarvis, while our three broadest, Portage Avenue, Main, and Broadway, are at least three times that width. The city is said to be laid out very much like Detroit. Just as in that city, there are immense clouds of dust blowing in all directions, which make it almost impossible to recognize one's friends. Still we prefer it to the mud, the fame of which bids fair to become world-wide. However, so many improvements are being made in the roads and sidewalks, that it is nothing in comparison with their condition in former years. We have no asphalt nor cobble-stones there, but only block pavements; yet even for these we are thankful.

One great drawback has always been the lack of a park of any description. So many complaints were raised, that last year

the Street Railway Company took the matter in hand, and provided one about five miles from the city, on the banks of the Red River. A large pavilion has been erected on the grounds, where a band plays during the evenings. A boat-house and refreshment parlor have also been built.

During the winter-time Winnipeg is about the gayest city in Canada. The chief out-door amusements are tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and skating. We have an excellent toboggan-slide, and next to it an open-air rink. Both are crowded every afternoon and evening. The young people form themselves into clubs, the one to which we belong having thirty members. Every Wednesday evening we meet at the slide, toboggan until twelve, and then very often tramp on our snow-shoes to the home of one of the members for an oyster-supper. In short, there is not a city in Canada where young people can have a better time than in Winnipeg.

II. Dame Fashion in Manitoba.

There is at least one spot on earth where this capricious feminine tyrant does not reign supreme. She has met her match and more than her match in the high winds, variable temperature, and deep mire of Winnipeg. Here in Toronto she may walk serenely along the south side of King Street in a hat all brim and no crown, in thin-soled kid slippers and a princess train, and announce that it were better not to live than not to follow suit. But let her visit Winnipeg. The kid slippers are left in the middle of a muddy crossing, the hat wings its flight to the top of a telegraph pole, and the train, limp and bedraggled, is uplifted in token of surrender. For once she is obliged to listen to common-sense, and her next appearance in public is in a short skirt, stout thick-soled boots, and a cap or tight-fitting turban.

It is indeed a fact that styles which are in vogue in other places cannot be followed in Manitoba. In winter, moccasins are the rule, even for church, and no less than three pairs of stockings must be worn in them. All wear fur coats, women as well as men. Cloth jackets are nearly always lined with chamois, as a protection against the strong winds.

Men dress as in Ontario, with the exception of those whc

have spent perhaps twenty-five years out in the far west at the Hudson Bay trading post, where they care little for fad or fashion,—where men wear a rough costume, decorated with a colored sash around the waist, and their hair, allowed to grow at its own sweet will, hangs down to the shoulders.

III. Manitoba Farming.

In the first place the farms in Manitoba are larger than in Ontario. The smallest is of about 200 acres, and one near Brandon has 1,800 acres, all in one large field of wheat. The ploughing is done very early in the spring, last year about the first of April. In a field of 300 acres there are four or five teams going from early morning till six at night, and they finish all in a week at least. After the ploughing and harrowing is over, the seeding commences. All the work is done by machinery, and when finished, there comes a time of leisure for most of the farmers. Those who have new farms begin breaking them. This they do with an implement almost like a plough, but shallower. Summer fallowing is accomplished later on.

About the middle of August the cutting begins. Some of the farmers cut before that, even though their wheat be green, since they are so afraid of the frost. Grain buyers are much opposed to green cutting, as it shrinks the grain and spoils the flour. The weather at that season is watched with intense anxiety, for you must remember that everything depends on the crops. Town and city people all watch for the frost, and some even sit up until one and two o'clock in the morning, they are so excited and anxious. Unlike the boiling of the proverbial watched pot, the frost is sure to come. Sometimes smudges—which are like bonfires—are built and ignited, the smoke from which, blowing over the wheat-fields, is a considerable protection. The day after a frost, the usual greetings: "Good morning," and "How d'ye do?" are replaced by, "Did you know there was frost last night?"

There is another difficulty to contend with,—the hail-storm, which comes in a strip, sometimes striking a whole farm and not touching the adjoining one; at other times cutting down part of one and part of another. The hail-stones are about the size of eggs and very hard, being of solid ice. When they strike the

ground they bounce up two or three feet, so that it may readily be imagined that they are very destructive.

When the wheat is all cut and set in stooks, the farmers commence to build stacks, two in one place and two in another, all over the field. Sitting at a window at my home in our small town, I looked over the country and without moving from my chair counted twenty-four stacks of wheat.

There are several steam threshers for every town of any importance, and at least twenty-four men travel with one machine. The threshing is all done out of doors, as there are few barns or granaries sufficiently large. This explains the large number of elevators scattered throughout the province of Manitoba. Those who have no room for their grain bring it into town to the elevators, and a load of wheat is as common a sight as a street-car in Toronto.

We have any number of grain-buyers standing around as soon as the wheat begins to arrive. One day a farmer came into town with a load of "the best No. 1 hard," as they call it. The grain-buyers surrounded it as usual, said it was frozen and smutty, and would not give a fair price for it, so he turned his horses homeward. On the way he met a brother farmer who wanted to know what he was making such a long face about. The facts were stated, and then a brilliant idea came to them. They exchanged horses, the second farmer took back the same load of wheat, and received for it the highest market price. "Splendid wheat," said the buyers, "very best quality!"

IV. An American's Impressions of the People.

I went to live in Winnipeg about a year ago. I was on the whole very favorably impressed with the people I met. It seems at first difficult to get acquainted with them, though when one comes to know them well they are found to be bright, hospitable and entertaining. But let no unsuspecting stranger for a moment dream of keeping a secret of any sort. Such a thing is impossible in Winnipeg, for the inhabitants seem to know by intuition how many times he has been plucked in his exams., whether or not he is engaged, or whether his great-grandfather's uncle kept a corner grocery, and all such matters that one would

like to keep locked fast within his own breast. To all the sensitive I say, keep away from Winnipeg!

It is a noticeable feature that there are very few old people there, and of the young people by far the larger proportion are young men. For these there are several good colleges, but there are none for young women. Local sentiment is very strong in some directions, but not in the matter of higher education for girls. It does seem too bad that they should have to leave their homes and come so far away to school. This state of things is not, however, the result of a lack of appreciation of the refinements of civilized life. The people of Winnipeg are very musical. In fact, musicians who come there find their audiences as critical as any in the large cities across the line. They will patronize none but the best. They are also fond of giving recitals, light operas, and concerts, and in this way try to supply the place of the many companies who do not consider it worth their while to travel so great a distance.

It is often asked why the various circuses find it unprofitable to come to Winnipeg. It may be that the citizens, besides not being of a kind to enjoy such frivolities, find it enough of a circus every day on their own streets to watch busy men struggling across the street, getting entangled among baby-carriages and stumbling over dogs, slipping in the mud, their arms waving wildly in the air, and then, as a sudden gust of wind comes tearing along, clutching frantically at their hats, but all too late, as they discover when they see them disappearing forever around some breezy corner.

V. A Parting Word or Two.

In forming an idea of the Manitobans, do not think they were all born and brought up in Manitoba, for that is not so. Those whom we call Manitobans are really representatives of almost all nations, people who have gone there in the early days and have come to look upon the country as their own. Naturally they are very energetic and persevering; for those without push and back-bone soon leave for other fields, and only the enterprising remain.

There are no class distinctions. The descendants of noble old-world families join hands with the half-breed in promoting the common good.

But I should not be doing justice to my fellow-countrymen in Manitoba, if I failed to call special attention to the ruling trait of their character. Certain things have been told over and over until they have become an old story. At least *one* fact has been impressed upon the mind of every man, woman and child in the Dominion of Canada, and that is—the greatness of the great North-West! Times without number you have heard of our immense extent of country, of our enormous crops of wheat, and of the phenomenal growth of our towns and cities. Yet the greatest fact of all receives the smallest share of attention. The extraordinary cheerfulness of the people, their hopefulness and buoyancy, amid the most discouraging circumstances, are the richest resources the country can possess. Come wind or hail, frost, rain, mud, mosquitoes, drifting sand, snow, bitter cold or fiery heat, the Manitobans are ready with the invariable answer: "Oh! that's nothing," and go on believing in their country with all their hearts, as every true Canadian should. Long live Manitoba and the great North-West!

Moulton College.

"THERE IS A FRIEND."

Say not I am loved and praised by all,
  That I live but to cheer and bless,
But say there is one who knows I am weak,
Who knows that I feel what I dare not speak,
  And does not love me less.

Say not they believe me strong and true,
  A faithful teacher, guide,
But say there is one who knows me pained
By a heart-hidden wrong, blotted, stained,
  Who yet will walk by my side.

O. G. Langford.

THE OPTIMIST'S VISION.

On the fourteenth day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four, while in profound meditations upon the mysteries of life, I was permitted to view such revelations as are rarely, if ever, witnessed by mortals. Wearied through exhaustive study in the philosophy of the Grecian Plato, I retired for a short rest in my hammock, swung between two limbs of a tree. My spirit was refreshed by the cooling breezes that played gently with the leaves. Deeply impressed with a sense of the beauty of my poetical surroundings, I began to repeat Longfellow's peaceful "Hymn to the Night." But soon my meditations were arrested by the brilliancy of the harvest moon, as it rose before the eastern sky. On and on in her gentle path she trod, her speed losing its rapidity as she attained the zenith of her glory.

Whether it was the thoughts of the day, whether the meditations of the hour, I cannot say; but the pale soft beams of glory had for me a meaning that I never had felt before. As I gazed wonderingly, almost worshipfully, she was transformed into the image of a beautiful goddess, beaming forth a mellow light that encircled all things about me. Quick as the flash of a meteor, I felt myself, as a spirit, swept from the earth through the boundless spaces of the universe. Onward, still onward, upward, farther our course led, until at length, leaving in the distances the incomprehensible multitudes of worlds, stars, comets, yea! even universes, we came to the outer circle of the cosmos. Here, if your minds can grasp such a "here," a spaceless space, a point, beyond all space and time! the two impassable boundaries of the finite. Here, then, the Spirit of Order, for such was my guide, revealed to me the hidden mysteries of the material universe. As, through a powerful telescope one sees an object magnified to many times its size, so with piercing gaze, that enlarged the smallest atoms to a mighty world, a world to a universe, I beheld before me all creation. I could see with clearest vision the movement of each star revolving in its orbit. I could see each planet, as a great attendant waiting upon its appointed sun. I could see each moving satellite shedding its borrowed beams upon some darkened earth.

The magnificence of this spectacle overcame me. I gazed with silence upon this harmony divine. Then did the spirit relate unto me the secrets of this universal order, but, as many others of these revelations, it will never be expressed to man. Human language is too inadequate, the human mind too limited, the human spirit too feeble, to comprehend these mysteries, had I the power to utter them. "But dwell not too long upon such perfection of arrangement! List no more to music so enchanting!" said the Spirit. "The touching of one secret spring must plunge these splendid orbs, these glorious worlds, into the most stupendous chaos. Thy fair globe would be overwhelmed in unfathomable leagues of burning substances." This but leads me to the portal of the revelations awaiting my bewildered mind. "Would'st thou know what man can do? Cast thine eyes upon yon struggling world of men." Looking as I was directed, I saw before my eyes a truth, that, though well known before, was now to overcome my tense feelings. The slightest motion man can make, moves the earth, the system, the entire universe. Yes! the pouting child that stamps the ground, all unconsciously to itself, has moved the entire creation. For a moment every particle, every atom, trembled with the shock and forever changed its relations. Can you wonder that I questioned my sanity?

"Look, now, no longer on the secrets of matter and substance! They are but the broken symbol of what is to follow. Go thou to yonder Being, the Spirit of the Ages, der Zeitgeist, she to thee shall vision what never fell to lot of earthly creature." I did as I was directed. The Zeitgeist received me. She suddenly placed her hand upon mine eyes, when, swift as a flash, a change swept over my thoughts; the material world like a dream of the night, the fancy of a madman, fled away, and of the glories, of the raptures, that now appeared what tongue can ever tell? What shall I call the world that met my gaze? Call it the spirit world? No! that is not it. Call it the thought world? But that will not do! Call it the world of Influence? But how can you understand? It is truly the world of influence.

Nature, by her beautiful garb of many colors, her melodious symphonies, her rich perfumes, her delicious sweetness, through eye, ear, nose and tongue, exerts upon man an influence whose force is never even feebly conceived. A man is wandering

through the meadow, a bright little violet impinges on the retina of his eye, a sensation, a perception is in the soul. With what speed? And who can tell that mystery of mysteries, the unseen tunnel through which the sensation in passing becomes a perception, that shrouded bridge, the transition from matter to mind? But thinkest thou that is all? Nay! never, never! That image of beauty is impressed on the soul for eternity. The stream of thought was interrupted, changed, wonderfully enriched. Never can the mighty influence of the humble flower be extinguished; never again will the ideals of beauty be as before. So long as lives the man, lives the flower! It shall henceforth never cease, though unconsciously it may be, to transform the thoughts, tastes and aspirations of the soul. Truly the poet was right: "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." So too he might have said, "A thing of ugliness is a pain forever."

But is it nature alone that influences man? Oh! if you could see, as I did see, the delicate mechanism of mind and spirit, how sensitively aware would you be to the fact that man is forever exerting the most immeasurable influence upon himself! The boomerang recoils on him who throws it, a thought on the spirit that thinks it. What though a thought is lost to consciousness? Is its acting done? When it retires behind the scenes of consciousness is it inactive, or comes it again in newer and higher characters filling its place in greater and nobler processes of thought? What though it never reappear, is it annihilated? Never! Behind the recesses it unceasingly mingles and commingles with other thoughts, forming, moulding and upbuilding them, until as some powerful unity they again reappear to claim the attention of their mute spectator.

But dost thou in thy heart imagine the flower lives for the man alone? The man has been transformed, enriched; in every fancy of his heart, in every thought of his soul, in every deed of his will, that small image of beauty is ever alive, ever forceful. But as man physically shakes every atom, mentally he touches every spirit that now exists or ever shall exist upon this mortal earth. His every act toward a fellow being is tinctured with that violet. And through the influences of these acts it will enter upon a further, greater life in the minds and souls of others. But these others touch by their lives still others, and thus the waves of influence grow wider and still wider until

they encircle each human being upon the earth. Nor does that influence live for this man, this class, or this generation alone. Henceforth and for ever more it is the indestructible possession of the race. Down through all ages, through every individual it goes. It ends alone with the human race in the eternity of the future.

Art thou a Rousseau? Wouldst be freed from the past? What folly! All the past is indelibly engraved into thy soul. Thou never hadst an impression from thy fellow creature that was not the supreme outcome of every fancy, thought, and deed of every individual that has as yet drawn breath upon this planet. All the past lives to-day and lives more powerful every day. Yes, and in thee all these infinite influences center. Never canst thou flee the past!

The vision that was before me was the stupendous expansion of a web whose threads were the incomprehensible multitudes of inconceivable influences that have been at work during the ages of human existence. In this vast fabric I could see with clearest accuracy the smallest, the most insignificant, influence that has ever produced effects so marvellous upon mankind. In profound astonishment I stood transfixed. The influence of every man, of every woman, of every child that ever came to birth upon this planet: the influence of every sensation, of every perception, of every thought that ever lurked in the spirit of man, there stood out in all its tremendous power. Oh! that I could make you feel the truth of what I say, but alas! my words express but the form; the ocean of truth lies beneath.

As I swept my glance along this enormous web of influences that cross and recross and for ever intermingle in the vast expanses of the texture, I beheld a vision that overwhelmed me with joy. Late in the ages arose an influence which from its inception grew wider, ever wider, weaving its threads throughout the immensities of woof and web. Turning to my guide I asked in accents of wonder and amazement, what this power might be. The answer came—"Cast thine eyes more generally upon it," and then flashed out in living letters of flame, comprehending the length and breath of the entire mass—*τὰ πάντα ἐν Αὐτῷ συνέστηκεν.*

FREDERICK EBY.

A FORECAST RETROSPECT.

You are a lawyer, thirty-four, and—so you imagine—a confirmed bachelor. To-night, the last of the old year, you sit listlessly before your chamber-grate, weary in heart with the unsatisfying struggles of the past. From the darkness without, the moaning of the winter storm comes as a dreary echo of world-misery.

Shake the feeling off?—you cannot. The day with its errors, its disappointments, and, worst of all, its selfish unmanliness, spreads constantly before the inner vision.

The evening paper? Pshaw! it only aggravates. Its columns but depict a chaos of humanity. Furiously you puff at your meerschaum, but even "My Lady Nicotine" has lost her wonted powers, and no longer weaves her spell of peace among conflicting brain-paths. There is no disputing the fact—you have the blues.

Petulantly you ransack your bookshelves. The immortals of antiquity receive as scanty reverence as *Iota*, or the anonymous creator of *A Superfluous Woman*. Favorite authors have lost their exorcism, and in slighting discontent you glance now at this book and now at that. One old sheep-bound volume—a Greek lexicon minus, the front cover—has a faded scrawl upon the exposed fly-leaf that arrests your attention: *Reginald Dash, Blankford University.*

Swiftly thoughts fly backward. Reclining in your lounging-chair, you resign yourself to reveries of a past life—a life complete in itself and passed in a little universe of its own. How real it all was then, that college world with the campus bounds for its horizon. Beyond was The Unknown, peopled with a humanity eager for great leaders and deliverers—hence for you. How like a memory of some glimpse of fairy-land, it all seems now! Then, in your self-sufficiency, you were ardently altruistic—burning with the enthusiasm of the schools. Now, in your weak dependence on the world, life seem only—egoistic.

There was no doubt in your mind then, that the ways of the outer world were extensions of college ways Greatness and honor were to be won upon the same ideal principles that

had become real to you in scholastic training. You knew not that it was a fair delusion to think of the busy world as being fashioned after any such plan. How little you gauged the strength of Custom's forces! How much you over-estimated your own constancy of purpose! To-day, your most strenuous efforts seem little more than molecular vibrations from an atom in the whirling mass-total of humanity.

——Once again, through Fancy's magic, you are spending your first day at college. How strange it all seems to your village-bred mind! What blunders you make! You wonder, perhaps, who of all this throng are to be your particular friends in the years to come. A feeling of solemnity and an earnestness of purpose is upon you. A new life opens up and, like most, your heart is big with high resolves.

The year passes quickly with its lights and shadows. A mild hazing, a few "hustles," a Hallowe'en "howl," and various society elections, all add variety to the new experiences. You work faithfully and, at the close of the year, successfully stem the torrent of annual "exams."

At home, how proud everybody is of the "son from college," and you walk somewhat airily through the village street—sporting a cane.

And now you are a sophomore. This year you find your chum of chums in a new student—an *ad eundum* arrival from another university. Open-hearted, jovial and clever, he is a favorite with all, and you soon become inseparables.

——How real, too, seemed these early friendships! Warm and glowing as the coals upon the hearth before you. But these are losing their bright heat, and so, long ago, it was with many of the embers upon Friendship's altar. Yet, even now, amid the ashes chilled by time, Memory keeps here and there a precious living spark.

——With such a companion, extra-mural attractions become stronger. The new experiences have a decided fascination for you. Very apt you are to

"Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,"

with more than Miltonic alacrity. You extol the idea of an all-round man, whose sympathies are not all between the covers on

his book-shelves. Perhaps it is in support of this theory—perhaps from less disinterested motives—that you fall in love. At any rate you do so; of course, no mere boyish fancy, but something serious—financially. Opera, confectionery, livery—why enumerate?—the list has been the same these fifty years back. Much-to-be-pitied pater!

At the term's close you are "starred." How the ignominy of it weighs upon you as you think of those at home, trustful ever in your honest ability! How the shadows of selfish—perhaps in themselves innocent—indulgences, stripped now of all their fleeting pleasures, haunt your memory! Earnestly you resolve by whatever of manliness there is in you to strive at making amends for what has been lost forever.

Home-coming is not so joyous this time, and the summer that follows is by no means a lazy one. But then the joys of two weeks off, camping among the lakes! *She* is staying at the neighboring summer hotel. Not she who caused that fierce but transient flame in your sophomoric breast, but another, fairer vestal who kindles upon your heart's altar a sacred and undying flame—so you express it in that little poem, still unpublished.

Thus the summer quickly, too quickly, passes. Manfully you begin the work of the term; those "stars" of ill-fortune prove shooting ones and disappear forever. The year passes with its deserved results, and at last, a senior, you have reached the acme of undergraduate wisdom. And now it is that you begin to feel the results of a higher education. You experience a new strength growing up within—a strength which you fondly dream will surmount all the difficulties of Life's obstacle-race.

Sometimes, perhaps, you spend more time at epistolary production than is absolutely necessary. Then, too, once in a while (for the mind needs change) you take a small card panel from your vest-pocket—the left one—and, looking at it quite intently, allow your thoughts to soar to a far loftier level than that of the *Higher Plane Geometry* upon the table.

——Even now—lawyer, thirty-four, and confirmed bachelor, gazing morosely at a grate of dying embers, while the city bells ring out the last seconds of another toilsome year—even now, as you muse upon those happy days long past, you feel a strange

softening within your shrunken pericardium. The smoke, or the flickering light, or *something*, dims your eyes, causing you to cover them with your hands and——.

You are still poking at your refractory optics, but in bed. From the adjoining room some one is shouting, "Happy New Year, old boy! Going to graduate this year—'weather permitting'!" Then comes a snatch of song:

> *"Oh 'ninety-five' is the class for me!*
> *We agree! Don't you see?*
> *For in 'ninety-five,'*
> *Together we strive and together we thrive,*
> *Together at the goal of success we'll arrive,*
> *Then faster, ever faster——"*

Just then you hear the swift patter of slippered feet in the hall, and glancing drowsily through your half-opened door, see a well-known form rushing by, "in trailing garments of the night," plus an old plaid dressing-gown, with girdle and tassels dragging—which does multifarious duty as bath-robe, study-garb and lounging-jacket. It is your sole companion in the loneliness of a "Residence" vacation, on his way to take a morning "tub"—cold water too. Ugh! the very thought of it puts one's whole body in a state of *chair de poule.* The remainder of this recitative solo is lost amid the slamming of the lavatory door and the sound of splashing water, but, *de profundis,* there comes a chill-shaken shout for

> *"'Ninety-five,' Old Blankford!"*

As you tugged suddenly at your coverlet, in the first movement of waking surprise, one after the other *Dream Life* and the *Reveries of a Bachelor* dropped suddenly to the ground—your own and *"Ike Marvel's."*

S. R. Tarr.

FRANCIS BACON.

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!"

Does Pope speak true? Shall his words pass scrutiny and criticism, 'crack'd,' as they are, 'within the ring'? Why—when elsewhere he has been content with honest coinage, such as

"Future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree,"

and

"Words that wise Bacon or brave Raleigh spoke,"

—why must he now select the purest beaten gold, and, in moulding, spoil all by the insertion of unworthy alloy?

We forgive Pope his first two enthusiastic superlatives, but must condemn the use of the last. It is less reprehensible to praise extravagantly than to censure a whit beyond the just and certain limit.

Francis Bacon's discretion was considerably inferior to his keen discernment and excellent judgment. Wisdom combines all three qualities, and *his* were measurable, so that he was by no means the wisest of men. Who had already excelled him? Moses, Solomon, Socrates, Plato, Jesus Christ. Who since have surpassed him? Shakespeare, Kant, Hegel, Browning, Tennyson. All these were wiser than he. All these knew greater truths than Bacon could conceive. They are his masters, but they hold sway over a worthy and remarkable subject.

For Bacon was truly a wise man, and, moreover, a φιλόσοφος. He is the father of Experimental Science, and was undoubtedly the first to utter clearly and consciously certain noble and essential thoughts which are now prominent factors in the constitution of modern philosophy. He found the sciences lacking miserably in enterprise by means of experimentation: philosophy had promoted the worldly welfare of no man; logic still clung tenaciously to error. Perceiving the root of the difficulty, Bacon proposed the solution: that a reconstruction should be made; a new basis for knowledge fixed. Two conditions would suffice for further progress, assured and triumphant,—first, objectively, that science calculate from experience and the study of nature: second, subjectively, that mind and intellect be purged of all abstract theories and transmitted prejudices. The salvation of

science, at least, must in future depend upon fruitful methods of induction. Such, in brief, is Bacon's philosophy. He has founded the empirical system, the direct and thoughtful examination and interpretation of Nature's moods and laws. Great empiricists have since arrived at great results, who owe to Bacon their foundation idea. This is Bacon's contribution to the history of philosophy, and herein is his highest merit.

But Bacon's field of knowledge and research was far wider, embracing, as it did, facts, opinions and dissertations concerning nearly all things that could be accounted favorable to the universal welfare. Burke, indeed, considered his *Essays* "the best of his works"; Doctor Johnson opined "that their excellence and their value consisted in their being observations of a strong mind operating upon life; and in consequence you find there what you seldom find in other works." Certainly Bacon was not the philosopher of his philosophy; he lacked the ability for progressive rational systematizing (the very growth of philosophy), and was more acute in detecting the errors of previous philosophers than careful in regard to his own conclusions. He truly perceived that the past philosophers held unsymmetrical and untenable theories; he assuredly discovered the appropriate foundation, or at least the corner-stone, of modern philosophy; but he himself failed to grasp the ideal motive, since formality with him superseded finality. For an instance, he dwells fondly upon the necessity of finding means for the prolongation of animal life, but does not think of discussing the origin and destiny of the higher life. In fact, he goes so far in his *Natural History* as to produce formal receipts for altering features, making gold, prolonging life, etc. All this is an absurd disguise for his philosophy to assume. His own tenets contradict its need or reason. Yet again and again, blindly and persistently, he resorts to eulogies of freaks and chimeras, while all around him true science is crying, groping for guidance in her toilsome, dangerous ascent. He was unrealistic in his embryonic realism.

As we have intimated, however, even apart from philosophy, Bacon traversed wide domains of learning, and planted noble ideas throughout, with rich fruition. Says the *Spectator*, for Dec. 5th, 1712, "one of the most extensive and improved Genius's we have had any Instance of in our own Nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. This great Man.

by an extraordinary Force of Nature, Compass of Thought, and indefatigable Study, had amassed to himself such stores of Knowledge as we cannot look upon without Amazement. His Capacity seems to have grasped All that was revealed in books Before his Time, and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new Tracks of Science . . . ascertained by the Industry of After-Ages, who should proceed upon his Notices or Conjectures."

To our second point: Bacon was bright. He has radiated light, cheeringly, benignantly, as the solitary lighthouse for miles upon the sullen, weary sea. And if other lighthouses have since arisen, of stronger build and more magnificent aspect, that reflect a dazzling splendour upon the "turbulent, bitter waves" of humanity, so that the first brave beacon is quite outshone and but dimly seen at rare intervals, even then, shall we not honour the rugged and battered old tower once so piercingly bright, once so praised and blessed, and always resolute, steadfast, majestic?

Bacon early manifested superior powers; the whole course of his life and the whole trend of his works show the high and noble heart of the man and the writer.

And, now, was Bacon mean? Montagu and Collier deprecate such a verdict; Macaulay and Pope insist upon it. Surely, if we can show that Bacon was not a Judas in intent, it is sufficient to disprove Pope's caustic denunciation. But was he mean, dishonourable, unmanly, to any extent? He stands accused on three charges (we omit the obviously unnecessary case of St. John). Justice presides; our readers are the jurymen; and the counsel for the prosecution concludes his case:

"My lord, the illustrious prisoner has been committed on three counts: first, baseness, treachery, and ingratitude towards the late Lord Essex; secondly, cruelty and 'dark practice' with regard to Edmund Peacham; lastly, bribery and corruption in office. I will, my lord, review these charges in their order, so that the gentlemen of the jury may have placed before them a succinct and dispassionate statement of the facts and development of the case in hand. The Earl of Essex, my lord, had been the warm friend and patron of the prisoner; he had earnestly endeavoured to secure him coveted emoluments, and, when unsuccessful, had presented him with the beautiful estate of Twickenham Park. Shortly after the success of my Lord Essex Cadiz, the prisoner, conceiving, as he says, that by 'military

dependence, or by a popular dependence, as that which would breed in the Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the state perturbation;' the Earl might incur danger, warned him so, and implored him to alter his course. But my Lord of Essex heeded not the warning, justly considering it irrelevant and impertinent, though, as usual, he forgave its author. And now, my lord, I must hasten on, passing over the intervening events: the departure of my Lord of Essex for Ireland, despite the dissuasion of the prisoner; his return therefrom and immediate arrest, caused, as is shown by the evidence, through the duplicity and insidious scheming of the prisoner; the Star Chamber session, craftily unattended by the thoughtful Bacon; and emphasize the demand of the prisoner that Her Majesty the Queen should allow him the right of prosecution, which concession being granted him, he triumphantly and domineeringly carries the case against his foe (to whom, however, he still hypocritically proffers friendship) and secures a verdict, to the death, my lord! to the death, gentlemen of the jury! to the death!

"Furthermore, my lord—for I must proceed, moved with mingled sorrow and detestation as I am—further, in the case of Edmund Peacham, the clergyman of Somersetshire, it is obvious that the prisoner connived at the torture of this innocent man and tampered with the judiciary previous to the trial for treason; ample evidence has been forthcoming of these facts, and the prisoner has admitted their truth, but contemns any inference.

"In the last case, my lord, the interference of Nemesis is plainly discernible. The prisoner, glorying in his successes, and defying all suggestion of apprehension, or of punishment if discovered, abuses his most sacred trust,—the Lord Chancellorship of England, by receiving, even soliciting, large bribes, in return therefor guaranteeing the miscarriage of justice. 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall' was on a missing leaf from the prisoner's Bible. He was a law unto himself, but is now miserably fallen, admitting his guilt, and craving mercy. But, my lord, shall he have mercy who murdered his benefactor? Look to it, gentlemen of the jury, look to it, that you do your duty. In the name of that glory of England, that justice so foully stained by him, we demand the conviction of the prisoner, subsequent sentence to be immediate."

Counsel for the prosecution takes his seat; confused hum arises, eager and prolonged, broken at length by the rising of counsel for the defence:

"It behoves me, my lord and gentlemen, to be concise, especially in replying to my learned friend and in closing my case, since a double burden is upon me, namely, disproof and assertion. It is true, then, that my Lord of Essex was patron of my client, who sought his favour as that of England's most promising son. And, my lord, I will not tax your honourable patience with the attempt at refuting the early statements of my learned friend. My client certainly received the estate at Twickenham, but with gentlemanly protestations and on the understanding of future requital. One constant occasion of difference between the two was the policy to be pursued with regard to Her Majesty, my client always advocating conciliation and obedience; but my Lord of Essex rather chose brusqueness and rough authority. That it was not jealousy, but friendliness, which actuated my client's course with regard to the matter of Ireland, is obvious from the petulant but just remarks of my Lord of Essex himself, as was also the case in the former warning.

"During the absence of my Lord of Essex, in Ireland, my client repeatedly besought the clemency and good regard of Her Majesty the Queen, towards his noble patron, not without some degree of success; and certainly my Lord Cecil is witness that my client endeavoured not to incense the Queen, as is stated by my learned friend, against my Lord of Essex. But the rather, as I aver, he pleaded for him, even thereby incurring Her Majesty's displeasure, who, on the return of my lord, commanded his imprisonment. And for the Star Chamber session, my client held aloof, since he would be no party to my lord's accusation, and thereby still further incensed Her Majesty against himself. Yet he persevered with his intercession, and was gaining good ground, when at last matters reached the climax: that he must cease pleading or lose his position. Then right well was it seen by my client that further opposition would be fruitless, and that by retaining power at least he might yet save my Lord of Essex. So that my client was at length, in his public service, and with the rest of his fellows,

brought to the prosecution of my Lord of Essex. And in all this he ceased not, directly or indirectly, to urge the exercise of clemency and kindness upon Her Majesty, who was like to take umbrage thereat. After the fatal event, and by order of Her Majesty, my client set forth a declaration of the treasons of my Lord of Essex, in mild form, so indeed that he was chided for it and revision made. And, in truth, my lord, he that was executed confessed his guilt, thereby releasing my client from all blame of judgment, even as his own actions had before released him from all insinuations of that baseness and treachery which is charged against him. Thus, my lord, that which seemed censurable in my client now appears to be praiseworthy, and so it is that he hath always been for kindness and moderation.

"Proceeding to the second count, my lord, it is easily answered. Even as previously loyalty was pledged to supersede friendship, so now by command of His Majesty the King, and according to precedent, my client obtained honourably and truly the individual opinions of the judiciary previous to judgment. In this, indeed, is nought of wrong or malice; it were treason to His Majesty to question it; and, for the torture, my client knew not of it at the time, and it is but a custom, for which the law of the realm is responsible.

"Finally, my lord, my client pleads guilty to the last count; yet did never divert the course of true justice thereby; receiving gifts both during and after trials, directly and indirectly, but with an eye only to pecuniary advancement, not pollution of justice, as my learned friend hath it. For assuredly my client was true and faithful in his judgments, but His Majesty desiring his silence, he would in no wise offer a defence. Right fittingly doth Mr. Ben Jonson say of him, 'I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself; in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want.'

"Now, my lord, and you, good gentlemen of the jury, think on it. My client has said that he loves a good name, as an handmaid and attendant of honesty and virtue. Must he fore-

go it? Is he the despicable creature conceived of by my learned friend? Is he the meanest of mankind? Broken and humbled as he is, he is surely guilty of nothing base! I plead for him. Leave him his good name; so shall you wound that 'blatant beast' of our noble poet; so shall you commend *yourselves*, to the care of Grace and Truth."

Applause ensues in the court, instantly suppressed by order of the judge. The jury retires. A verdict for the defence is confidently expected.

G. Herbert Clarke.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All readers of the McMaster Monthly, by whom the name and memory of Dr. Caldicott are held in reverence, will accord a hearty welcome to our present issue, in which appears a most carefully written biographical sketch of the highly honored Bond St. pastor, by Rev. Dr. William Stewart, of the Toronto Bible Training School. Although Dr. Stewart remarks in concluding his paper that he counts it a privilege to be permitted thus to honor the memory of one so devoutly cherished, still the Managing Committee feel none the less deeply grateful for his excellent and instructive contribution, realizing how greatly it will add to the value and interest of the current volume. The portrait is from a photograph of Dr. Caldicott which hangs in the vestry of the Jarvis St. Baptist Church.

A note of explanation from the Editor should have accompanied the poem, "The Annunciation," so kindly contributed by Mrs. Yule to our last number, to the effect that these stanzas will begin and "The Names of Jesus" conclude the New Testament series of sketches in the new volume of poetry referred to in terms of such high appreciation by Mr. Dadson on page 104 of his recent article. All readers and admirers of Mrs. Yule's verses will heartily join our brother in his earnest desire that Mrs. Yule may yet be able to give to the world this poem into which she has put so much of her best thought and work.

Students of the French language and literature in Toronto have just now an opportunity of listening to lectures and readings in French such as are rarely heard outside of Paris itself. Monsieur Maurice

Queneau, formerly professor of Rhetoric in Paris, France, who is giving a course of lectures in French literature in this city, is an eloquent and enthusiastic speaker; he is thoroughly read in the literature of his country, and possesses the faculty of setting forth clearly, and illustrating by selected passages, within the compass of an hour's lecture, the essential features of the particular period under discussion. It is a pleasure to know that these excellent lectures are fairly well attended.

Those of our readers who were entertained and instructed by the series of letters on Art contributed to the Monthly some time ago by Mrs. Emeline A. Rand, will be delighted to know that they have been published in the form of a neat holiday booklet. It was a happy thought of Dr. William Briggs, of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, to request of Mrs. Rand the privilege of making these letters available for a wide circle of readers. Dr Briggs' letter is printed at the beginning, and Mrs. Rand's modest response (in *fac simile)* follows. The booklet consists of 64 beautifully printed pages, with a stiff ornamental cover. It will be remembered that the letters are based upon somewhat prolonged critical study of Italian masterpieces in the National Gallery, London. They are written in a clear, elegant style, and manifest fine artistic culture and appreciation on the part of the writer. The booklet is in every way suitable for holiday presentation.

The following German song from Reclam's *Studentenliederbuch*, and of which "The Hemlock Tree" of Longfellow furnishes a beautiful translation, is familiar to all German children, who love to sing it as, with joined hands, they trip about their Christmas tree. In after life, in distant lands, no other words, perhaps, are wont to call up such tender memories of the Fatherland as those of "*O Tannebaum.*" The French stanzas, on the same theme, are taken from a recent French Reader, and will no doubt prove of interest to many who have not been accustomed to associate the Christmas tree with French home life.

O Tannebaum, o Tannebaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!
Du grünst nicht nur zur Somerzeit,
Im Winter auch, wenns friert und schneit.
O Tannebaum, o Tannebaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blätter!

O Mägdelein, o Mägdelein,
Wie falsch ist dein Gemüte!
Du schwurst mir Treu in meinem Glück,
Nun arm ich bin, gehst du zurück.
O Mägdelein, o Mägdelein,
Wie falsch ist dein Gemüte!

Die Nachtigall, die Nachtigall,
Nahmst du dir zum Exempel !
Sie bleibt so lang der Sommer lacht,
Im Herbst sie sich von dannen macht.
Die Nachtigall, die Nachtigall,
Nahmst du dir zum Exempel !

Der Bach im Thal, der Bach im Thal,
Ist deiner Falschheit Spiegel !
Er strömt allein, wenn Regen fliesst,
Bei Dürr' er bald den Quell verschliesst.
Der Bach im Thal, der Bach im Thal,
Ist deiner Falschheit Spiegel !

L'ARBRE DE NOËL.

Mon beau sapin, roi des forêts,
  Que j'aime ta verdure !
Quand par l'hiver bois et guérets
Sont dépouillés de leur attrait,
Mon beau sapin, roi des forêts,
  Tu gardes ta parure.

Toi que Noël a planté chez nous
  Au saint Anniversaire,
Mon beau sapin, comme ils sont doux,
Et tes bonbons et tes joujoux,
Toi que Noël a planté chez nous
  Par les mains de ma mère.

Mon beau sapin, tes verts sommets
  Et leur fidèle ombrage
De la foi qui ne ment jamais,
De la constance et de la paix,
Mon beau sapin, tes verts sommets
  Sont bien la douce image.

NOTE.—As we were under necessity of publishing the January No. of the magazine before vacation, we are forced to go to press before the arrival of the College News from Woodstock and Grande Ligne.—ED.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

At Christmas time, from clime to clime,
Each Star to Star doth sweetly chime
Till all the heavens are ringed with rhyme.

Then, loosed above, a note thereof,
Floats downward like a wandering dove,
And all the world is ringed with love.

In *Canadian Magazine.* John B. Tabb.

The *Knox College Monthly* opens with an article by J. Laing, D.D., on the Jewish Problem. In a trenchant way he reviews a recent publication entitled Israel's Present and Future, by D. Baron, and published by the Mildmay Mission, London. The article is strongly post-millennial in its bearing and it will be read with deep interest by those who desire to look on both sides of this vexed question. This is followed by the first of a series of papers on "The development of the Earthly Life of Jesus." It is thoughtful and suggestive, we shall watch for the succeeding papers.

We receive the following exchanges more or less regularly:—*Hamilton Lit. Monthly*, *Central Ray*, *Bishop College Monthly*, *The Brunonian*, *The Advance*, *The Delphic*, *Kenyon Collegian*, *Free Lance*, *The Sibyl*, *The Transylvanian*, *U. of M. Daily*, *Tabor College Monthly*, *The Farmers Advocate*, *The Bema*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *University Monthly* of Fredericton, *Y. M. C. A. Woodstock*, *The Sunbeam*, *Canada Educational Monthly*, *Varsity*, *Methodist Magazine*, *Baptist Reporter*, *Messenger and Visitor*, *The Templar*, *Albert College Times*, *Canadian Magazine*, *Knox College Monthly*, *Victoriana*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Acadia Atheneum*, *North West Baptist*, *Canadian Baptist*, *The Owl*, *Trinity University Review*, *The Portfolio.*

A WHITE WORLD.

I never knew the world in white
So beautiful could be
As I have seen it here to-day
Beside the wintry sea;
A new earth, bride of a new heaven,
Had been revealed to me.

The sunrise blended wave and cloud
In one broad flood of gold,
But touched with rose the world's white robes
In every curve and fold;
While the blue air did over all
Its breath in wonder hold.

Earth was a statue half awake
Beneath her sculptor's hand,
How the Great Master bends with love
Above the work he planned!
Easy it is, on such a day,
To feel and understand. Lucy Larcom.

The following from *The Brunonian* tells its own tale:—"The reading room is recognized by the majority of the students as a pleasing and valuable institution of the college, and in view of this fact, the management makes every effort to improve and perfect the facilities that it affords. To do this, money is necessary, and the small sum that is charged as a membership fee is small in comparison with the advantages that membership affords. Those students who do not care to pay the slight tax should be excluded from the privileges of the room. Indeed, they should voluntarily recognize the fact that the use of the room without the right of membership, is an invasion of the rights of others, of which no fair-minded person would be guilty. This is one phase of abuse that should not be tolerated. To degrade the reading-room into a smoking-room and lunch-room is another practice that is most reprehensible, as it is a practice that greatly annoys those who are willing to respect the nature of the institution and the comfort and convenience of others."

THE POET.

In the heavy web of the loom of life
He weaveth his fancies to and fro,
And the golden threads of his verse will show
The pictured tale of his earthly strife.

But the artist dieth: the web is hung,
With never a thought for its imagery;
And in passing years, to the tapestry,
The dust and grime of neglect have clung.

All tarnished now is the thread of gold,
The picture is blurred by the lapse of time;
But there's one has seen mid the dust and grime
That tale which the long-dead poet told,—

That strange new song with its sweet refrain,
A song that whispers of life and love,
With the singer's heartbeats interwove.
So, long forgotten, he lives again.

—*Cornell Era.*

Knox proposes to publish a Jubilee Memorial Volume. A strong Publication Committee has been formed and the sketch submitted to them covers the entire history of the College. Here is, in the rough, a suggestion of the subjects and order of chapters: Theological teaching in Canada prior to 1844; The founding of the College in Toronto, circumstances, early stages, Professors; At Elmsley Villa, buildings, staff; Theological training in the U. P. Church, prior to union of 1861; Occupation of the present building, changes, development, staff; The Jubilee. This would cover the history of the institution up to date. To this would be added several chapters taking a survey of the half-century from various points of view: Student life at Knox; Service to the Church at home, missionary society, pioneer work, etc.; Service to the Church abroad, Indians, Formosa, Central India, West Indies, Demerara, Africa, Honan,

Palestine; Service to Theological Education; Bibliography of Professors and Alumni; Roll of Students and Alumni, giving condensed biographical data. This volume will be of great interest, and we shall look forward to its appearance with pleasure.

King's College Record proposes to put on holiday attire for Christmas. We clip the following:—

"In other universities the library is thrown open during the afternoons of three or four days of the week, when students may enter and read the book they wish *in* the library, or take it to their rooms after having registered it. I think it would be difficult to find a college where the fee is so exorbitant and the frequent use of the library so emphatically denied as in our own University of King's. Often I have felt the need of looking something up, and when an opportunity *was* granted, the purpose for which my knowledge thus gained would have served, was past. Again, some students have lectures during the hours the library is open to them, and so they are unable at all to procure the books they need, unless some person is kind enough to get them for them Why could we not have tables and chairs placed in the library, and the doors thrown open at least three afternoons of the week, when students might enter and read there under the supervision of the librarian or one of the professors? On account of the system now in vogue, some students scarcely ever go near the library, and so their fee of five dollars is absolutely thrown away."

In light of the facts here made known, McMaster students will be more appreciative of our library privileges.

The interest in the study of Greek literature and civilization seems to be increasing rather than diminishing. An open letter in the *Montreal Gazette*, of Nov. 22, dated at Athens, and addressed to the Vice-Principal of McGill University, publishes the fact that a British school of Archæology has been established in that place. A cordial welcome is extended to Canadian students, and suggestions are thrown out that possibly the leading colleges of Canada may think it well to establish scholarships enabling students to perfect their studies in Greek amid the classic atmosphere of the ancient world's city of art.

DEATH'S PROTEST.

Why dost thou shrink from my approach, oh, man!
Why dost thou ever flee in fear and cling
To my false rival, life? I do but bring
Thee rest and balm. Then wherefore dost thou ban
And curse me? Since the forming of God's plan
I have not harmed or hurt a mortal thing;
I have bestowed sweet balm for every sting,
And peace eternal for earth's stormy span.
The wild, mad prayers for comfort, sent in vain
To knock at the indifferent heart of life,
I, Death, have answered. Knowest thou not 'tis he,
My cruel rival, who sends all thy pain,
And wears thy soul out in unmeaning strife?
Why dost thou hold to him, then, shunning me?

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. Newman,
W. J. Thorold,
Miss M. E. Dryden, } *Editors.*

The University.

The student's eye grows strangely bright
When Christmas time draws nigh,
The Freshman lays aside his books
With a weary, homesick sigh;

The Sophomore scans all his shelves—
A lingering farewell look—
But "could not leave that one behind,"
So packs his Psychology book.

The Junior dreams he is young again
And his stocking full has found,
While the Senior "skips" a week before
And goes home "the long way round."

John R. Cresswell, B.A., of the class of '94, has been ordained and is now pastor of the church at Lachute, Que.

Dr. Henson:—"We always let things come to a head in Chicago, and then we knock them on the head."

'96 is planning for its "annual social gathering." Expect something extraordinary.

Enquiring Freshman: (to sophomore room-mate)—"Say, Jack! why do they always say 'a maiden of sixteen summers'?"

Jack:—"What do you want? Would you say sixteen springs or sixteen falls?"

Debater:—"From the cradle to the grave we all lean upon one another."

Chorus of students standing tier above tier outside the door: "Here! here!"

Debater No. 2: (speaking of intemperance)—"I am sorry to say that many of our professors are in the clutches of this terrible——I mean ——excuse me, Mr. President——I mean, our professional classes."

Rev. J. B. Warnicker, pastor of the Point St. Charles Baptist Church of Montreal, is meeting with remarkable success. Large numbers have been received into membership, and the building is now altogether too small to accommodate the crowded congregations.

Frequency is the fashion in class meetings at present. Each of the years assembles in solemn and secret conclave so often that everybody is wondering what is being meditated. This is especially true of '95.

The Natural Science Club spent a very instructive hour in the study of bacteria last month. Its members have since hesitated a little about eating or breathing, lest some foul disease be contracted, but we are glad to report all, as yet, in the full enjoyment of health.

On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 14th and 15th, Dr. and Mrs. Rand were "At Home" to the students of Moulton and McMaster. Needless to say that all spent a most enjoyable afternoon at the home of our Chancellor. Students find such times of social intercourse oases in the desert of study, and heartily appreciate kindness shown them in this way.

In response to the kind invitation of Queen's University to send a representative to their annual Conversazione, Mr. J. B. Paterson was delegated. No doubt he will do us credit, and will have a most enjoyable time. It is to be regretted that our limited accommodation forbids us the pleasure of holding a conversazione in McMaster Hall.

The Literary and Scientific Society appointed their President, Mr. S. R. Tarr, as representative to the public meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society of the Ontario Medical College for Women. He was also given the privilege of choosing his own lady, a privilege which was not at first granted.

Our Geological department has recently been enriched by an excellent and valuable collection of samples of our Canadian petroleum and its products. The samples are from the Imperial Oil Co., of Petrolea, and have been secured by Prof. Willmott through the kindness of Mr. J. A. Jackson and Mr. Pratt, of that town.

Christmas and Midsummer are alike in one respect in a College: they bring stillness to rooms and corridors. In a few days many of our students will be speeding homeward, and no doubt fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and—others—will be anxiously waiting. May all return filled with happiness and energy and ambition!

Professor (teaching acoustics)—"Now you would understand the difference in pitch of sounds much better if you could have this act illustrated"—turning to lady member—"Will you kindly sing us the scale—*so la si do*, etc."

Las-sie, shaking her head sadly—"I fear I cannot *do so*, sir."

McMaster University is unique in its discipline. For the preservation of order and the administration of College rules the students are left entirely to themselves. No professor or other officer resides in the building. All affairs referring to the government of the residence department, comprising over seventy young men, are entrusted to an executive Committee of the undergraduates. Those elected for the present academic year are: W. S. McAlpine, Chairman; C. J. Cameron, 1st Vice-Chairman; E. J. Stobo, 2nd Vice-Chairman; A. Imrie, Secretary; Councillors, C. E. Scott, J. McKinnon, W. J. Pady, J. B. Paterson, J. J. Reeve, D. Nimmo.

On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 18th, the students had the exceptional pleasure of listening to an after-dinner speech by the distinguished pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Chicago, Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D. Brilliance, humor and common sense of the soundest kind have rarely been mingled in a manner so charming. Rev. Dr. Thomas, of whom Toronto is so justly proud as the gifted pastor of Jarvis St. Church, in this city, was then called upon by the Chancellor to address the students. He paid a glowing and eloquent tribute to the friend whom he had known for so many years, both having been pastors together in Philadelphia. Such occasions as these are the days of special sunshine and inspiration in college life.

What is to be the outcome of the great college football agitation in the United States? The leading periodicals are overflowing with articles of a denunciatory character. University authorities are determined that football shall not exist in its present form, which is little better than wholesale prizefighting. A reform must be made or football will die. We sincerely hope that it may live and be a game of less brutality when players take the field next year. It is with pleasure that we notice the changes that have been made in the rules of the Ontario Rugby Union, whereby the play shall become more a test of science and speed than a display of brute force. These attractions ought to popularize and spread the game. We trust they may.

On Friday evening, Dec. 14th, Mr. Wallace P. Cohoe read the "Student," before the Literary and Scientific Society. The ladies were present for the second time and seemed to enjoy the reading. The student was a lengthy one, being about fifty feet in extent. The editor had adopted the novel plan of joining all the manuscript into one long strip, which he spread out before him on taking the platform. As he read he allowed the completed part to fall on the floor in front of him. The paper, as a literary production, was a credit to the editors. They had secured contributions from many sources. Some were sad, some humorous, some neither, but all interesting. The "Student" is an old McMaster institution and we wish it long life.

Wherever you go,
Above or below,

You are sure to encounter the inevitable heap of miscellaneous rocks. Every student's room has a rockery. Sometimes we find it on a table, sometimes on a shelf and, alas! sometimes in a corner on the floor. These stones are a cause of great tribulation, for they are often inserted between the sheets of a fellow's bed, and are far from comfortable when he suddenly drops his weight upon them after the gas is out. This, of course, is the abuse and not the use of these rocks. The real use of them is to show the professor of science that you have spent some time in the study of practical Geology. It is necessary for each student in Geology to collect twenty species of rock. We learn that a street paving company is trying to buy up these collections when the examination of them is completed.

A RARE treat was enjoyed by the members of class '96 when Mr. McLay, our English Lecturer, brought with him into our English class one of his distinguished London friends, Mr. Olver. The gentleman is an ardent student of Shakespeare and a reader of exceptional ability. Spellbound we sat while he recited Hamlet's soliloquy, "To be or not to be." Much light was thrown upon this wonderful production by the excellent manner in which it was rendered. For nearly an hour Mr. Olver read from Hamlet, and not for a moment did the interest flag. About a third of the play was read, and all was highly appreciated, as the hearty rounds of applause, which followed, testified. Mr. Olver did us a great kindness, and we thank him heartily. It is a great advantage to have a lecturer who has made friends abroad.

DURING the past few weeks many brilliant lecturers have visited our city Among those who most amused and interested us was the famous Frenchman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Max O'Rell. McMaster students realized how great an opportunity was presented and went to Massey Hall in considerable numbers. To say the least, none were disappointed, for the talented Frenchman excelled himself both in oratory and humor. His subject evidently was "Britons," for he characterized the Englishman, the Scotchman, and the Irishman under the titles of John Bull, Sandy and Pat. His characterizations were so true that even when they were not entirely complimentary, the audience took it good-naturedly. Humorous anecdotes were liberally scattered throughout his brilliant address, and hearty laughter was of frequent occurrence. A round of applause such as we seldom hear was heard when the lecturer took his seat.

VICTORIA VS. MCMASTER.—On the evening of Jan. 25th, 1895, McMaster and Victoria speakers are to wage a friendly warfare in the halls of Victoria. The question which is to be decided is, "Resolved, that the House of Lords of Great Britain ought to be abolished." This is a question of living interest to all, and we hope that many friends of McMaster will come together in Victoria's halls and cheer us on to victory. The men to whom we have pinned our colors are, J. C. Sycamore, '95, and Jno. F. Vichert, '97, and we trust to them to uphold the honor of the University. This spirit of friendly inter-collegiate rivalry is a new growth and ought to be fostered. It will be a source of good to both Universities. No doubt the Victoria men are confident of victory, but we assure them that they will be under the necessity of doing some speaking, if they wish to win the debate. All McMaster boys are looking forward to this occasion with much pleasure.

ON Tuesday evening, Dec. 18th, the Fyfe Missionary Society held its annual public meeting in Bloor St. Church. This is always one of the most important gatherings under the auspices of the University. On this occasion a large audience composed of the friends of the College was present. After devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., and Rev. J. B. Foster, Ph.D., the President of the Society, Prof. Farmer, introduced the Recording Secretary, Mr.

W. W. McMaster, B.A., who read the annual report which was exceptionally comprehensive and admirable. It will appear in full in our next number. The President then announced the first speaker of the evening, Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D., whose extempore address was remarkably suggestive and impressive. The students of our College, and in fact of all the colleges in the city are indeed glad that they so often have the opportunity of listening to the eloquent pastor of Jarvis St. Church. Then Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Cooke's Church, spoke with all his Celtic wit and earnestness, completely captivating and inspiring all his hearers. This was one of the best meetings ever held by the Fyfe Missionary Society.

On the day following the death of the Premier, Sir John Thompson, we were favored by a lengthy address from Mr. D. E. Thomson, Q.C. He spoke in glowing terms of the departed statesman, looking back over his blameless political career and examining his personal character, which was beyond a breath of suspicion. In view of the signal service which this great man had rendered to his country, the speaker was desirous of making a plea for increased religious toleration. His remarks were received with applause as hearty as if the students were a body of Conservative enthusiasts instead of an almost solid Liberal phalanx.

December the 18th, our "Monthly Missionary Day," will linger long in the memories of the boys as one of well-nigh unparalleled interest and profit in the annals of the Fyfe Missionary Society. The morning session, from ten till one, was packed full of programme, and the programme packed full of interest. After the usual half-hour of prayer and praise, the President called upon our delegates for their reports of the Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance Convention, which met at Belleville. Mr. Reeve, after pointing out the large falling off in the attendance as compared with former years, stated that the Convention had, nevertheless, been one of great spiritual power. It is always gratifying to us when "McMaster" takes the lead, and Mr. Reeve's statement that the paper by Mr. Stobo, on "Mohammedanism" was regarded as *the* paper of the Convention, was greeted with prolonged applause. Mr. Y. A. King, in a happy manner, gave us a good account of the latter part of the Convention.

Following the "Reports" was a paper on "Incentives to Soul Winning," by Mr. W. S. McAlpine. After speaking of the solemnity and grandeur of the work, Mr. McAlpine summed up the incentives under love to God, love to man, and the sure reward. The opportunity for open discussion which ensued was taken advantage of by several and many helpful thoughts were suggested. Mr. J. C. Sycamore then read a paper on "Heart Qualifications for Mission Work." Mr. Sycamore first emphasized the need of a heart fully surrendered to God. This would ensure the possession of the Holy Spirit. Thus it had been with Christ; and just as supreme love to God, boundless love for humanity, and faith in God's power and willingness to answer prayer, had furnished the essential heart qualifications for Him in His

work, so they would for us in our work. Mr. B. W. Merrill's paper, which dealt with a different aspect of the same subject, "Head Qualifications for Mission Work," was a valuable contribution to the morning's programme. A well-trained mind, a well-stored mind, and a Spirit-controlled mind were shown to be indispensible adjuncts to Heart Preparation in order to do the most effective work. The open discussion which followed the reading of these two papers was very stimulating.

President Farmer quoted the following passages of Scripture as suggestive along the line of the subject: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord"; "He that will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me"; "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord." Dr. Foster spoke of the intellectual question regarding Foreign Mission work; *e.g.*, Argument was of little use to overthrow Pantheism; we must begin with the historical facts of Christ's life, His character and disposition. Confront the Pantheist with these, and he could account for them only by granting Christ's Divinity. These facts of Christ's love could only be learned by years of meditation. Rev. Mr. Mellick was then introduced and given fifteen minutes in which to present the claims of the North-West. Mr. Mellick, however, held the attention of his audience for nearly an hour, and succeeded in so interesting the members of the Society that a committee was appointed then and there to canvass the students for subscriptions towards the North-West work. After a very short business meeting, the Society adjourned till afternoon.

On the evening of Friday, Dec. 7th, the Literary and Scientific Society held their annual public meeting. The Hall was filled to overflowing, since nearly twice as many visitors were present as were able to secure seats in the chapel room.

After an address of welcome by the president, the following programme was rendered:

PART I.

1. Chorus, . . . "Huntsman's Hymn." . . . Lockwood
   The Club.
2. Reading, . . "Carl, The Martyr." . . . Whiteside.
   Miss Gile, '98.
3. Instrumental, . . "Deuxieme Nocturne." . . . Bachmann.
   Miss Woolverton, '97.
4. Paper, . . "Aqueous Agency in Land Formations"
   W. S. McAlpine, '95.
5. Reading, . "Spartacus' Address to the Gladiators." . Kellogg.
   W. J. Thorold, '95.

PART II.

1. Quartette, . . "Twilight on the Sea." . . . Ludds.
   Misses Timpany, '96, Woolverton, '97; Messrs. Langford, '95.
   and Campbell, '97.
2. Debate.—*Resolved*,—"That Existing Poverty is Due more to Moral than to Economic Causes."

Affir.	*Neg.*
J. J. Reeve, B.A.	A. N. Marshall, '96.
C. E. Scott, '96.	J. F. Vichert, '97.

The debate was won by the Negative by a narrow margin.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EQUIVOCAL—A chance for undergraduates. Moulton student emphatically: "*I* don't want a B. A.!"

MRS. RAND was "At Home" to teachers and students on the 14th and 15th. The evenings were heartily enjoyed by all.

WE sympathize deeply with Miss Shanks during her days of illness. Each and every one of us hope to see her better and able to come among us again on our return.

THE period of the Bible Class the last Sunday morning in the term was given up to the Mission Circle.

Paper on . . . "Home Missions," . . . Miss Johnson.
Vocal Solo, ... Miss Timpany.
Reading, ... Miss Cowan,
Quartette, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters." Misses Timpany, Johnson, Dryden and Kirk.
Practical Suggestions for the Moulton Mission Circle, . . Miss Taylor.

After Miss Taylor's paper a short discussion was held on the practical works which might be undertaken by the Circle. The members are to consider the matter during vacation and come to some final decision on their return.

WE had lately the privilege of having a talk from Mr. Eddy, the travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Eddy spoke very earnestly and feelingly of the work. We were made to see very plainly the pitiable condition of women in the lands unlightened by the Gospel. While listening to the speaker as he passed rapidly from one point to another, pointing out everywhere the terrible need and our heavy personal responsibility, our eyes were dimmed and our hearts stirred to respond in some way to the call of our sisters all over the world. Mr. Eddy concluded with a few forceful words, reminding us that our Master has left with this work a sacred charge to us to go or send, to give freely and pray faithfully "In His Name."

THE Faculty gave a very enjoyable evening to the Heliconian on the 14th:

1. Piano Duett, "Three movements from Peer Gynt"—*Grieg*—Misses Burke and Starratt.
2. Solo, "Grass and Roses,"—*Bartlett*—Miss Smart, Violin obligato by Mr. Wagner.
3. Reading, . . "Locksley Hall,"—*Tennyson*— . . Miss Hart.
4. Solo, . . . "Sweet and Low,". . . Miss Timpany.
5. Violin Solo, . . "Large,"—*Handel*— . . . Mr. Wagner.
6. Solo, "Ave Maria,"—*Bach-Gounod*,—Miss Smart, Violin Obligato by Mr. Wagner.
7. Address, "Tennyson: His Art and his Relation to Christianity," Chancellor Rand.

God Save the Queen.

Several very hearty encores were given. Mr. Wagner responded very acceptably. Dr. Rand's talk on Tennyson was especially appreciated by the class studying his poems.

1921

Sincerely yours
J. Bruce

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1895.

JAMES EDWARD WELLS.

The announcement that the highly gifted and respected editor of the Canadian Baptist had kindly consented to deliver the address of 1894, in honor of Founder's Day, was received with evident satisfaction by both students and professors of McMaster University. An address on any subject in connection with our educational work, from one of so lengthened and varied experience, and one too in profound sympathy with the aims and efforts of our University in all its departments, was sure to be exceedingly interesting and helpful, and certain to command a most attentive hearing from all the friends who should have the pleasure of listening to it. In view of the importance of the question so ably discussed in this address, and with the desire of bringing it within reach of the larger circle of our friends at a distance who could not meet with us on the evening of Dec. 21st, we take great pleasure in giving it a place in this number of the McMaster Monthly, and in presenting with it a portrait of the well known features of our old friend and colleague, the writer thereof.

As the beloved and highly valued coadjutor of Dr. Fyfe for so many years at the Canadian Literary Institute, now Woodstock College; as the author of the Life and Labors of Dr. Fyfe

and latterly, as the editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, the name of Mr. Wells is so familiar, and the chief events of his life so well known to the Baptist denomination in every province of the Dominion, that anything but the briefest reference to them at this time is wholly unnecessary.

James Edward Wells, M.A., still known to his old Woodstock colleagues and friends as Professor Wells, is a native of the Province of New Brunswick. He was born at Harvey, Albert Co., on the 3rd of May, 1836. After finishing his preparatory studies at Horton Academy, N.S., he entered Acadia University, from which he graduated in 1860, and took the degree of M.A. three years later.

We have failed to obtain particulars of his college life. Mr. Wells is personally too modest to dilate upon such themes, and, we have reason to believe, would not furnish materials for a brilliant narrative, if interviewed respecting them. That he was regarded as a strong man in his classes, an earnest and thorough student, we have heard more than once from one who knew him well in those days. There is evidence too that he could give a good account of himself elsewhere than in the lecture room. Those who will read between the lines of an editorial on University matters in *The Week* of January 18th, may safely infer that there were now and then exciting occurrences even at staid old Baptist Acadia, and that at such times, when the students rose to the occasion, James Wells, if among them, was sure to be foremost, with willing hands or rousing speech, doing his full share to meet the demands of the hour.

Shortly after graduation he went to Woodstock, Ont., to enter upon the duties of classical master in the C. L. Institute. Those were the days of comparatively small things in our educational work, but Dr. Fyfe, with a loyal staff of teachers at his side, full of confidence in the wisdom and ultimate success of their undertaking, was prayerfully and arduously laying the solid foundation upon which the grand superstructure of the present time has gradually risen. Professor Wells brought to his work at Woodstock superior natural endowments, which had received healthy development and training in his course of study at Acadia, and thus equipped, he laid hold of his work with a conscientiousness and earnestness of purpose which promised

speedy success in his department. He was a man of profound religious convictions which manifested themselves in a keen sense of moral obligation, faithful discharge of every duty, a kindly regard for the sensibilities of his fellowmen, and a gentlemanly, Christian bearing towards all with whom he had dealings of any kind. The influence of such a teacher must have been strong and healthy from the first; it became wider and more marked as the work and aims of the school expanded, inspired confidence and trust and, as a matter of course, drew Prof. Wells more and more into the responsibilities of general management and discipline.

Prof. Wells was an able and successful teacher, not merely in imparting instruction, but in awakening the interest of his pupils and arousing and developing their own powers of independent examination and judgment. His kindly but firm and dignified demeanor begat confidence and secured attention. The moral and spiritual earnestness, the strength and maturity of thought of such a teacher produced in the minds of the pupils a deep conviction of the value of the work they were called upon to perform and spurred them to do their very best.

Prof. Wells had learned at college to appreciate the peculiar strength and beauty of classical literature, a qualification for intelligent class-work by no means so common in those days, and one great object he now aimed at was to teach his own pupils how to work their way through these ancient channels of thought, discover the author's meaning and enter thoroughly into the spirit of it. The acquisition of such habits of study and this power of finding hidden wisdom he held to be of far more real and lasting benefit than mere grammatical or philological erudition It is our firm conviction that the mental drill and linguistic knowledge obtained by such study as above described of the ancient classics, under the wise direction of a strong and sympathetic teacher, such as he, furnishes the best possible preparation for the profitable study of the masterpieces of our own or contemporary languages, and after some years of experience of educational courses and methods, we regret most of all that, during the most important years of our student life, we did not have the benefit of a longer time under Prof. Wells' instruction.

For several years previous to Dr. Fyfe's death in 1878, the

care and discipline of the college had, in consequence of his failing strength, fallen largely upon Prof. Wells, who held a place in the esteem and affection of the students second only to that of the venerable Principal himself. He was ever the kind, genial, sympathizing teacher whom every student loved, and none feared to approach when needing counsel or encouragement. His gentle but powerful persuasiveness brought many an erring lad back to repentance and higher thoughts, and won him for a pure and manly life.

As is well known, Mr. Wells severed his connection with the college in 1881, in order to accept a position upon the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*. The duties of this position, together with more or less editorial work in connection with the *Educational Journal* and *The Week*, occupied him, for the most part, until about six years ago, when he was appointed to the position he now holds as editor of the *Canadian Baptist*. To this important work Mr. Wells has brought exceptional qualifications of head and heart, in themselves a guarantee for the excellence of the paper as he will seek to make it. He has studied long and profoundly and written largely on all the leading social and political questions of the day, and enjoys the reputation of being one of the closest thinkers and most powerful writers in the Dominion. He has the greatest reverence for God's word, of which he has been all his life a diligent and careful student. He has strong and honest convictions, will advocate only what he believes to be true, but by that will stand with unswerving loyalty. Surely such an editor can be relied upon to produce a most helpful, stimulating and entertaining religious paper, and may cherish on as strong grounds as any other man in the denomination, the hope that the Holy Spirit will guide him to the truth and help him by his work to honor and serve his Master.

As Editor of the *Canadian Baptist*, *The Week*, and *The Educational Journal*, Mr. Wells enters weekly with the products of his busy pen into many thousands of homes in every part of our vast Dominion. The moral influence of such a man is simply incalculable, and no man realizes more than he how great is his responsibility for every word he writes. Of one thing we may rest assured, no article from his pen will ever

advocate what does not rest on sound principles of truth and justice to everybody. He will always strive to make men better and more charitable; purer, nobler and more self-reliant. Long may his great heart, always to be found in the right spot, his fertile brain and vigorous pen continue their noble service in behalf of truth and right, of home and fatherland.

M. S. Clark.

TO A. P. McD.

Age after age the tireless sea doth fling
  Its serried waves against this frowning rock,
  (Whose base has known a thousand years of shock)
And shouts its purpose to its floor to bring.
High up and landward now the ravens wing,
  On trees sure-rooted inland nests the hawk;
  Instinct of doom! for here swift ships shall dock,
And give of east and west, and commerce sing.

Warriors of truth, unwearied host of God,
  Who, like the deep, march to the signs of heaven,
  "*Thus saith the Lord*" your cry, count not the years!
Grey superstition's crumbling front shall nod
  Beneath the iteration of your steven,
    And God's sweet love flood all the place of tears.

Theodore H. Rand.

Partridge Island,
Minas Basin.

THE WORK AND PRODUCTS OF McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

The Founder of McMaster University did much in the course of his long and honorable life for the promotion of the cause he loved, but the greatest and the wisest thing he ever did was, we believe, the establishment, on a firm and permanent basis, of this institution, which is designed as it fulfils its mission to send forth, year by year, century after century, men and women of trained minds, and, it may be hoped, of the highest Christian character, to give consecrated lives to the service of their fellow-men and of their Master Perhaps I cannot better use the few moments allotted to me, on this anniversary occasion, than in attempting to outline, necessarily in a very hasty and imperfect fashion, the manner of men and women these ought to be, in one or two aspects of their characters, after undergoing the training and enjoying the advantages provided for them by the generosity of the Founder, and the kind of work which the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec have a right to expect from them. We cannot better honor the Founder's memory than by forming high conceptions of his work, and seeking each of us, as we have opportunity, to do whatever may be in our power to increase the extent and the excellence of that work.

What is then the work of this particular institution? What will be the character of its finished product, provided it does its work in the manner and the spirit intended by its Founder? He intended it, as we know, to be a great industrial establishment. If institutions for the conversion of the raw material of the fields, forests, and mines into the finished products of commerce are so valuable and needful, what shall we say of those whose work it is to turn out finished citizens of the highest type? If it be true that it is men, high-minded men, who constitute a state, it follows that the institution which does the most for the production of such men is the institution which does most for the state. We hear a great deal about patriotism and how to promote it in these days. There is a great deal of spurious patriotism. Such is the species of patriotism which seeks to raise the status of its own country by depreciating other countries, a

species which has no existence, let us hope, within these walls. There is a so-called patriotism which teaches us that it is our duty to stand up for our own country, right or wrong, in every transaction with other nations. Of course the true patriot is the man who stands up for his country only when she is in the right, and who uses all the means of influence within his reach to put her and keep her in the right. Depend upon it, the very best service which any young man can render his country is to mend and improve one of her citizens until he makes him a true type of a cultured, high-minded man. If each one will thus mend one, all will be mended.

This truth applies also to women. What a pity it is that our language gives us no personal pronoun in the singular number to denote an individual of either sex! Such a word is greatly needed. In fact, it is now becoming indispensable. So long as women were in the background, attending only to domestic affairs, and willing or constrained to sink their personality in that of their respective lords, the want was not so much felt. Now that they are coming to the front and taking prominent, often leading positions, in almost every pursuit and employment of life, public and private, the need of such a pronoun is becoming imperative. I notice that in many of the American educational publications, the tables have been handsomely turned, and the feminine pronoun is regularly employed whenever a teacher of either sex is spoken of. This is probably only fair, if numerical considerations are to decide the question. Yet it is not probable that the coarser sex will take readily or kindly to a usage which brings them into the discussion of public concerns only as it were on sufferance, to be taken into the account as mere secondary personages, obscurely implied in the "she" and the "her." It would seem to be an easy matter to add the single inflected word, so much needed, to our language: but the most influential savants have hitherto failed in the attempt. Here is a task worthy of the attention of some of the literary societies of this new and ambitious university. Let them coin a word of not more than two or three letters, properly inflected, and induce speakers and writers to take it up and bring it into use in the language and they will have deserved the thanks of all users of the English language. Meanwhile we shall have to submit to

the old disability, and I can only beg all to bear in mind that whenever I have occasion to use *he* and *him*, in a general way, I mean those terms to include also *she* and *her*, recognizing, as I cheerfully do, that the moiety of our populations denoted by those feminine forms is not a whit less influential, and not a whit less responsible for making the best use of every opportunity for gaining and employing increased power for the good of the community and the nation, and so far as possible of the world.

Are the young men and young women who are now the undergraduates of McMaster sufficiently grateful for the immense advantage they have over the great majority of the young men and women of the country? To what extent do they realize how great a boon it is to be able to turn aside from the pursuits and cares of the busy, work-a-day world, and give themselves up for four, or five, or six years, to turn to account the grand opportunities afforded them by such a period of preparation, under earnest and competent instructors? How many there are who have never had such a chance, or who, having had it, now look back with vain regrets to see how poorly it was appreciated and improved compared with what might have been—how many such, now immersed in the work and cares of life, would hail as one of the most precious of all opportunities that of going aside, even for a single year, from the busy crowd and spending the time in mental improvement and the calm quest after truth? That would be bliss indeed, but it is a bliss which unhappily comes usually but once in a lifetime to even the most favored, and to the great majority, alas! never comes at all. Is it any wonder that the world expects so much from the few who have such exceptional advantages?

I used just now the expression "quest of truth." Does not that expression, to a very considerable extent, denote the true aim of every true man and woman in the world? Is it not one of the highest aims of every one who has a soul above the pelf for which so many grovel? Nay, is it not one of the chief ends for which human beings are created and placed in the world? Is it not pre-eminently the aim of every student who is worthy of the name? We hear, from time to time, a good deal of discussion with regard to the motives which should be set before those who are pursuing a collegiate course. I dare say that

could we get access to the innermost chambers of the mind of each student now before me, we should find a good deal of variety, even here. Some are studying probably to fit themselves for certain positions which they covet, or for which they think it their duty to prepare themselves. Some are studying because they rather enjoy it; some because they think the result will be to enable them to earn a livelihood more easily, or give them a higher standing in society; some because their parents wish them to proceed to a degree; some possibly because they are ambitious of intellectual or literary honors But to my thinking, although most of these motives may be right enough in their way, the only student who is really on the right track and who will make the most and the best of his advantages, is the student who is constantly searching for truth. There is not a subject of study which is worthy of a place on the curriculum of an institution of this kind which may not be pursued in this way. Whether you are demonstrating a proposition in Geometry, or working your way through a complicated sentence in Greek, or discussing with the aid of teacher and text-books some intricate question in philosophy, or patiently inquiring into the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of some profound theological dogma, you are doing your work in the true student spirit only as you are able to throw your whole mind into the question, with an ardent desire and purpose to find out, if possible, the truth. Any course of reading or instruction fails of its best object and method in so far as it fails to arouse this spirit in the student.

The process by which this, the only true educational work, is carried on, we may designate by the word "thinking." The essence and the end of all true education, viewed from its intellectual side, is thinking-power. The strength or the weakness of this power is that which marks the difference between the educated and the uneducated man (or woman). Let us not make the mistake which is often made of supposing that education, as thus defined, is the exclusive possession and prerogative of those who are able to write B A., or M.A., or some other of those cabalistic characters which are so much in evidence at the present day, after their names. The essential thing is that the thinking shall be done, the habit of thinking formed, and the power of

strong and sustained thinking acquired, no matter where or how. There is many a man and woman who never saw the inside of a university or college, who, measured by this true criterion, is far better educated than many another who has passed through and had all the advantages of the best universities. The difference is that, other things being equal, the one who has had the opportunity of a collegiate training has had an immense advantage. The more shame to him if he has failed to improve it.

We repeat that the measure of any man's education is not his knowledge, either of books or of things. It is thinking-power. Knowledge—even the little odds and ends of knowledge, which are all that the most profound and hard-working student can pick up during his few college-years, or even during the term of his earthly life, is not to be despised for its own sake, though those who have lived the longest and sought wisdom the most assiduously are usually the readiest to admit that the utmost extent of the knowledge they have been able to gain is, compared with the great sum of things which have eluded their grasp, or are beyond their reach, but as a few pebbles gathered from the little strand of human life which borders on the illimitable ocean of the great Unknown. The most profound philosopher, who has pursued his studies in a truth-loving spirit, is the readiest to confess that his position is, after all, but that of

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

We are told by a very high authority that what we know "we know but in part," what we see we see but as in a glass, or rather, perhaps, as in a dull metallic mirror, dimly, and that when "that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away." But on the other hand who can doubt that the mind-power developed in the pursuit of this imperfect and fractional knowledge will endure, and add to the happiness and usefulness of the possessor, so long as conscious being endures?

Well, then, how can you and I fulfil the high obligation? How can we acquire for ourselves this mental development which will make men and women of us? this valuable power of think-

ing? I answer in one word, *by thinking*. There is no other way. This is the whole secret, the royal road. By thinking we learn to think, we strengthen our power of thinking. *Thinking* is man's appropriate work. It is one of the things for which he was made. When it is pursued in this truth-loving spirit, apart from which there is, next to loving God and his neighbor, no genuine study, I may say it is his highest work. There is something in the very fact and act of thinking closely and earnestly upon any worthy theme—apart from all considerations of university marks or passing examinations, or even of mental discipline or of knowledge, which refines, elevates, and enobles the whole nature. The effects are soon visible on the countenance. How easy it is to tell at a glance at the face of a stranger whether he or she is in the habit of doing much thinking! Thinking adds lustre to the eye, and intelligence to the expression. How often we meet a face which would be positively beautiful but for the dimness of that subtle spiritual light which shines forth in its brightness only from a thinking soul! How often are we charmed with a countenance which would be positively ugly but for the glory with which the thinking soul within has irradiated it! Thus thinking is the condition of the highest types of physical as well as of moral beauty. It adds the indescribable charm of refinement to the attractions of the largest generosity and the most devout piety. I can scarcely conceive it possible for a man or woman to be in a position which requires a certain amount of genuine thinking to be done every day, without becoming better and nobler in the process.

In so speaking let me again remind you that I have in mind only thinking, mind-work, as it is pursued in the truth-loving spirit. I have not time to dwell upon this point. My paper must be fragmentary, at best. There is a danger, to which I am by no means oblivious, of the college or the university turning out a species of thinker who is but an intellectual monstrosity, a thinking-machine without heart or soul, without higher sentiments or aspirations of any kind. In such cases the loftiest motive is absent. The intellect, however trained, is not free. It lacks the highest impulse, the truth-loving spirit. I am speaking only of the minds which have been made free by the reception

and love of the truth, and hence have no fear of the truth on any subject, no inducements to self-deception, or to deception of others. "If the truth shall make you free," said He who not only came into this world to bear witness to the truth, but was Himself the Truth, "you shall be free indeed." And so, on the other hand, it may be said with truth, however paradoxical it may seem, "unless you have been made free, you cannot lovingly and with singleness of purpose, follow after or apprehend the truth."

I have left myself but time for two or three practical observations out of many I should have liked to make. If I have succeeded at all in making my thought clear, it will not be difficult to form some conception of the kind of men and women those ought to be who have been for four or five or six years engaged in this kind of work—undergoing this kind of training. The friends of McMaster University expect, and have a right to expect, that the men and women who go forth from its halls to engage in the various occupations of life shall be no ordinary men and women. As thinkers, we expect them to know how to think straight and make the power of their thinking felt in every society and community into which they shall enter.

Some of you may have literary ambitions, or your chosen life-work may require that you give public expression, in speech or writing, to the results of your thinking, for the benefit of others. To such let me say in the briefest manner. Do not begin at the wrong end, do not speak or write till you have something to say. This is not meant to be discouraging. It is not necessarily discouraging. Everyone who knows how to think and has formed the habit of thinking should and may have something to say, that is worth saying, and be able to say it effectively. The world of modern life, as it exists to-day, is full of subjects demanding the best thought and profoundest investigation of every one who loves truth. The truth in regard to a thousand matters of the wise and the foolish, the useful and the mischievous, the true and the false, the right and the wrong, is buried beneath mounds of obscuring influences derived from social customs, personal and religious prejudices, traditional notions, selfish interests, and a host of other influen-

ces and tendencies which disguise their true features and make the work of the truth-seeker complicated and laborious to the last degree. The mind that would contribute something to the unearthing of the real facts and foundation principles must be full of the subject, through personal thought and investigation. We hear a great deal in some quarters in these days about literature as a pursuit, about the need of a distinctively Canadian literature, etc. The point I wish to make just here is that it is doubtful whether any individual who sat down to make literature, to write something that should be accepted as an addition to the stores of literature, as such, ever succeeded in doing so. Those who make literature are, as a rule, those who have no such aim in view; those whose minds and hearts are full of some thought or purpose which to them seems worthy: who have some great cause which they seek to promote, or some burning emotion within struggling to burst forth in song, or to find utterance in strong words, or to bring conviction to other minds by irresistible arguments. The moral is, that we should have more regard to the substance than the form of what we are going to write or say. It is a mistake to strive after fine words, while one should be intent on convincing arguments. It requires sometimes not a little strength to resist the temptation to say a thing because it sounds pretty or striking, though one may not be quite sure that it contains either truth or wisdom.

There is a great work for the educated, the thinking men and women of the next generation to do, in the way of combatting and counteracting wrong and mischievous tendencies, especially those—and their name is legion—which have their origin in misapplied intelligence and one-sided thinking. There are errors and follies in regard to popular amusements, athletics and gymnastics, scientific investigations and generalizations, moral and religious ideas and teachings, which it will be for the straight thinkers of the immediate future to examine, and correct, amend, or condemn. I had it in mind to give a few illustrations, but I find that my time is fully gone. These will readily suggest themselves. The papers, secular and religious, the magazines, the new books, are full of questions upon the answers to which hang consequences of the deepest moment, affecting the well-being

of society and the progress of truth and righteousness. The World, the Dominion of Canada, the Churches of Christ, never had more need of men and women not only of high character but of far-seeing intelligence—men and women who not only feel right and mean well, but who, as I have said, can rise superior to self-interest, prejudice, custom, and think straight in the direction of purity, truth, and righteousness. In proportion as McMaster University sends forth year by year her full quota of such men and women, in that proportion will it fulfil its true and noble mission, and worthily perpetuate the name of its Founder.

J. E. Wells.

*MEMINISSE.**

When the year is full with the month's ripe juices,
And over the brim the foam-flowers drip,
When the Master of months His storehouse looses,
And the fat of the seasons waits to the lip,—
Who thinks of the sower by meadow and mere,
In the far barren days of the youth of the year?

When time is full from the press of the ages,
Shall the earth have travelled in vain?
When the harvests of men are ripe to their wages,
Shall remembered be sun and the rain?
Bethink ye what these and the sower have done,
And know ye that God and the Sower are one.

Blanche Bishop.

*Founder's Day card.

Students' Quarter.

'MID PLAINS AND PEAKS.

"What you don't see ask for."

Four mountain ranges, irregularly parallel; one hundred and thirty-two peaks varying in altitude from twelve to fifteen hundred feet; elevated lakes and parks; abysmal canyons; gigantic forests of aspen, fir and spruce: thousands of square miles of arid plains, or grassy lawns "made gay with an indigenous flora"; contemporaneous polar and tropical temperatures; regions of perpetual snows; other regions of perennial sunshine —these are some of the features comprehended within the boundaries of Colorado—the Centennial State. Here the four seasons and the twelve months come within speaking range, and hold their councils. Winter on mountain top—summer on plains—spring among the parks and lakes and autumn in the mid-altitudes, are called to converse and make plans for movements upon the rest of the continent. Prairie-dogs, wild horses, buffaloes, deer, antelopes, beavers, bears, elks, mountain sheep, lynxes, wolves, panthers, pumas, wild cats, grouse, pheasants, ptarmigans —all these creatures are able in the immense variety of conditions afforded by the topography of the state, to find a happy habitat. Moreover extinct species, now hardened into fossils, have ages ago reposed themselves upon beds of mountain deposits three thousand feet deep—"the first vertebrates of the American continent." Is it any wonder they never rose from their slumbers? Their couch was as spacious as it was deep, their bones being found scattered over an area of three thousand square miles. What "happy hunting grounds" would Ralph Trotter find among these living, and Professor Wilmott, among these fossil species!

High Living and low Thinking.—Of old, within the limits of Colorado, lived the cliff-dwellers. They found natural recesses in the face of the declivities—or they made them. They clung to the cliffs like swallows to the eaves of a farmer's barn.

Their furniture seems to have consisted largely of water jars. We cannot help wondering why this antique tribe found so peculiar a home. Did an invader drive them there? or are these counterparts of the Swiss lake-dwellers from the channels of whose Venetian canals the waters have dried away? What effect would such life have upon the evolution of that branch of Adam's race? We know one marine animal whose conformation has been singularly affected by backing into the deserted shell of a more industrious citizen!

Desiccation.—The altitude of this city (Las Animas) is nearly four thousand feet. The atmosphere is warm and dry. During the five months of my residence here, August to December, there have been but two slight showers of rain, and lately two feeble flurries of snow. Streams flowing from the mountains, born of the virgin snows upon their peaks, irrigate the plains of the lower altitudes. The air is medicine to any one troubled with "coughs, colds, bronchitis," etc—(*vide* Scott's Emulsion ads). The vivid sunlight and perpetual drought raise awful blizzards of dust—whenever assisted by a brisk wind. The color of fences trees, roofs of houses, etc., is lightened very much by the absence of moisture. The effects of the desiccant atmosphere are everywhere apparent—in the mummified faces of many of the inhabitants—in the number of drinking saloons supplying the requisite moisture in the form of alcoholics—in the thinness of the jokes everywhere voiced and perpetrated—in the dryness of the sermons preached—and many other evidences are there of the absence of clouds. Let me fall back upon some figures from Bancroft to attest the above notes:—

—Summer mean temperature . . .	64·6	— 69·2
—Winter	31·3	— 32·8
—Maximum summer heat	93	— 40
—Minimum winter temperature .	3	— 12

"The winter, he adds, is the season of greatest charm, for then the bright sunshine gives balminess to the air, while in the blue dome of the sky is no cloud to stain its purity."

"There were Giants in those Days."—They were surely unlettered god-fathers who were present at the christening of these eminences. Think of peaks 14,500 feet high, dubbed with

such undignified names as Buckskin, James, Brass, Baldy, Snettle's, Pike's, Red Cloud, Wetterhorn, Handie: while the broad shoulders of others are only sufficient to bear such ignominies as Horseshoe, Grizzly, Pigeon, R. G. Pyramid, (Esq.), Silver Heels, Hunch-back, Homestake, Ojo, etc. When I think how nature takes such care to be appropriate that she provides such names as "McAlpine" for men only six feet three, it offends me to the soul to see Goliaths 13,500 feet high named "Pigeons" or "Handie."

"The Festival of Anecdote."—Thousands of people, even now, many years after the construction of the trans-continental railways, cross the great plains to the mountains in "prairie-schooners"—canvas-covered wagons. They are almost a daily apparition on the streets of the town, passing through *en route*. It is a slow locomotion, but all emigrants are not able to provide Topeka and Santa Fé fares. All the older inhabitants came by schooner. Many are the heroes of "the sixties" still living—and extremely talkative. The canvases of the wagons often wear strange inscriptions. One passed through Las Animas the other day bearing in rude characters in black paint the (now ancient) legend "Pike's Peak or bust;" and Bancroft in his history of the state quotes from "Knocking around in the Rockies," that a disappointed gold-seeker returning inscribed his cover thus—"Busted, by thunder." The newspaper men, who made it their business in those old days to boom the mining regions, did not always meet with too gentle consideration at the hands of the disappointed. Major Oakes was the editor of the *Pike's Peak Guide* which in '59 was the beacon that brought hundreds of families to the mines. This couplet afterwards became familiar to Colorado people in the vicinity of Denver:—

> "Here lies the body of P. C. Oakes
> Killed for helping the Pike's Peak hoax."

What vast material these pioneer traditions provide for some Western Homer to hand down to the ages in the form of a great Epic!

A Grave in the Far West.—A few weeks ago a thunderous "tap" on my door secured admission for a ranchman, who announced gravely the death of one of these returning emigrants.

The prairie schooner bearing the "unfort'nate," fatally sick, had "tied up" at his "shack," and the invalid had died there. The kind-hearted rancher had found the man "tronbled like," yet he intimated something about "turning" and "good chance," and, in short, begged me to do the deceased the favor of saving his soul by interring him in a "sure and certain hope." He seemed to think I had such powers, and spoke as if his persuading me would result in lasting good to the soul of the old voyager. I drove next day ten miles over the plains to the range. A dozen dejected men, women and children had gathered. In a pine box lay the body of an old man who for forty years had been drifting hither and thither over the Great West, "seeking rest and," *until now*, "finding none." We sang, prayed, read the story of Bethany, and talked of it, pronounced the beautiful words of the Episcopal service—amid that sublime desolation—and for once, as the lid of the box was raised and we looked upon the features of that hapless son of discontent, distorted still with their many pains, we thanked God for the benevolent ministry of Death. It was twelve miles away still to the cemetery. Pathetic and comic must our procession have appeared, as we wound over the sands to the burial. The worn-out horses, the worn-out waggons they drew, the rude piece of carpentry joltingly conveyed in one of them; the haggard, hopeless, toil-worn faces of the mourners. I thought of Munger: "Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.' My own buggy was the only comfortable conveyance, and we drove the old, stooped, worn, weary wife in it. One would smile, even as his eyes filled with sympathetic tears, to hear the poor creature detail the story of their fifty years of adventurous married life. He had been a martyr to many pains. "sciatica." "rheumatiz," heart trouble, bronchitis, dropsy, and twice he had been "laid out for dead," but "came to." This moved me several times during the progress of the procession to glance nervously around to the wagon bearing the coffin, for a man, thought I, with such a reputation for "coming to" is not to be trusted even in a casket—but nothing occurred. The old woman's dreary tale and the dreary drive came to a pause at the grave's mouth at last, and "we buried him." Even the benevolent ranchman could have asked no more careful obsequies than we gave his unfortunate friend. Requiescat in pace!

A Cradle in the Far West.—A cradle is an institution much more rare in the West than in the East, and the royal occupant is so much the more treasured. I invented some lines recently to apostrophise a "new-comer," that were at first intended as a eulogy to a N.Y. State child, but which I find are much more applicable to the superior quality of *infant*ry marshalled out here on the frontier:

THAT BABY.

Who is the crownless king of home,
Whose minions at his bidding come,
Rules kingdoms wide as heaven's dome?
Why, that Baby!

Who recks so little of earth's sorrow,
Loves more to-day, dreads less to-morrow,
Has less to pay that he did borrow,
Than that Baby?

Angel on heavenly errand sent,
Weakness almost omnipotent,
Unbending Law, that won't relent,
Is that Baby!

Who poses with more matchless grace,
Has more of morning in his face,
Does more to purify his race,
Than that Baby?

Who reaps so much, yet hath not sown,
Who hath his paths with flowerets strewn.
Who has so *much*, so *little* known,
As that Baby?

Of Love, of Light, of Good, of Best,
Who dreams so sweetly in his rest,
Walking with angels East and West,
As that Baby?

Of Heaven's glories rich and rare.
Waves of the sea, birds of the air,
Nowhere is aught we can compare
With that Baby!

Lying on down of sweet content,
Roseate Hope's embodiment,
Small sinner who will not repent,
'Tis that Baby!

Who has such loving service given,
Bolts of the hard-locked Future riven,
Owns, undisputed, Earth and Heaven,
Why, that Baby !

Scorner of Earth's most fierce detraction,
Buried with dream, remote from action,
Ruler sans policy or faction,
'Tis that Baby !

A Wedding in the Far West.—One of my church adherents is a justice of the peace. He has therefore the power to celebrate marriages. The ceremony with him is brief. One day a bashful Norwegian entered his store and approached his office. The Teuton was followed closely by an equally abashed maiden. Surmising the condition of affairs, the justice said : "What's the matter ? Want to be married, eh ?"

This was replied to by a Scandinavian affirmative grunt.

"All right," said the justice, "you are married." Then entering their incomprehensible names in a register, and passing over a certificate, the imposing affair closed. During the brief performance the groom had not taken off his hat nor ceased to pull at a short clay pipe: and as for the bride, she had scarcely reached the nail-keg on which her yellow-haired lord had seated himself.

B. W. N. Grigg.

*McMASTER.

Most noble deed, to shelter scholar-lore,
Where eager minds on Wisdom's work intent
Equip them for the Master's armament,
Inspired by Truth, and thrilled at Sin's mad roar !

Onward and out they march, with God before,
Brave witness-warriors,- ere their bows are bent,
Th' ingenuous young exclaim, "We too are sent,
O, train us for the trial, we implore !"

Founder benign, beloved, our sad despair
Constrained us to abide with idle hand,—
Then, heaven-sent, thou camest, thy command
Stirred all our souls to strength, and we arose,
Partook thy bounty, came and laboured where
Thou guidedst.—O, thy great reward who knows ?

G. Herbert Clarke

*Written for Founder's Day, 1894.

HAUNTING ECHOES.

ART AND FOLLY.

A subtle strangeness was upon him. Was it the sighing of the weird wind of February, or the dim shadows flickering? Savagely he almost smothers the fading embers with a scuttle of coal, and lights the four gas jets. Whence the lingering whisper that fills the room, and suspends the breath? He remembers there was a voice like that—only one—and it is ——. Was it last night, or an eternity?

Mechanically he brushes aside the curtains—to meet the pale chill lustre of the stars. With a hollow, reckless laugh he shuts them out. How charged with noiseless echoes of the past is the silence of the great house! The grotesque dolorous drapery of smoke haunts, enchains him. Writhing, scoffing tongues dart forth and taunt: "What is your life but dust and ashes, a farcical tragedy rounded by the narrow epilogue, *hic jacet?* And the name of the play? No one knows. Have you not scorned delights; lived laborious days; trampled your own bleeding heart; stamped out, unrelenting, fierce fires of love, that at last, after passionate waiting, you might hear, if from out death's brooding cloud, but the rustle of the wings of that mysterious white bird Truth? Now, with watching to despair is not Hope's garment threadbare? A desolate way without an end."

A pure gleam shoots up, and for a moment, the burden of the mystery of life is lightened, as once more, before his starving eyes lies the promised land of the beautiful and the good, which whoso seeks shall find: life made a glory; he an uncrowned king. The prize is to him who never faints. "Bah! Moses on Mount Nebo!" It vanishes.

The wind is muttering in the chimney. "Friendship's a name," it wails, "a pitiful name" He stoops and listens. "So insurmountable, so close, the barriers beyond which no soul can be understood by another; and between the confines how readily arises 'the little rift within the lute,' destined to make discordant, then silent, all the soulful music. Whither shall you seek one to whom you may but talk; for few know or see aught

that appeals not to their senses? The world is dead: change is death."

The glare is too great, and he turns off the flaming gas. A human form is pictured in the sombre shadows of the room; but the features are indistinguishable. "Is that you, Leonora? I cannot see you. How dark and cold it is! Come hither—to the window. There is more light here. Lean back your head a little towards the sky. You too are strange to-night. It is as though my eyes were opened to the realities of things to-night. It is to-night as though I had made atonement. But I think you are strangely silent, Leonora, and strangely beautiful. You were once so lithe and gay! Do you remember? But to-night your face is very pale, and your eyes are full of a nameless melancholy. I have a feeling that I have never looked on you till now. But I think you are weirdly beautiful, Leonora. Your face illumines, while it freezes, my heart. There is something about you—very strange. Let us go elsewhere—under the sky! come!"

His heart grows suddenly numb. He cowers before the grate, and adds splinters of wood. They burst into a wild blaze. "Love's a madness—a delirium. We quaff the fiery bowl but once. In that draught 'tis drained to the dregs. We love out, and that is the end of it. The end of it?" The fire falls to ashes. The room has grown yet colder and darker, but he forgets to light the gas.

At the close of one of the dreary, fitful, dwindling days of late November. Naught of life or living save a lone and solitary man. For the rest, a sinister waste, a vast blighted prairie sea; the ebon wings of night lowering above all; ghastly snow on every side glistening in the gruesome twilight. Did earth's sun ever shine on that leaden, dismal scene? A few gaunt trees looming in the bleak haggard light, with skeleton arms twisted and knotted in hideous and revolting shapes as if in the throes of exquisite torment, do fitly represent that loathsome scene in Dante's "*Hell*," as they raise their lank and horrible forms to the grey clouds. Is there no prophecy of spring?

He sits with bated breath in the presence of these haunting echoes of the past. He makes a violent effort to recover himself; but an unseen power, all-relentless, compels him to await the

movement of the tragedy. . . . . A pelting, passionate driving of rain. A moaning wind wailing a dirge. Obscure figures appear. They advance drearily over the waste with slow but unswerving deliberation—a grim procession. The rain ceases. There is a sorrow beyond weeping. And the universe is petrified into silence.

He tears the mask from the face beside him, and looks upon the face of Leonora—Folly—Death—the reward of his fidelity. . . . . There was a ring at the bell and the sound of his friend's rich jovial voice in the street! But he knew that the wages of Vanity and Folly were as sure and deadly as those of Sin.

H. A. Porter.

"BABY EVA."

"Nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

Jack Pentney, Frank Patterson and myself were out for a deer hunt. We had pitched camp in the shelter of a bluff, on the rim of a small lake. We hadn't pulled a trigger as yet, and it was now the second day. About sundown the air became softer, the wind blew, and black clouds gathered. Jack's quick eye marked these signs as accurately as a Mingo's on the trail of a Delaware. "Its going to snow then," said he, "and if I don't punch the jacket of a red-skin, before noon to-morrow, I'm no hunter." "That's if we run one into the lake for you, I remarked, turning to Frank, for it had been arranged that Jack was to keep the tent, and watch the lake, while Frank and myself were to hunt for that day. Jack frowned but said nothing. We two have followed many a trail successfully together, and all men who have done this in the woods, have learned to take their part with the stoicism of an Indian.

Now I have always been willing to grant that Jack can handle a paddle with a silence and dexterity equalled by no other of us. And for drilling a deer's head from the bow of a dancing canoe at three hundred yards he hasn't a peer. But a good eye on water is seldom sure-death in the woods. I never

saw him miss when afloat, and if I have missed in the woods, Jack never saw it or heard the crack of my rifle in such a disgrace. Frank is as yet only a youngster of seventeen. But a soul of honor looks out of his big blue eyes, his foot is as silent as an Iroquois, and his aim, though it has its defects, is full of promise.

It was getting late and as we all knew the fall of snow meant an early start, we set about getting to rest. There is a Christian Pantheism that takes possession of most sensitive minds in the woods. God seems nearer and more real, you feel the throb of His great heart, and with it, a security seldom realized at other times. Each fellow kneeled down to pray, remembering the dear ones at home, and a few other things, and then lay down to sleep. All rose at four, and on looking out found it had snowed about two inches. The moon and stars were out, making the night-woods look like fairy land. Our spirits beat high, for there is nothing a "still-hunter" likes better than a carpet of snow, it makes the trail certain and easy to keep. By five we were off, our shooting jackets buttoned tightly, and our Winchester's over our shoulders.

Taking the bearings by the compass, we struck into the forest, walking in a north-westerly direction. Not more than half a mile had been covered before we came on the trail of four deer. Dropping on our knees to examine this welcome sight, it took but a minute to determine, by the size and order of the tracks, the dimensions and nature of our game. A large buck, a big doe, a yearling, and a fawn. There was no snow in the foot prints, indicating they couldn't be more than an hour in our front. "This trail is a long one," I remarked, "you see, Frank, it holds towards the beaver meadow, which is all of eight miles from here; but here goes! and mind, boy, your moccasin must not speak." Noiselessly for three hours we followed them over rocks, through gullies, amid slash, under trees that had become giants by playing the athlete with a thousand snow storms. The wind was against us, that is it blew in our backs, and by the unbroken character of the trail, we feared it was giving the deer our scent. When within half a mile of the marsh Frank said, "See! here they stopped, and here they nibbled the twigs."

These were encouraging signs, they had not smelt us. "They

are having a breakfast of marsh hay," said I, "and we must surprise them." "You, Frank, take the south, I'll head to the north; keep the wind off the meadow, and we'll dine on venison steak. Your feet must be a cat's and your breathing must be done inside. As to that fine form of yours, well, there must always be a tree between it and any thing that has eyes. Don't forget you carry a rifle."

He laughed, and said, "Never shoot without catching the sight; never run till you have registered; a cool head and a steady hand gets deer." With this bit of sportsman's banter we parted. Frank's course lay through woods and rock, thus providing plenty of cover, his only danger being, noise. Mine ran through slash and burnt open.

I had covered the slash, and was darting from stub to stub in the burn with an eye ever on the marsh which lay below us; when I saw the fawn feeding some four hundred yards distant The rifle was raised and sighted instantly. But thought was swifter than action and it came down as quickly. "No—Frank won't get a shot if I do, and mine is only a chance: and besides we want the big fellow; no, that won't do!" and I blushed at my own blunder as I thought of Jack's merriment if he had witnessed such a childish movement. "What a fool I should have been had I pulled on that whiffit of a fawn!" I fancied even Frank laughing at me. "Why a fellow would have been ashamed to take it to camp. No, its a low trick to shoot a young thing like that."

By this time I was nearly across the burn, and no sight of the antlers yet. Five minutes' silent creeping found me full north of the east end of the swamp, snugly hidden behind a fallen birch. The marsh was immediately scanned in hope of locating Frank, but in vain. Knowing that his path was longer than mine, if not so difficult, I settled down and waited until quite sure that he must have gained a position south of the meadow and opposite my own. Then on hands and knees I crept behind a cluster of alders that grew on the edge of the grass. And while lying there remembered that another lake lay a mile west of the beaver's home, and should the deer get the start of us they would, in all probability, make for it. I must skirt the grass and cut off their retreat. This was easily done, for,

should they scent us and run for the lake, my good "45, 75" was quite equal to any distance the marsh presented. The movement was fortunate, for Frank had entered at the south-east corner, and I was only well up the side of the meadow when his Winchester spoke. The next moment the king of the herd came bounding up the middle of the marsh, not more than two hundred yards to my left. In another moment he had turned a summersault, and lay all his length with my bullet in his shoulders. At that instant Frank came running towards me. "What a rack of horns! That fellow will tip the scale at 240, and the doe is almost as fine. She lies in the alders yonder. Shake, old man," he cried, taking my hand and laughing aloud at the sport.

While dressing our deer we discussed plans by which we could get such heavy game to camp. About two miles to the south we knew there lived a settler named Frazer, a good hearted fellow, who would put his horse and jumper at our disposal for the asking, (and a quarter of venison). We therefore decided to bend the heads of our deer up between their forelegs, and drag them over the snow to our friend's cabin. Once there a saw-log road ran round the lake near our camp, and on it, all would be smooth sailing.

How we worked, and how many times we felt that every ounce of that meat was dearly earned, I will not dare to say. But after hours of tugging and sweating, we arrived at the hut of our friend, tired, hot, and ravenous.

The settler received us warmly, after the fashion of the woods, and congratulated us on our luck. "Annie, prepare the gents some dinner," said he, addressing a big, healthy, good-looking girl of sixteen, who cheerfully did his bidding. Oh, that dinner! pork, cabbage, potatoes (in their jackets), buttermilk, cakes. Why, an essay might be written on the qualities of that meal which would rival Lamb's unique bit of drollery on roast pig.

While we were demolishing these substantial viands, our host informed us that two nights before, a little daughter had been born into their home. Frank declared he would have the honor of presenting the young lady with her first dress. I claimed the distinction of shoeing her tiny feet, and begged the honor of suggesting a name. Frank said, "why, there is only

one name I could think of giving a girl." "And what is that?" said our host. "Why, Grace, of course," said Frank, blushing to his finger tips. "There is still one name left," I remarked, "Friend Frazer! call her 'Eva.' It's a nice name to own." "It shall be done," said he, "that is, if the mother is willing," and his face saddened as he said it. "Pardon us, neighbor, is all well with your family?" I inquired. "Well—no—the little thing had a convulsion two hours ago, and her mother is afeared it haint agoin' to pull through, and although she has seven other children, she a sort o' clings to this one in a pitiful, tender-like way. I'm afeared it'll kill her if the baby does die. Oh, young gents, its mighty hard alivin' back here at times like this," and here the hardy bushman broke down and sobbed aloud. I think we cried too.

"Is there nothing we can do for the sufferers? Can't a doctor be brought?" I asked. "Something, let us do something!"

"Young man, me and that 'ere woman has been back here thirteen years, and raised them seven children, and no doctor has ever crossed that door-sill, and no preacher neither, but you, and an old Free Methodist what stayed over night onst. The neard'st doctor is at Gravenhurst, thirty miles away, and who'd pay him if he did come? But thinkin' as you're a minister, the woman was sayin', if there only was a preacher to baptize the child, Christian-like, she wouldn't take it so hard."

"Would it please your wife to see a minister?" I said timidly. "Oh, she'd set a heap o' store by it." "Well, then, you ask her, and if she wishes it, I will pray with her," I said, not knowing what was best to do.

He entered the room and remained for a minute, then returned, beckoning me to enter. Addressing me by name, the mother stretched out her hand, and said, "God sent you, I am sure He did." Oh, these mothers of ours! She looked like an angel as she said, "My baby! my baby! will you baptize it, and then it wont be lost?" Pulling a chair near the bed, and sitting down, I took her hand between mine. I never before heard such an appeal, and never felt so utterly helpless. Her husband was standing near the bed. "Yes," I said, "if it will make you happy, I will do anything in my power." "Thank you, God bless you, I can bear it now," she said, and the soft pressure of

her hand became warm and strong. "You are not afraid of what God will do with your baby, Mrs. Frazer?" I enquired "Well, not quite that, but". "Listen," I spoke softly, "Could you love a God who would allow that sweet little treasure to be lost, because of a mere accident in the circumstances of its birth?"

She looked at me in silence, and then at her baby; her lips quivered. Her eyes still on the baby, she said, "No, I should hate—but—oh, my baby—does He not command it?" "I have never seen such a command. It is not in His word," I answered. "No, we are not asked to love such a being as that."

"Oh, we make His love too narrow,
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

"Pining soul! come nearer Jesus,
Come—but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more bravely,
His great tenderness for us.

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

After repeating this hymn, with a few passages of Scripture, we knelt and prayed. Was God ever so great to me? ever so near? had I ever prayed before? Don't tell me He does not hear and answer. When we arose the baby was dead. The mother was holding its soft cheek to her own, and the warm flood of a mother's love was dropping from her eyes over its tiny face.

The rough woodsman was transformed. How his manhood shone out! He sat on the side of the bed and stroked his wife's hair, and kissed her forehead, and patted her hand, and called her the pet name of the wooing-time again. And all the while great gusts of tears fell on his bronzed hands. The moment was sacred. I left them with their grief and comfort.

Frank and I did not talk much on the way to camp with the deer. I remember feeling glad that I had not killed the fawn. We came back that night bringing Jack along. In the stable, by the dim light of a very smoky lantern, we made a

rude coffin out of the side boards of the jumper, that being the only available lumber about the place. We cut niches across the boards and cramped them into real coffin shape. With a white sheet from the house we covered the rough wood inside and out, making a casket as white and pure as its spotless wee occupant.

The children of the family made a pillow and bed, which we stuffed with fragrant spruce leaves. A scolloped frill nailed around the top of the coffin made it complete. Rude as it was, it did seem better than none. The rest of the children thought it "lovely," when baby sister was tenderly placed inside.

On the afternoon of the following day a few neighbors gathered in sympathy. The little casket stood on a table in the middle of the room: a wreath of evergreen, made by the children, was on the lid. We sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." Frank's clear tenor and Jack's deep bass were full of pathos. How precious the familiar word of God seemed to us as we read:

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me."

"My grace is sufficient for you."

"Stand still and see the salvation of God."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

After prayer, Frank and Jack followed me, bearing between them the tiny coffin. Jack had prepared a little grave under three great hemlocks in the woods. We were followed by the whole company. Over the grave of that wee mite of the forest, the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," startled us as I repeated the solemn burial service. One by one the company returned to the cabin until we three fellows found ourselves alone under the hemlocks with the dead.

Frank blazed the tree at the grave's head with his axe, making a flat surface on its side. With my hunting knife I cut in the old tree "BABY EVA." And as each letter was finished, I felt that "nothing but the Infinite pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life."

Ralph W. Trotter.

"SOHRAB AND RUSTUM."

(Read before the Camelot Club of McMaster University.)

Since, in this meeting, it is our pleasure to discuss the poem "Sohrab and Rustum," an appropriate introduction may be quoted from Matthew Arnold himself, who has said, "The best poetry is what we want; the best poetry will be found to have a power of forming, sustaining and delighting us as nothing else can. The characters of the high quality of poetry arise in (1) its metre and substance: (2) its manner and style. Both of these: the substance and matter on the one hand, the style and manner on the other, have a mark, an accent of high beauty, worth and power. Now, the substance and matter of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree truth and seriousness. We may add yet further what is in itself evident: that to the style and manner of the best poetry, its special character of accent is given by its diction and even yet more by its movement." By an application to a certain extent of these principles which our poet has stated regarding poetry of worth, the writer of this paper will endeavor to express her view as to whether or not he has succeeded in the poem "Sohrab and Rustum." An apology might be made for attempting this, only she knows that every poem should be subjected to fair and impartial criticism. Besides, it may be a means of promoting lively discussion at the close of this paper.

The story of Sohrab and Rustum is a strange one. Sohrab was the son of Rustum, who had obtained a renown beyond that of all contemporary heroes. Rustum was away in a distant land at the time of Sohrab's birth, and afterwards received word from the mother that his child was a daughter. Sohrab grew up a war-loving youth, and sought fame under the banners of the chief of a wandering horde of Tartars, whose armies he commanded. He showed superior skill in battle, and his one great desire was to win glory, in the hope that the sound of his fame might reach his father, whom he had never seen. He obtained permission from the leader of the army to encounter Rustum in single combat, whom, however, he knew not as his father. Rustum fought under a feigned name. Three times

they met, the last being fatal to Sohrab, who, when dying, warned his conqueror to dread the rage of the mighty Rustum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son. The father was wild with grief when shown the proof of this fact: the seal which Sohrab's mother had placed on her son's arm when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. Sohrab died. Rustum, heart-broken, burned his tents and goods and fulfilled his dying son's requests.

There are two facts which reconcile us to the improbability of this tale: (1) Rustum had no idea that his son existed, because the mother of Sohrab had written to him that the child was a daughter. (2) Rustum fought under a feigned name which was not an uncommon usage in the chivalrous combat of those days.

In consideration of this, Matthew Arnold has shown poetic power by building on an unsteady foundation a towering structure. There is a lack of truth and seriousness in the supposed facts regarding Sohrab and Rustum, but yet there is much truth and seriousness in the portrayal of the characters of these two heroic chieftains. How often was Rustum on the verge of discovering the truth, yet how adroitly was its revelation evaded! Thus the story, by the very reason of its improbability, has gained an interest, stimulated poetic conception and attained completion.

The poem "Sohrab and Rustum" possesses that something which ennobles life, and fills time with serious thoughts of the purpose of life. It has a soul of beauty and power which makes it live. It has an intense human element which reaches to the very depths of our sympathies for the unfortunate. The recognition of their failings and virtues is the more possible to us because the author has made them so like ourselves. When Sohrab's heart throbbed with joy on finding his long-sought parent, do not ours, also, beat faster in time with his? Can we realize the satisfaction which filled his brave young heart so completely as when writhing in the pangs of death he said:

> "I find
> My father; let me feel that I have found!
> Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
> My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks.
> And wash them with thy tears, and say: *My son!*
> . . . . . .

So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth."

Do we doubt that these are poetic touches, that there is a world of heart and beauty in them? So, too, when the awful truth began to dawn upon Rustum,

. . . "He listened, plunged in thought
And his soul set to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon."

Here is the presentation of the thought, full, free, bright and rocking, even as the ocean. Such glorious passages compensate for defects elsewhere in melody of expression and beauty of thought.

The description of the final conflict is wonderful. The rushing together of the combatants, as two eagles rush down from the clouds on one prey, the clang of shields, the dreadful din, as of hewing axes and crashing trees in the forest, the darkness enveloping the two, the wind moaning over the plain, the sandy whirlwind wrapping the pair, the blood-shot eyes and laboring breath all combine to make a scene of strife terrible in its reality.

"Sohrab and Rustum" is an objective poem, yet there are occasional passages written subjectively. In these the poet is pathetic and tender, giving a glimpse of the sad-toned truths which touch every human heart. These, by their generality and their application to every individual, add to the human interest.

"For we are all like swimmers in the sea
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land
Or whether it will roll us out to sea;
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death
We know not, and no search will make us know;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

The above quotation seems to contain the element of fatalism, so marked throughout the poem. Matthew Arnold admired Greek tragedies. It may have been that in imitation of them he took Fate, unrelenting, cruel, immutable, as the key-note of "Sohrab and Rustum." Sohrab strove against its power. He, at the same time, seemed to know the uselessness of the strife, for he said:

"For I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee; and thy heart spoke, too—
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurled me on my father's spear."

Also, in referring to his death, the same thought appears:

. . . . "For like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden and swift and like a passing wind;
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

Rustum at the last lamented the fact that he had spent all his life in staying his bitterest foes. He wished that he might have rest, with the ocean waves flowing over him. Sohrab uttered words, with the prophetic instinct of the dying, to the effect that he would have peace on the day when returning home over the salt blue sea. Notice the characteristic reply:

"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

In regard to the poetic diction, to the manner and style, faults are here and there detected. One writer has said that the style should involve and display the subject-matter as the drapery in a consummate statue folds over and around the figure. In this poem there is not perfect fidelity to the thought in its fullness and importance. In the first place, long-drawn similes are found at the most critical moments. These, being ambiguous, distract the attention from the main thought and become tedious. For illustration:

"As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And followed her to find her where she fell
Far off; anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole; at that he checks
His pinion, and with short, uneasy sweeps,
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest: but she
Lies dying with the arrow in her side,

In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it;
Never the black and dripping precipices
Echo her stormy screams as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not."

It was quite considerate in the poet by his repetition of the first of the simile, after the lengthy description of the eagle, to relieve the reader from the necessity of going back to search for the end of the broken thread. Together with the above-mentioned defect, there is a lack of taste in the comparison of Sohrab, as he walked to meet Rustum, first, "to a poor drudge with numb, blackened fingers;" then, "to some young cypress, tall, dark and straight." The latter would not be so conspicuous if allowed to stand alone in its strength and simplicity; but, alas! the information is furnished of that same young cypress throwing

"Its slight, dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—"

Certainly this is a beautiful scene of quiet and rest, excellent in itself, but one which is in no way suggested by that of hot, burning sand and "black tents clustering like bee-hives."

The poetic diction is marred by the wrong accentuation of many words; the ever-recurring use of the insignificant word "and"; also, by the occurrence of commonplace expressions. How clearly shown is the contrast between a poetical and a prosaical expression, particularly when one directly follows the other:

"The frost flowers the whitened window panes,"

while the rich woman looks upon the drudge, and

"Wonders how she lives and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be."

It may thus be justly concluded from portions of the poem that Matthew Arnold, although glowing, perhaps, with the beauty or importance of a truth, has failed to express it in fluent and natural, but has rather used stilted and commonplace, language; and that, consequently, there is wanting smoothness anp melody of expression.

Notwithstanding this, there is that in it which pleases in its perusal. It is a noble poem. It shows nobility of character. Sohrab strikes chords of sympathy with his ardent desires, ambition for glory, pride in his unknown parent, boldness in encountering danger, strength of purpose, reluctance to do wrong, persistence in the strife against fate, final yielding to its grasp, for "it was writ in Heaven that this should be." Rustum touches notes of pity with his pride of old age, fame hard-earned in battle, indifference to insignificant requests, quick response to call of duty, critical view of a supposed enemy's actions, calculating remarks intended to dispel suspicion, unassuaged grief at the death of his son—they are intensely human. The poem is, therefore, the more complete.

The last portion is a fitting and final consummation of the thought of fatalism which pervades the whole. The life of the old warrior Rustum has been foiled of its purposes, it has been circuitous as the course of the river, but at last both reached the mighty ocean, as Fate had willed :

> "The longed-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
> His luminous home of waters opens, bright
> And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
> Emerge and shine upon the Aral Sea."

M. E. Burnette.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The photograph from which our frontispiece has been prepared is, of course, not a recent one, for the simple reason that Editor Wells has little time or inclination to frequent photograph galleries. It does not, therefore, indicate the weight of years, the resultant wisdom and gravity, and the editorial authority which many of our readers may have accustomed themselves to associate with the name at the head of our leading article. It is, however, an excellent picture of the well-remembered Principal of the old C. L. I., and will, we believe, be all the more prized on that account. The editor of the *Canadian Baptist* may appear on some future occasion.

Our March number will contain a biographical sketch, with portrait, of the late Deacon Stephen Tucker, of Clarence, Ont., from the

pen of one well-known and highly esteemed for his own eminent service on the Home Mission field, Rev. John Higgins, of Ottawa. We feel sure that our readers will look forward to this number with great interest.

The Intercollegiate debate, which took place on Friday evening, 25th ult., in the chapel of Victoria College, between Messrs. Hazen and Crawford, of that institution, and Messrs. Sycamore and Vichert, of McMaster, with Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D., in the chair, was a great success. The resolution, "That the House of Lords of Great Britain should be abolished," was affirmed by Victoria and opposed by McMaster in animated and effective speeches. The presence of the Chancellors, most of the Professors and students, and a large number of the friends of both colleges showed that great interest had been awakened, and a first-class debate was expected. The speakers had thoroughly studied many aspects of the question at issue and acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable to themselves and pleasing to their audience, who frequently showed their appreciation in true college style. The honorable chairman complimented the debaters on the excellence of their speeches, and summed up and weighed the various arguments in a brief but masterly fashion. That the verdict was in favor of the opposition was naturally satisfactory to friends and students of McMaster. The deep interest sustained through all the exercises, the presence of the genial and honored Minister of Education, the beautiful chapel, and the friendliness and interest so manifest in every countenance, all contributed to make the evening an exceedingly pleasant one. As Chancellor Burwash said in closing, we hope it will not be the last of the kind.

Organization is one of the watchwords of the age. The world has never been so well organized for work as it is to-day, and never, perhaps, has better work been done than is being done at present. All this organization is good. Without it much energy would go to waste, and much beneficent activity would be lacking in the best results. The one danger of all this is that organization may cease to be a means and become an end in itself; and, if we mistake not, there are signs of such a tendency all around us, and no where, perhaps, more than in the universities of this continent. For a long time there has seemed to be a mania for organizing societies and clubs for every conceivable purpose. Many of these are justifying their existence by the good work they are doing, but there are not a few upon whom writs *quo warranto* should be served at once. In many cases there are unmistakable evidences that a desire to appear before the world as doing important work, is

more potent with the members than the desire to do the real work that they as undergraduates could be fairly expected to do, In other words, their very pretentiousness proves their comparative uselessness. By reason of its youth our university has so far avoided this danger, and it will be well if our students will see to it that they continue to do so.

The Psychology of Childhood.—Our readers will remember the review of this little book published in these columns a few months ago. Dr. Frederick Tracy, its author, of the University of Toronto, has issued it anew, and a Canadian edition by Copp, Clark & Co., Toronto, brings it within easy access to our readers. It was formerly published in pamphlet form, but the new edition is beautifully bound, the print is clear, and certain errors of type which disfigured the first edition, have been removed. The content of the book remain the same, with the exception of a minor change or two rendered necessary by the advancement of the science. Many testimonials of eminent educators bear witness to the importance of the subject, and the ability and learning which Professor Tracy has brought to its treatment. We take pleasure in commending it again to our readers.

"Some Unsolved Problems of the Higher Criticism" is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet of sixty pages, recently issued, from the pen of Professor Goodspeed, D.D The substance of the pamphlet was delivered in Toronto in the form of two public lectures: the first, at the annual opening of McMaster University, October 12th, 1894; the second, a week or two later. Dr. Goodspeed has done well in consenting to the publication of his materials in the present form. The Higher Criticism, while imperfectly understood by the many, has extended its influence very widely, and created the need for discussions of its aims and results at once competent, brief, and sufficiently popular for the ordinary Christian intelligence. The general literature of the subject is much too voluminous and technical for any but men of leisure and scholarship. Dr. Goodspeed's pamphlet admirably meets the need mentioned. The historical sketch in the earlier pages furnish a fair and comprehensive statement of the origin of this species of Old Testament criticism, of its principles and methods, and of the conclusions so far reached. The "Unsolved Problems" presented in the later pages indicate sufficiently that the Higher Criticism has not passed the hypothetical stage, and that the solution of the apparently insoluble is the task yet to be performed, if its claims are to be made good. Dr. Goodspeed exhibits a thorough-going acquaintance with his subject: thinks strongly and clearly upon it; and makes his presentation in the command of a vigorous style. The pamphlet should have a wide circulation.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. Newman,
W. J. Thorold,
Miss M. E. Dryden, } *Editors.*

The University.

Professor (to student entering a room for an exam. in Philosophy): "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now!"

Sophomore (reading and translating a French author): "Qui donne à l'église prête à Dieu. Who gives to the English lends to the Lord."

W. J. Thorold, so says Dame Rumor, is busily engaged in writing another serial romance, the plot of which is laid in modern Constantinople.

Mr. George H. Sneyd, '97, has the hearty sympathy of all in the recent bereavement which has come to him in the loss of his father.

O. G. Langford is enjoying the luxury of moving. He is changing his pastorate from Grimsby to Georgetown.

The annual dinner of class '95, which as before will be held on St. Valentine's day, is being anticipated with smiling interest. As in the past it will be one of the events of the year.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Waugh, one of our students, is recovering so rapidly from his severe sickness, that his physician predicts for him an early return to duties.

We are pleased to welcome among us this term another lady student. Miss Klinck comes to us from the Toronto Bible Training School and has entered the first year in the regular Arts course.

Professor (trying to close a troublesome shutter).... "I find it very difficult, gentlemen, to lecture in philosophy and at the same time keep out the light."

Dr. and Mrs. Newman recently gave two afternoons to the entertainment of McMaster and Moulton and other friends. Our professors and their wives lose no opportunity of showing kindness to the students, and no one has a greater capacity for enjoyment at such times than the hard-working undergraduate.

In a review of Dr. Newman's new History of the Baptists, the following sentence occurs, which shows what a mistaken idea of age can be taken from reading a man's literary productions:

"This history, however, is the result of much study and wide reading by a venerable man, and no one can afford to be unacquainted with it." Imagine the Doctor's hearty laughter when he read this passage!

Under the efficient instruction of H. N. Shaw, B.A., our lecturer in Elocution, much latent talent is being developed. His classes are evincing unusual interest and ability. McMaster is becoming noted for the excellence of her students in the art of expression. It is a great thing to have something to say and to be able to say it well.

On the afternoon of Friday, the 25th, McMaster students had the pleasure of attending a large "At Home," given to the friends of the College by the Faculty of Moulton. The afternoon was a decided success. The parlors never looked more inviting, nor did the guests ever chat more freely. Several hundred were present and enjoyed the occasion, all the more because this was the first opportunity which had been given for nearly a year, of meeting the ladies of Moulton in their own home. Some of the boys, at least, appreciated this fact and made the most of their opportunity.

Students' Class in Poetry. Chairman,—Yes, I think an exquisite sonnet might be written on the song of the rain.

Class,—Hear, hear!

Chairman,—"Now, Mr. Wag, for instance, what do you suppose the rain on a beautiful summer evening says to the dust?"

Mr. Wag,—"Very probably it whispers: 'Pretty dust, your name is mud.'"

The disastrous fires which took place in Toronto during the past month will long be remembered by all McMaster students. Few of them saw the first blaze, but there were few indeed who failed to avail themselves of the opportunity of seeing a grand conflagration when the blood-red skies betokened a second fire. Soon after the fire bells had rung, the Hall was almost deserted, even staid professors hurried down to the scene of destruction and returned with dripping garments and smokey countenances. To describe the fire would be to reiterate what has become an old story through the instrumentality of the energetic newspapers. We refer you to these for further particulars.

On Friday, Jan. 18th, the Literary and Scientific Society met in the College chapel, for the election of officers for the present term. The following nominees were successful at the polls:—President, J. Russell, '95; 1st Vice-President, L. Brown, '96; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. Paterson, '96; Secretary, J. A. Tiller, '97; Recording Secretary, R. Routledge, '95; Editors, J. J. McNeill, '96, and H. N. McKechnie, '97. This was a rousing meeting. The moments while the ballots were being written were filled with lusty shouts, as each in giant tones supported his man. The elections, however, closed most harmoniously. While many fell in the fight, the few who survive feel that the new duties which come with the several offices will take a great deal of thought and time, and in this sense they are not to be envied by their defeated rivals. The Literary and Scientific Society, last term, under the excellent leadership of S. R. Tarr, '95, did good work. The meetings all being interesting and helpful. We are looking forward to still further advance this term.

The Class of '98, the Freshmen of McMaster, held their first Annual Rally in the residence of Dr. B. D. Thomas, Roxborough Ave. All who were present at this maiden gathering unite in pronouncing it a great success. Although the snow fell to the depth of several feet, the Freshmen and their ladies were not deterred from their course, and their pluck was rewarded by the pleasant evening which they spent. During the evening the following programme was rendered :

I. Address of Welcome,..... President Y. A. King.
II. Reply,..... G. H. Clarke, '95.
III. Duet,..... .....Misses Bailey and Holmes.
IV. Class Poem,.....
V. Class Oration,..... .....L. H. Thomas.

Refreshments were served in approved style and the remainder of the evening was spent in social conversation, games, etc. Not until nearly morning did they separate, to plough their way through the snow drifts to their several homes. The Freshmen are to be congratulated on the success of this their first Rally.

Victory ! Victory ! Victoria ! !....We fully expected last Saturday morning to hear the newsboys calling out, "All about the Inter-Collegiate debate !" but as they did not, we feel that it devolves upon us to do so here. Last Friday night (Jan. 25th), at eight o'clock, McMaster moved over into the chapel of Victoria University in a body to hear the final decision of the matter, whether or not "the House of Lords of Great Britain should be abolished." After a short but interesting preliminary programme furnished by Victoria students, Hon. G. W. Ross acting as chairman, the debate began The Victoria representatives were Mr. G. N. Hazen and Mr. A. W. Crawford, both of '95, who argued ably for the affirmative of the question, and would straightway have abolished the Lords had it not been for the McMaster speakers, Mr. J. C. Sycamore, '96, and Mr. J. F. Vichert, '97. who were even more determined in arguing for the negative. Powerful speeches were made on both sides and much cheering and applause from the friends of both Universities testified to the sympathy and appreciation of the audience. When the chairman finally rose to sum up all the arguments brought forward and to give the decision, a hush fell over the assembly and

"The boldest held his breath—for a time"—

not for a long time, however, for the air soon rang with cheers and shouts of "Boom on Mac,"—when the judge pronounced in favor of the negative. Victoria showed its good feeling by joining in the cheering, and the hearty singing of the national anthem brought the meeting to a close.

McMaster wishes here to express its appreciation of the kindness and good feeling shown it by Victoria, from beginning to end, in the matter of the debate, and its hope that such amicable relations may long be continued.

During the past month we have had the honor of hearing and seeing in our own Hall the man who preaches to the largest congrega-

tion in America. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, while in the city for the purpose of delivering a lecture in one of Toronto's popular educational courses, kindly consented to come to McMaster Hall and address the students. Coming almost direct from the train, he was allowed no time for preparing an address, but a man who is full of ideas never lacks the power to speak fluently to an interested audience. After hearing his eloquent and highly instructive words, we wondered what manner of performance a carefully prepared address would be. Something sublime, surely! His theme was "Success," and in glowing words he showed us that in order to succeed, a man must learn to invest himself to the best advantage. To exemplify his point he drew from his rich store of personal experience, showing how he had made many mistakes in early life and had only found out where he was wanted in advanced years. When he took his seat he was heartily applauded, and, after he had expressed his thanks for the appreciative hearing he had received, he asked to be allowed to shake hands with the boys, who came up in single file, received his hearty greeting and passed on. He must have been arm-weary before he had completed this task, but he continued bravely to the end. We shall always remember this strong, kind and helpful man.

THE Annual Social Gathering of Class '96 took place on the evening of January 21st. Although the weather did its best to dampen their ardor, it found out that it takes more than rain to dampen the ardor of '96, when they have once made up their minds to have a sleigh-drive. All day the rain poured down and the heavy snow-fall of the past few days began to soften and melt away before their eyes. However at seven o'clock, two large vans arrived at the University, and, although the snow was soft, the drivers assured the assembled merry-makers that there was plenty left for their purposes. Ladies, gentlemen, cornets, tin horns and other paraphernalia filled up all the space, and amid shouts, blasts of etherial music and cheers from the clustered heads at the windows, they drove merrily away. Moulton College was the first place visited and then the residences of all the professors were serenaded. After a most delightful drive of nearly two hours, they returned to the building, where they found the chapel transformed into a roomy and pleasant drawing-room. After refreshments in an adjoining room, hosts and guests returned to the extempore drawing-room to listen to the following programme :

Address of Welcome,	Hon. President, Miss E. N. Timpany.
Response,	B. Routledge, '95.
Class History,	H. H. Newman.
Class Poem,	Miss M. E. Dryden.
Instrumental Solo,	A. G. Baker.
Class Oration,	A. S. Imrie.
Quartette,	Misses Timpany and Dryden.
	Messrs. C. E. Scott and J. B. Paterson.

To each lady present was given a programme, tastefully decorated by Mr. G. H. Campbell. The humorous and suggestive pen sketches will be reminders to the ladies of the pleasant time they spent in company with Class '96.

Founder's Day was held this year on Friday, Dec. 21st. After an admirable dinner, the programme of toasts was commenced. The Chancellor and the University was proposed by C. J. Cameron, B.A., and responded to by Dr. Rand: the Faculty, by J. C. Sycamore and Prof. Trotter; Sister Institutions, by Mr. Turnbull of Knox, Mr. Kirkwood of Toronto, Mr. Maloney of Wycliffe, and Mr. Smith of Woodstock. Letters were read from Victoria and Trinity. The Graduating Classes in Arts and Theology, were responded to respectively by W. J. Thorold and R. Garside, B.A; the Societies, by J. W. Russell for the Literary and Scientific, J. F. Vichert for the Tennysonian, E. J. Stobo for the Theological, H. C. Priest, B.A., for the Fyfe Missionary. Then G. H. Clarke replied on behalf of The McMaster University Monthly: A. N. Marshall, of the Ladies; P. C. McGregor, of the Steward and Matron. The function was remarkably successful.

Later in the evening a large audience gathered, filling the Chapel and adjoining room to overflowing, again accentuating the need of increased accommodation, such as would be afforded by a spacious assembly hall. After the singing of a hymn and prayer, Chancellor Rand delivered an eloquent address. Following a piano solo, was the reading of Founder's Day poems. A sonnet from the pen of Mr. G. H. Clarke was read by Prof. Trotter, and a short poem of Miss Blanche Bishop's was read by Dr. Rand. Prof. Wells, Editor of *The Canadian Baptist*, then delivered the address of the evening. It was an able and scholarly effort. Following a five minute intermission, came the second part of the programme, which was furnished by the undergraduates. Mr. Roy contributed a cornet solo, Mr. Sycamore a reading, and Messrs. Baker and Cohoe a number of excellent stereopticon views, which put the departing audience in excellent humor.

The Ladies Literary League of McMaster University, a few weeks ago, reached such a stage of importance that its members decided that they should no longer lead a life of seclusion, but should shine forth and illumine the dark outside world. Accordingly, they determined to hold an open meeting and show the public that there was a large amount of latent ability among the ladies of the University. They succeeded admirably in their efforts. A large audience heard them recite, sing and debate, and no one doubted their ability along any of these lines. The following programme was rendered:—

Instrumental Duet, . . .	Misses Wolverton, '97, and Fisher.
Reading	Miss Gile, '98.
Vocal Solo, ...	Miss Woolverton, '97.
Essay, Browning, ...	Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A.
Instrumental.	Miss Fisher.

Debate.—*Resolved*, That the present wealth of magazine literature is detrimental to the most thorough culture:

Negative—Miss Newman, '97. . . Affirmative—Miss Eby, '97.

Vocal Solo, ... Miss Timpany, '96.

National Anthem.

Mr. McLay's essay was a strong and sustained effort. He pos-

sesses the uncommon quality of stating his thoughts in plain and comparatively simple language. When he had completed his essay we all felt that we had heard a masterpiece. Miss Timpany, '96, was an able and dignified president, and her opening address was well received. The ladies are to be highly congratulated on the excellence of their programme We hope to have the pleasure of being present at meetings of a similar character in the future.

(We endeavor, in so far as we are able, to make our College news a faithful record of events, and therefore, even though an item is not always just up to date, it must not be omitted if it is of importance. The above item is important and is inserted in this number, not because it was not written, but because it was unavoidably omitted by the printers.)

Moulton College.

Our students were entertained very pleasantly at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Newman last week. The evenings were greatly enjoyed by us all and we appreciated the graceful hospitality as only students, exiled from home, can do.

A recent business meeting of the Heliconian resulted in the election of the following officers:—President, Miss Kirk; Vice-President, Miss Dryden; Secretary, Miss Isabel Matthews; Treasurer, Miss Rosser; Editors, Misses Cowan and MacLean; Executive Committee, Misses Hart, McKay and Taylor.

The skating rink is once more the centre of attraction here. During the recreation hours it has a merry crowd of skaters in all stages of the art. There is the fancy skater who glides gracefully over bumps and ridges, the fast skater who can scarcely confine her energies to the limited space at her disposal, and the skater who spends her time sitting either on the bank or the rink proper. The time-honored rink meantime reminds us all of happy days in the past and sometimes causes a faint wonder as to who will skate there next year and the years after. We wish them all good-speed.

An interesting session of the Mission Circle was held on the morning of the 19th.

Hymn ..... 140.
Prayer and Scripture Reading.
Minutes. Roll Call.
Reading—Miss Simpson's letter on Caste Girls' School ..... Miss J. [Dryden.
Duett ..... Misses Taylor and Johnson.
Outlook of Mission Work for 1895—Dr. Boggs ..... Miss McLean.
Extracts from Miss McLaurin's letter ..... Miss Timpany.

At the close of this programme a discussion was held on the practical

work to be attempted during the term. Several gave interesting accounts of methods by which they had earned money for the Circle during the Christmas vacation.

THE snow-fall on Friday, the 18th, filled the heart of every Moulton girl with delight; and immediately there was any prospect of sleighing, many busy heads were at work, planning for the annual sleigh-drive, which was to be enjoyed on Saturday evening. All circumstance seemed to portend a jolly time, and arrangements completed at about eight o'clock, a large van, filled to overflowing with happy girls, left the College. For two hours the excellent sleighing and delightful evening were enjoyed to the fullest possible extent, and then the party returned to partake of an oyster supper, prepared under Miss Harper's thoughtful supervision.

THE Mendelssohn Choir, a new organization in Toronto, under the direction of Mr. A. S Vogt, gave its first concert on Friday evening, Jan. 15th, in the Massey Hall. The Society was greeted by a large audience, of which some of our number formed a part. In a performance of such excellence, it is hard to particularize. The last number was Mendelssohn's Motette, "Judge me, O God," for double choir, which was beautifully rendered. We have heard this given by large choruses both in the States and Canada, but never better than by the Mendelssohn Choir.

Several part songs were given, without accompaniment: MacFarren's "You Stole my Love,' and a Lullaby, "Sweet and Low," by Mr. Mason, a Torontonian, being encored.

The last number is a little gem. The composer was called before the audience and bowed his acknowledgments. The choir is composed of about one hundred and seventy voices, some of Toronto's leading soloists being among the number. The parts were well balanced, with the exception of a slight weakness on the part of the altos; but we understand some of the most telling alto voices were unavoidably absent.

The soloists were Madame Lillian Beauvelt, and the Beethoven Trio of Toronto—Herrs Klingenfeld and Ruth, and Mr. Field. Madame Blauvelt won the hearts of the audience from the moment she stepped on the platform; her manners are charming; she is a beautiful woman and has a grand voice and sings without the least effort. Her first number was the "Jewel Song," from Faust. The flexibility of her voice showed to great advantage in this exacting Aria. She was enthusiastically recalled and sang as an encore Schumann's "Moonlight." Her second number was a double one, "Au Printemps," by Bouhy, and "Fallah Fallah," by Van der Stucken. Both songs were artistically rendered; a *C* in alt, in the latter song, was a full ringing tone and filled the large hall. We hope to hear her soon again. The Beethoven Trio gave Raff's Adagio Op. 112. Herr Klingenfeld played a violin solo, "Airs Russes, by Wiedlawski; Herr Ruth played an "Air" for cello, by Bach, and Mr. Field gave Liszts' Polonaise in *E*. Each artiste sustained his previous reputation. Special mention must be made of

Mr. Field's playing; he was in his happiest mood and delighted the audience with his rendering of this difficult Polonaise.

Mr. Vogt and the Choir are to be congratulated upon the success of their first concert. Mr. Vogt has proved himself on more than one occasion to be a careful and painstaking conductor and a thorough musician. His reputation is established and this performance has added to his laurels.

We are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to the second appearance of the Choir, and have no doubt that they will score another triumph.

Woodstock College.

The school commenced the work of the winter term on January 3rd. There were several new boys, and a good number of the old students present on the opening day. The new students seem to be of a most promising class, and we are happy to welcome them into the life of Woodstock College.

The Literary Societies had a meeting and election of officers on Friday, 4th ult. Mr. Rood was elected President of the Philomathic Society; Mr. Thomas Scarlett, Secretary; Mr. Pinkham, Marshall; Mr. Bates, Critic; Mr. Tighe, Vice-President; Messrs. Elliott and H. Smith, Editors.

In the Excelsior Society the elections resulted as follows: President, Mr. Coumans; Vice President, Mr. Phipps; Secretary, Mr. Chapman; Editors, Messrs. Atkins and Bryant; Marshall, M. Gazely.

We were favored with a visit from Max O'Rell (Paul Blouet) on Thursday, 10th ult. Mr. Blouet met the students in the chapel-room and spoke a few words to them in his jovial manner. He prefaced his remarks by saying that he had never given two speeches in the one day —the inference, of course, was that the present was no exception. He remarked that he was very happy to be in a school again, as he himself could recall many happy days in which he served as schoolmaster. He recounted an incident of his early teaching days, when seeking engagement in an English school. The headmaster doubted the ability of a Frenchman to preserve proper discipline with English boys; and finally wound up his remarks by citing the case of a previous French teacher who was so utterly disheartened by his failure as to commit suicide by shooting himself. "Now," said the headmaster, "what would you do under similar circumstances?" "I not shoot myself," said the applicant, "I shoot de boys." He obtained the post at once and found no difficulty in discharging his duties.

There is considerable activity displayed in making an open-air rink. Those having the matter in charge seem to have laid the foundation for a very good piece of ice, and doubtless before many days there will be plenty of skating for all who love such exercise.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society on Thursday, the 17th ult., Rev. Mr. Mellick gave a very interesting and earnest address on the possibilities and needs of the great North-West.

The annual entertainment of the College was given this year on Dec. 7th, for the benefit of the East End Mission. The friends and members of the mission have done a great deal of work this past summer, by way of renovating and improving the building. They have made a much needed and thorough change, so that now they have a very pleasant and neat hall for their services. It was to aid in the meeting of the expenses that the entertainment was given. There was a very large attendance. The programme was rendered in the dining hall, which was well filled.

1. Chorus, ... By Boys.
2. Orchestra, ... By Boys.
3. Chairman's remarks, ... Mr. Bates.
4. Declamation Contest—
   (*a*) "Nature's Noblemen," . . . . . Mr. Bovington.
   (*b*) "Home," . . . . . Mr. Grigg.
5. "The Death of the Giant," (recitation) . . . Miss Duncan.
   (*c*) "The Elements of Success," . . . . . Mr. Gazely.
   (*d*) "The Story of the Tea Kettle," . . . Mr. Atkins.
6. Chorus, "Chivalry of Labor," . . . . . By Boys.
7. "The Sparrow," (recitation) . . . . . Miss Duncan.
8. Orchestra, ... College.
9. Paper, "Oracle," . . . . . Mr. Welch.
10. Quartette. . . . . Messrs. Bryant, Ross, Spidell, Bowyer.

Refreshments.

The meeting was a great success. Mr. Mayberry, leader of the orchestra, and Mr. Spidell, the leader of the chorus, are especially to be complimented on their excellent performance. There was a great deal of interest manifested in the declamatiom contest, as each speaker represented his year, one from each of the school years, and each giving his address in order, the senior first. The prize to be gained was a cake, and this was won by the eloquence of Mr. Grigg. There was, however, a second prize given, which fell to the third speaker. The judges must have had some difficulty in deciding, as the speeches were all of first-class order. The speech of Mr. Gazely, the representative of the senior division of the first year, was well worthy of mention. Another very interesting feature was the recitations of little Miss Duncan She is only seven or eight years ot age, yet she gave most excellent renderings. The first, "The Death of the Giant," was on the death and burial of the rose, and we must compliment her and also congratrulate her parents on the manner in which it was given. Then she gave "The Sparrow" for an encore: and "The Crossing of the Bar," at the end of the programme. Excellent refreshments were provided and every one after enjoying himself went happily homeward.

As an outcome of the declamation contest two suppers were given to the winners of the prizes and members of years. Mr. Bates gave the supper to the winner of the first prize. They all spent a most enjoyable time, thanks to the goodness of the host and hostess, Mr.

and Mrs. Bates. The only feature that all regretted was the absence of the winner, Mr. Grigg.

The supper given to the winner of the second prize and his year, was provided in the home and by the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. McLay. The members of the third year had a most hearty and glad time and all unite in wishing that some good fortune may land them again on such hospitable shores—long live Dr. and Mrs. McLay!

We have been highly favored in the matter of lectures this term. Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, was with us, to lecture on Friday, Dec. 14th. The lecture was one of undoubted success. For over one hour and a half Mr. Ross delighted his audience by the masterly and eloquent way in which he dealt with his subject. He did not use a note, but from his vast fund of knowledge, provided a rich intellectual treat. He is an enthusiast upon the question on which he spoke. His subject was "The Influence of Literature in the Formation of National Character." After some preliminary remarks he took as the first and greatest factor in formation of National or individual character, from a literary standpoint, "Poetry." After pointing out that certain environment produced an effect on the physical and mental features of the individual, he proceeded to claim the same for the aggregation of individuals—the Nation. He urged with the greatest emphasis the constant reading of the poets. "Beware," said he, "of the man who has no poetry in his soul; shun him as a dangerous man: he who sees no 'Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in every thing.'"

The next feature dwelt upon as the next great formative factor, was "History." He quoted Carlyle's "History is philosophy teaching by example." He then briefly reviewed the history of the English people, the great changes in their history—constitutional, religious and social "We Canadians," said he, "in whatever liberty we possess are indebted to the labor and travail of the British Nation."

The third argument adduced was "Biography." Mr. Ross advised the reading of biography. The lives of great men represent the high water mark of human character; man can only rise as he measures himself alongside of these and marks his own deficiency.

The last point made was the reading of novels and newspapers. The speaker rather depreciated the wide use made of these at the present day, as the staple food for the mind. He could not place, he said, a very high estimate on the mental endowment of that young lady or gentleman who fed himself or herself mentally on such light food. He then quoted statistics showing percentage of kinds of reading matter in some of the different countries of the world and congratulated Canadians on, perchance, the lowest figures in the reading of novels and among the highest in the reading of standard works.

The meeting was opened and closed by Hon. Mr. Sutherland, who made a good, witty and pleasant chairman. The platform was crowded with the most noteworthy men of Woodstock and vicinity. A large gathering testified to the appreciation of the qualities of Mr. Ross as a lecturer, whilst the frequent applause showed the enjoyment of the eloquence that came so happily from his lips. We all trust the past lectures may be happy auguries of the ones to come next term.

Grande Ligne.

Principal Massé's health is very good this year, a fact which makes us all rejoice.

The St. Blaise Parish case that has for some time been before the Privy Council, has at last been heard. We are anxiously awaiting the decision and hope, of course, that it will be favorable to the appellants.

All students of former years miss Mrs. G. N. Massé since she has moved into her new house. She seems to have almost forsaken us, for we seldom see her. We rejoice, however, that she is able to enjoy the quiet and comfort of a house of her own.

A pleasing feature of the life of the school here is the increased spiritual interest that is to some extent being manifested. As a result of this our pastor was privileged to baptize eleven converts last Sunday. The greater number of these had at one time been Roman Catholics, and nine of them were from the school.

Christmas presents and New Year's greetings are things of the past and we have settled down to stern duty and hard work. A few poor unfortunates have supplemental exams. coming on to break the monotony of their existence. But all seem to detect something in the air of late—suspicious odors of all sorts of good things, which, being translated, mean that there is to be a supper held at the church, to which all are invited. Food for the intellect will also be provided, in the form of a lecture, by our beloved Rev. Mr. Lafleur.

After vacation, every student has set himself earnestly to work, and that listlessness which generally follows holidays is not to be found at Grande Ligne. This may be accounted for by the fact that many supplemental examinations are to take place during the coming month. It is not the most pleasant thing in the world to get "plucked," especially in the winter when a student needs all his warmth, but at the same time we must bear in mind that it will be the making of us if we can stand it. Many of our boys are preparing to enter both McMaster and McGill this year. This necessitates the Matriculation class to prepare for both Universities, since it is impracticable to organize a separate class for each.

After a great amount of labor, our out-door skating-rink is again in good trim. As a consequence, a lively interest has been taken in Hockey this winter. Our team has been picked and is practising at regular hours. We have to regret that, although we have as active a team as last year, it is not so strong in muscle. On Saturday, Jan. 19th, a match was played at St. John's with (as we supposed) the High School team. Too late, however, we found out that we were playing with a mixed team, picked up from different places. Being thus placed at a great disadvantage, we were of course easily defeated. The score stood five to one in favor of St. John's. May this, our first defeat, not be followed by others.

Yours in the Lord
Stephen Tucker

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

MARCH, 1895.

STEPHEN TUCKER.

Stephen Tucker was born in Brandon, Vermont, June 1st, 1798. Of his early life little is known to us, further than that he was religiously disposed from his boyhood, was converted to the Saviour at the age of 19, and became a diligent student of God's Word.

In 1821 he moved to Canada, settling in Chatham Township, Que., and for two years was chiefly occupied in the manufacture of bricks. Whatever he undertook to do, he did it faithfully and like a true man. The bricks he made were like his deeds, firm and lasting, as several brick buildings in old St. Andrew's village still testify; and as the great historian, Thomas Carlyle, said of his own father, "No one that comes after him will ever say, here was the finger of a hollow-eye servant." This common employment of life became to him the occasion of serving the Saviour who redeemed him from the world. Shortly after, he visited the town of Brandon, the home of his youth; returning to the Province of Quebec with his beloved wife, Lucy Cheney, he settled in Papineauville, County of Ottawa. At this time he engaged in the lumber trade, meeting at times with heavy losses, yet in more prosperous years fulfilling the Scriptural injunction, "Owe no man anything." Through diligent study of

the Scriptures he openly avowed his allegiance to Christ by following him in baptism. In reference to this, the late Rev. D. McPhail wrote in a circular letter to the Ottawa Baptist Association of 1865: "Mrs. Tucker was the first and for a time the only Baptist in the vicinity of Papineauville Bay." This lady was baptized in Brandon, Vt., and settled in Papineauville (formerly Ponticut Bay) with her husband, who was still engaged in the lumber business. Mr. Tucker having become convinced of his duty, cheerfully submitted to baptism by the hands of Rev. John Edwards, Sr. Numbers came from Clarence (13 miles up the Ottawa River), in long-boats and canoes, to witness the ordinance, and returned the next day. Mr. McPhail states that this baptism, so far as known, was the first in the Ottawa River. Mr. and Mrs. Tucker united with the Church in Clarence (then Fox's Point), going up the river in a canoe during the summer, and in a sleigh in winter, to worship God with their brethren in Clarence. Though in early life Mr. Tucker met with some serious reverses in business, yet through strong faith in God, persistent tact, untiring energy, and an indomitable will, his lumber trade rapidly increased and became one continuous series of successes. His Christian liberality developed with his temporal prosperity. Wealth with him was not hoarded, but annually expended in the cause of Christ. Giving while living, he was bountifully rewarded in his life by witnessing a rich harvest gathered through his means to the glory of God in the extension of His kingdom.

Our Home Mission funds have been largely aided by his timely and handsome contributions. For years he employed several missionaries to visit and preach the gospel in new and destitute fields up the Ottawa River. Several Baptist churches, as Arnprior, White Lake, Bristol, Clarendon, McNab, Fitzroy and Pembroke, are the result of his noble investments in the cause of Christ. Our Foreign Missions were also much loved by Deacon Tucker, and were generously helped by his contributions, while at the same time he furnished numbers of theological students with means to promote their studies.

In person Deacon Stephen Tucker was tall and slender, standing over six feet in height, straight and commanding in figure, a born leader of men. So much did he resemble the late

President Abraham Lincoln, that many have cheered and addressed him as such while he was travelling in the United States. In disposition, meek and unassuming, he had such a dislike to any parade in connection with giving, as to prevent many of us from mentioning his name in public when speaking of gifts. No man more keenly felt his failures and shortcomings, as his own private journal revealed. But now that he is gone, the interest of truth demands that such examples of consecrated wealth shall not be relegated to the forgotten past.

His donation accounts for some fourteen years to different good objects rate from $1,232 to $4,103 per annum, besides many sums to needful objects which have never been accounted for.

His home life is intimately known to many. No pressure or hurry of business would prevent him from performing his regular religious duties, either public or private. For over forty years he taught a Sabbath-school Bible class. If there were only six in the prayer-meeting, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker were sure to be of the number. His knowledge of Bible truth, especially doctrinal, was both original and profitable. Several of his articles on the "Present Reign and Kingdom of Christ" have appeared in the columns of the *Canadian Baptist*. His many letters to home missionaries and mission churches were always full of sympathy and very cheering.

The following unfinished letter to the churches under his special care will be interesting to some churches to which he was endeared through his anxiety for the cause of Christ and his liberality in its support:

"*To the Churches of Christ in Bristol, Que:*

"Dear Brethren,—I hoped to have made you a visit last fall or this winter; but fear that, owing to the infirmities of age and disease I shall not likely see your face again in the flesh. There are seven infant churches in the Upper Ottawa, bounded on the east by Fitzroy and on the west by Pembroke, where a few years past a Baptist sermon had never been preached. I pray that they may be delivered from the many sins which were charged against the seven churches of Asia. They were recorded for the admonition of Christian churches to the end of the world. I fear that young churches little know how much mental and

bodily strength I have expended for the salvation of souls in the Upper Ottawa, which I believe the Lord has blest in adding a goodly number to the Redeemer's Kingdom. To the Lord be all the praise, for I have done no more than my share, and I fear I have come far short of that. Your future prosperity will very much depend on your generosity for the support of the preachers of the Gospel. I beg and pray that you will see that they are delivered from the cares of this life, and not 'muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' If you have the will, God will give you the means."

Many pastors to-day, who did vacation work while at Woodstock, can look back with pleasure upon the preliminary conversation with Deacon Tucker before going to their fields on the Upper Ottawa. We recall his exposition of the prophecies of Isaiah, especially the 60th chapter. How he would look up from his large well-worn bible, saying: "I believe from my heart that the 60th of Isaiah throughout is a key to the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. The whole chapter is to be interpreted spiritually or nearly so. The brass of the Old Testament has become gold in this Gospel dispensation, the iron silver, the stone brass, and the wood iron. The true Israel are now all righteous, and the watchmen see eye to eye." Then, straightening himself in his chair, he would say with strong emotion: "For my part, as far as I have studied the Word of God, I have not found anything which leads me to believe that there will be a better day than the present," etc. His Bible study was never aided by any man's notes or comments. His manner of life was that of a strict Puritan. Many to-day sit in judgment upon the age of the Puritans as being more repelling than attractive, and, therefore, unsuitable to the present rising generation. The very opposite of this was true of the man about whom we write, and who was a good specimen of a Puritan. As a proof of this we refer to the testimony of one of his most intimate friends, Rev. J. S. Ross, now of Casper, Cal.

In a letter to the *Canadian Baptist* of Oct. 24th, 1884, Mr. Ross states:—"The spirit and principles of religion were exemplified each day in Mr. Tucker's life. The Bible class he taught on each Lord's day was well attended and instructive. Nearly all the young men who listened to his teaching were converted to the Saviour and became members of Baptist churches.

A. J. Gordon

"Few men have succeeded so well. They prospered in business and exerted a mighty influence for good in their respective spheres. I can now recall the names of over a dozen of those men whom I have known personally, who were educated under Father Tucker's care. Some of these have gone home to glory. They lived nobly and died triumphant in the faith. As many as six of them are still alive in the Ottawa Valley, exerting an influence for God; pillars in the churches, bearing the heavy burdens of our financial responsibilities, and lay leaders among the people, devising liberal things for the denomination. Of the many who served under our esteemed departed brother, I cannot now recall more than two who did not become Christians, and they may have decided since I knew them."

So then, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, Deacon Stephen Tucker fell asleep in Jesus at his home in Clarence, Ont., on Thursday, July 31st, 1884, in the 86th year of his age. He was affectionately attended during his lingering illness by his beloved wife, his only son and daughter-in-law, and six grand-children. We may well pray the Lord to send another labourer into His vineyard after the same sort, for the comfort and strengthening of weak churches, and for the aid and encouragement of those who labor for Christ's sake.

John Higgins.

THE LATE REV. A. J. GORDON, D.D.

Adoniram Judson Gordon—he was named after the great missionary,—was born in New Hampton, New Hampshire, U.S., Apr l 19th, 1836, so that, like the great Spurgeon, he had scarcely reached the age of 59, when he was called away from earth. He was nurtured under Christian influences, and early in life converted to God. He studied at New London Academy, at Brown University and at Newton Theological Seminary; and attained high rank in scholarship and culture. From the beginning of his student-life, he had the Christian ministry in view; and in 1863, on completing his course at Newton, he became pastor of the Jamaica Plain Baptist Church, in the neighborhood of Boston. For six years he labored there with ever-increasing power

and spirituality. In later years, he often told, both publicly and privately, how he was led by the conversation of a godly deacon in this first pastoral charge to study the teaching of Scripture in regard to the Second Coming of Christ, and to adopt what are called pre-millennial views. Ever afterwards the Bible had a new meaning to him, life a new inspiration, and his ministry a new power. In 1869 he was invited to the pastorate of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston, as successor to the well-known Dr. Baron Stow, and labored there for over 25 years. Last December he celebrated the quarter centenary of his pastorate, and in his address on the occasion he gave utterance to the presentiment that his "work was nearly done." For some weeks he complained of being "so tired"; then grip, developing into typhoid pneumonia, brought him low, baffling the efforts of the most skilful physicians; and on the early morning of Saturday, Feb. 2nd, he calmly fell asleep in Jesus, his last conscious utterance being the word, "victory!"

In an exceptional degree Dr. Gordon was a many-sided man. He possessed a combination of gifts and graces rarely met with. Child like humility was united with great intellectual power, and profound knowledge of Scripture with peculiarly persuasive eloquence. He was a Christian of intense spirituality, and at times his countenance seemed to glow, as if it mirrored the glory of God. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and at the same time he was foremost in every good word and work.

It was quite impossible that the usefulness of such a great and gifted man should be confined to the bounds of a single church. Dr. Gordon was a helper and leader in every enterprise that sought the best interests of humanity and the glory of God. His zeal for the cause of missions was a consuming passion. For twenty-four years he was a member of the Executive Committee of the American Missionary Union, and for seven years he was its honored chairman. Under his inspiration, the Clarendon St. Church raised $24,000 annually for foreign missions, being twice as much as its expenditure for its own home interests. It was peculiarly interesting and impressive to read on the walls of its lecture room the names of the missionaries and evangelists sustained by the church, and to hear them prayed for at the mid-week service. He had singular success in addressing college

students, and gave great impetus to the Students' Volunteer Movement. He was led six years ago to found the Missionary Training School, which held daily and evening sessions in the lecture room of his church, and from which many consecrated laborers have gone forth to the uttermost ends of the earth. He was an ardent evangelist, and the associate of Mr. Moody in many of the Northfield conferences. He was a thorough-going Temperance Reformer, and bore emphatic testimony against the unspiritual influence of secret societies. He established an Industrial Home in Boston for poor working men, and had a special mission among the Chinese of that city. In short, he was abundant in labor as few men of the present generation have been.

With his pen no less efficiently than with his voice, Dr. Gordon served his Lord. He was the author of nine different volumes, many of which have been widely useful. His first book entitled, *In Christ*, setting forth with great sweetness and spiritual power the union between the saint and the Saviour, has gone through many editions both in Great Britain and America. His other works are, *Grace and Glory*, a volume of fine sermons; *Ecce Venit*, a treatise on the Second Coming; *The Ministry of Healing*, a reverent inquiry into the power of prayer in saving the sick; *Congregational Worship*, *The Twofold Life*, *The Holy Spirit in Missions*, and the *Coronation Hymnal*. The last of these, in the preparation of which he was associated with Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, is perhaps the finest collection of truly spiritual songs for the service of the sanctuary that has ever been published. To this Dr. Gordon contributed some of his own choice compositions, the finest of these being the now well-known hymn, beginning

"My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine."

His last work, *The Ministry of the Spirit*, was issued from the press on the day of his death, and he has left in manuscript a spiritual autobiography. He was also editor of the monthly magazine, *The Watchword*, and associate editor of *The Missionary Review*.

Who will take up and carry on his manifold work? "Help Lord, for the godly men faileth." May a double portion of his

spirit fall on many of our students and younger ministers especially, to whom, being dead, he yet speaks by his devout spirituality, his rare self-sacrifice, and his abundant labors. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

WILLIAM STEWART.

"OUR KINGS."

"We can hardly afford literature or art. We have half a continent—a stern and rugged half—to reclaim, to people, to animate with a common spirit. A national spirit is being formed, which in due time, will bear distinctive fruit. But for many years the men who can do rough work best will be, and ought to be, our kings."

This utterance of one of Canada's distinguished men of to-day, contains much truth, but the point of view is not wholly just and right. What is the distinction a people should most earnestly covet? There can be but one sound answer to the question,—superior men. Its natural advantages are not to be disdained, but they are of secondary importance. No matter what may be the material resources of a country, what races of animals it breeds, the great question is: "Does it rear a noble race of men?" Whatever its soil, the real question is: "How far is it prolific of moral and intellectual power?" No matter how stern its climate, if it nourish force of thought and virtuous purpose. These are the products by which a country is to be tried.

The idea of forming a superior race of men has entered little into schemes of policy; education and effort have been expended on matter much more than on mind and spirit. Lofty piles have been reared, the wilderness groans under railways, but the thought of building up a nobler order of intellect and character, has not adequately entered the fixed purpose of our most adventurous statesmen. A disproportioned attention to physical good dominates the public mind. Not that I would condemn the expenditure of ingenuity and strength on the out-

ward world, but I would emphasize the truth, that there is a harmony between inward and outward improvement, and that only by establishing a wise order between them can both be secured. An intelligent and resolute spirit in a community perpetually extends its triumphs over matter. It can subject itself to the most unpromising region and triumph. Venice rising amid lagoons, Holland diked from the ocean, and New England, bleak and rockbound, converted by a few generations into smiling fields and opulent cities, point us to intelligence and sterling character as the great source of physical good, and teach us that in making the culture of man our end we shall not retard but advance the cultivation of nature.

Liberty is of value only as far as it favors the development of men. The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect and virtues. The growth of virtuous power is the end and boon of liberty.

Canadians ought not to be receivers only, but should do nobly their part to add strength to the foundations, and fulness of splendor to the developments of truth and life,—by originality of thought, by discoveries in science, and by contributing to the vital elements of character and the refining pleasures of taste and imagination. Patriotism, as well as virtue, forbids us to burn incense to our vanity. The truth should be seen and felt. In an age of great intellectual activity we rely chiefly for intellectual stimulus and equipment on foreign minds, nor is our own mind distinctly felt abroad. There is among us but little severe, persevering research, and little consuming passion for truth which certifies to society at large that wisdom is better than rubies. There is nowhere a literary atmosphere, or such an accumulation of literary influence as determines the whole strength of the mind to its own enlargement, and to the manifestation of itself in enduring forms. True, we labor under disadvantages, but if our liberty deserves the praise it receives, it should be a large offset for these. It should open to us an indefinite progress, instructing us in the worth and greatness of human nature, and in the obligation of contributing to its strength and glory.

Useful knowledge is to be prized, that is knowledge which ministers to our complex and various nature; that which is

useful not only to the animal man but to the rational and moral man,—useful to a being of spiritual faculties, whose happiness is to be found in their free and harmonious exercise. Granted that there is a primary necessity for that knowledge and skill by which subsistence is earned and life preserved. But life is the means, action and improvement the end; and who will deny that the noblest utility belongs to that by which the chief purpose is accomplished? We should honor and cultivate as unspeakably useful that literature which corresponds to, and calls forth the highest faculties; which expresses and communicates energy of thought, fruitfulness of invention, force of moral purpose, a thirst for and delight in the good, the beautiful, the true.

A people which has any serious purpose of taking a place among improved communities should studiously promote within itself every variety of intellectual exertion. It should resolve strenuously to be surpassed by none. It should have a full persuasion that rightly motived mind is the creative power through which all the resources of nature are to be turned to account, and by which a people is to spread its influence. To avail ourselves of the higher literature of other nations we must in some important respects place ourselves on a level with them. The products of machinery we can use without any portion of the skill that produced them, but works of taste and genius, and the results of profound thinking can only be estimated and made helpful and enjoyed through a culture and power corresponding to that from which they spring. Great minds are developed more by the spirit and character of the people to which they belong than by all other causes. A mercenary, hard, selfish, materialistic, luxurious, sensual people, toiling for the pleasures of sloth, cannot but communicate their own softness and sordidness to the superior minds which dwell among them. We in Canada are rich enough for ostentation, for intemperance, and even for luxury. We can lavish on fashion and material pleasures. Where is our real poverty if not in the soul?

Canada has a magnificent heritage indeed, both of material good and of constitutional liberty. Let us blush, if in circumstances so peculiar, original, and creative, we satisfy ourselves with a passive reception and mechanical iteration of the thoughts

of others. As men and Christians our first desire must be to see the improvement of human lives, to see the soul of man wiser, firmer, nobler, more conscious of its imperishable treasures, more victorious over adversity and pain. The first wish for our country should be that it may produce sound fruitful minds and pure active lives. This is the product that includes all other good, material and spiritual, and which, like mercy, "blesses him that gives and him that takes."

"O mighty Love,
For *us* the winds do blow
The earth doth rest,
Heaven move, and fountains flow."

Students' Quarter.

TWELFTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.*

Our object in presenting to you this, the twelfth annual report of the Fyfe Missionary Society, is twofold. There are doubtless some here to-night who for many years past have been its staunch friends and supporters, and who take a lively interest in its welfare. It is your right to know, and our duty to inform you, of what has been undertaken and accomplished during the past year. But, on the other hand, in an audience such as this there must be very many who are more or less ignorant of the traditions of the Society, some, perhaps, who have scarcely heard of its existence, and who have but the faintest conception of its aim and work. This lack of information we shall endeavor to make good, for we believe most firmly that once informed you will be interested, that once interested you will be sympathetic, and that once sympathetic you will be generous.

If it seems strange to talk of setting forth to Baptists the aims and needs of a Society which has existed in their midst for

*Read at the Annual Public Meeting of the Society.

over twelve years, our excuse must be the unostentatious manner in which it goes about its work, and the fact that it comes before the public only twice each year, and then before a very limited audience. We feel, however, that the time has come when the Fyfe Missionary Society ought to emerge from its comparative obscurity, and claim a more general recognition, a recognition which it can claim on the ground of having become a most important factor in Baptist progress, not only in this city but throughout the Dominion.

Growth, no matter how silent, is a sure indication of life. We thank God that we have a *live* Society. Not one year has elapsed since its organization in which it has not shewn *some* progress, but in no single year, perhaps, has the advance been so marked as during the one just closed. We are to be congratulated on having as President one who, while he is filled with the true missionary spirit, is also a great organizer, and having, as indeed he has, a genuine love for hard work, the Fyfe Missionary Society cannot but be characterized by aggressiveness in the cause of practical missions, as well as by awakening its members to a higher spiritual life.

The work of the Society falls naturally into two spheres, that done during the College session and that done during the five months of vacation. But, some one objects, how can student labor during the summer months be classed as Fyfe Missionary work; do not the majority of students hold their appointments under the Home Missionary Board? Just what then, is the relationship between the two Societies? Let us turn our attention for a few moments to answering this question, which has perplexed many in the past, and is doubtless perplexing many at the present moment.

The Fyfe Missionary Society may be compared to a wheel within a wheel—a little mission wheel within the larger Home and Foreign Mission wheel. Though comparatively small, it nevertheless plays a very important part in Home and Foreign Missions. Note its composition. The spokes firmly fixed in the hub represent the members rooted and grounded in the Faith; for be it known, our Society, in addition to the members of the Faculty, includes those, and only those, among the students of the University who are followers of the Lord Jesus. These

spokes, as just indicated, are encircled by the rim University, the whole being bound together by the tire of missionary zeal.

Note again the gradual enlargement of this wheel. Some twelve years ago it could boast of no more than a dozen or fourteen spokes; to-day it has in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty. A peculiar feature is, that each year, about the 3rd of May, several of the finest and best seasoned of its spokes are drafted off to take their place in the general missionary wheel of the Baptist denomination, their places being filled by weak, green spokes from the country, yes, and from the cities, too; these, after from four to six years of seasoning, are in their turn transferred. Now, bearing in mind the several parts of this wheel, let us follow it as it revolves through one year of time; and first, let us glance at its course during the summer.

Seven months ago, and not many days after the spring examinations, found the great majority of our students scattered far and wide over the Dominion of Canada; in some cases they were separated the one from the other by thousands of miles, many on mission fields far removed from home and friends, there to do their best, during the five months of vacation, to spread the Gospel in our own land. And while it is true that some of our members did not go out as missionaries, as that word is commonly understood, yet we trust and believe that they went to their several homes imbued with the true missionary spirit, resolved to do their best to preach Christ in their daily life by word and example.

To-day, most of those who thus went forth in the spring are together once more—drawn hundreds of miles to our University as by some powerful magnet. What has been the result of this going forth? The following figures may perhaps give you some idea of the visible results; for not time, but only eternity, fathoming the deep ocean of self-sacrificing effort, can reveal to our gaze the "pearls of great price" that have been won for the Master's crown.

So far as we have been able to ascertain the facts, there have been added to the denomination during the past summer through the labors of the students, over four hundred persons, of whom nearly three hundred were received by baptism. Surely this is cause for great rejoicing and thankfulness to God that He

has been pleased to use the efforts put forth by the members of this Society to such purpose. We read in the Book of Books that "there is joy among the angels of heaven over one sinner that repenteth:" think, then, friends, of what joy the past summer's work created among the heavenly host; and shall we be so indifferent to the value of a human soul as not to be moved to the deepest depths of our beings at such glad tidings; shall we not be stirred and aroused to a great longing to participate, even in the smallest way, in so glorious a work? Accord us, then, your prayers, your sympathies and your means.

Do you ask how this result, humanly speaking, was reached? Listen again to the following figures. Nearly four thousand sermons were preached, being distributed among one hundred and five preaching stations. About two thousand prayer meetings were held, nine hundred Sunday-School lessons taught, three thousand tracts distributed, and over nine thousand pastoral visits paid. The number of students engaged in this work was about sixty, each working some twenty weeks. This means that the society gave twenty years of time to mission work last summer, or in other words, performed work equal to that of one missionary laboring for twenty years.

It is true that the results reached do not appear large when compared with the time expended; but consider some of the disadvantages under which a student labors; and here it is hardly necessary to mention youth and inexperience, both of which are often apparent, if not to the student, yet certainly to his congregation. These are great obstacles to his effective work; nevertheless obstacles fully as great are to be found in the nature of the majority of fields themselves. No one here will underrate the drawing power of a well equipped church building, beautifully lighted, comfortably seated, with its fine music; everything in fact calculated to attract. These the student missionaries, or at least many of them, must do without; having as a substitute the kerosene lamps, the old fashioned straight-back seat; he himself often doing duty as preacher, choir and organ. You can readily understand that some of us find it difficult to gather, to say nothing of holding, an audience. Then again in contrast to this, think of the attractiveness of the country in summer time, with its beautiful lakes, its shady woods, and its

picturesque rivers. Thus has nature provided a profusion of glorious surroundings. Is it any wonder that we find it hard to get the unconverted to attend the, too often, unattractive house of prayer. Yet the work is the Lord's, and He has blessed it in large measure, oftentimes indeed the hardest and most unpromising fields have yielded the largest spiritual returns.

Taking all these things into consideration you will, we are sure, feel that the Society has great cause for encouragement. There are, however, many who think that student labor is a mistake, holding that the student would be better employed, and earn his living more fairly, were he to engage in secular work during the summer months. To put it plainly, there are some who think the student has far too easy a time. Of course such sentiments are indulged in only by those who have never attempted mission work themselves. Could such examine the reports from each field, we are sure they would come to the conclusion that the student, as a general thing, undertakes far more work than he is, strictly speaking, under any obligation to do. The fact is, it cannot be otherwise if one is engaged heart and soul in the work. For many and various are the appeals made to his higher nature, which can only be met by self-sacrificing effort.

The following report from one of our Eastern towns will prove to you that the office of student-pastor is no sinecure. Here it is :—One hundred and fifty meetings conducted, including, of course, preaching on Sunday. In other words, an average of one meeting every day during the five summer months. Does that represent to you a very easy time ? But listen, in addition to this he made over seven hundred pastoral visits, or an average of nearly five visits every day, including Sundays, for five months. Ladies, how would you like such a visiting-list as that ? Surely there is no room here for any accusation of indolence. In any case, the Lord blessed this brother's work, for before leaving he had the unspeakable joy of seeing twenty brought to Christ.

Another report tells us of some two hundred visits made to hospital patients. Still another, after giving a summary of the regular work, adds an interesting little note about the work among the foreign settlers of the North-West. It reads as fol-

lows :—"One of the most interesting features of our work was what we called our 'Home and Foreign Mission Work,' i.e. Home Mission work among the foreigners of the town, Finlanders, Norwegians, Swedes, Hungarians, French, Italians and Chinese. New Testaments and Tracts in these different languages were procured, and thus armed we visited the homes of these spiritually neglected people. We met with a hearty reception in nearly every case, and the hearts of the people were touched, as they realized, some of them for the first time, that they were the objects of human, yes Christian sympathy and love."

Still another student seeks to advance the cause on *his* field by editing a church paper, which finds its way into some five hundred homes each month.

Many more undertook two or three weeks of "Special Meetings," which in most cases meant preaching every night, visiting every afternoon and studying each morning. In these and other ways the members of this Society turn their so-called summer vacation into one of real hard work, thus proving their devotion to the Master.

As marks of further progress we may mention that buildings have been erected at Oakville and at Minesing—the last named having for years been looked upon as a very discouraging field. From St. Eugene word comes to us that the handful of French Canadian Baptists are working shoulder to shoulder, the summer's work having been so far successful as to encourage them to buy a Hall for public worship.

We heard also that successful Young People's Societies have been organized at Brooklin, Cobourg, Cheltenham and Edmonton. Such is a brief outline of the work done by the Society during the past summer. It remains now to say a few words regarding the winter's work, which, while not so extensive, is in many respects of equal importance.

As far as is possible, all fields within one hundred miles of Toronto, which would otherwise be without preaching, are supplied from Sunday to Sunday by members of the Fyfe. In addition to this we have what we call our voluntary work. The Society plants missions in different parts of the city and suburbs; these are carried on by its members, who give their services free. Last year the Society had two such missions, one on Pape Ave-

nue and another on Eastern Avenue. And here it is worthy of note that Little York, formerly a mission of this Society, has prospered to such an extent, that about four months ago a church was organized. This autumn, two new missions were opened, one on Rose Avenue and the other on River Street; and within the past few days a third has been started on Carlton Street E. The appointment of Dr. Goodspeed as permanent chairman of the Voluntary Committee promises to be of great benefit to the Society, giving stability to the work, and enabling us to take advantage of any good opening that may present itself.

One word about the expenditure incurred: the cost to the Society of the three missions just mentioned, in addition to the support of one native preacher in India, is in the neighborhood of $350. Of this the members of the Fyfe hope to raise among themselves about $175, or half the necessary amount; this leaves a balance of $175 to be raised by the friends of the Society. Such your presence here to-night proves you to be. Will you not co-operate with us in this much needed work? We fee sure that you will.

And now we come to the third and last branch of the winter's work, perhaps the most important branch of all—our "Monthly Missionary Meeting." One of the chief objects of the Society is to cultivate a true missionary spirit, and while all our work undoubtedly contributes towards this end, still by far the greatest factor is the "Missionary Day." On one day of each month the intellectual grind ceases that the spiritual man may be refreshed: and it is no frugal repast that is set before us, it is a feast to which all are invited. None but those who have taken advantage of these meetings can know what a great spiritual gain may be derived; the smouldering embers of the spiritual life burst into flame through sympathetic contact with others; and the student is better able to pursue his studies "with an eye single to God's glory." If in connection with our University there are any distinguishing characteristics, and we believe that there are many, if there be anything noble, and we believe there is much; if there are any features for which we ought to be specially grateful to God, and we believe that there are, still, over and above all, stands the institution of Fyfe Missionary Day.

 WM. W. McMASTER, *Rec. Sec.*

"I."

To many of us "I" is a very familiar word, not as the subject of an essay, but as the appellation of a certain individual, who may perhaps be the least known of all individuals, and yet the most prized.

The queries are: Who is this individual? Why so much prized and yet so little known? First, as to the nature of the individual, we must each answer the question for himself or herself. The second query may be answered more freely. "I" knows very little about himself and prizes himself very much because he has never studied himself.

Why has he never studied himself? It is difficult to say: perhaps he is overcome by the apparent greatness of the subject, for you know "I" is a very big person, and thus a most enormous subject.

Very true, he spends his time gazing on himself. But this is only a gaze of adoration, and thus it does not reveal to him the true elements of the object he has in hand. We might illustrate. The heathen gazing intently on his stony god is lost in adoration, yet this same gaze fails to reveal to him the fact that his object of adoration is nought but a piece of hardened earth. So is it with "I." He gazes at himself and is lost in wonder at his unbounded personality, a something which all sensible people fail to see in him.

He extols himself to the skies and looks down with a half-sympathetic, half-disdainful gaze upon the struggling mortals around and apparently below him. The foundation of self-pride upon which he has raised himself is very extensive and durable, so that he is likely to stay where he is.

Thus we see "I" not as he sees himself, but as he is seen by others. And why is he seen by others in the light in which he does not see himself? In this both are at fault. Others are engaged in studying him while they should be studying themselves, and he is engaged in self-adoration and in the study of others while he should study himself.

How, then, should "I" study himself? Well, since "I" is such a large subject, he had better first get himself reduced until

he assumes tangible proportions. The best way for him to do this is to bring himself into the presence of a power greater than himself. He should look at himself in the light of Jesus Christ. He will then see how very insignificant he is. You have often observed that if we gaze at the sun for a time, and then remove our gaze and settle it on some other object, we are at first unable to see that object. After a time, however, we begin to recognize, not the brightest parts, but the blackest. And even when we are able to discern the most brilliant parts of the object, they appear very dark to us when compared with the brightness of the great orb we have recently viewed. So with the individual "I." When he studies himself in the light of Christ's goodness, his graces all seem to vanish, and there remains nothing but his own vileness.

Then in his own bosom he hears the question: "What am I?" echo and re-echo. He looks to see what he is, and there in the light of Christ's glory he sees only a heap of dust. Let us take a lesson from this and be humble, because if we exalt ourselves to heaven, we may be cast down to the abyss.

S. R. Stephens.

THE LARGER BROTHERHOOD.

(CLASS POEM, '95.)

The vast world, wavering by,
Weary of struggle and pain,
Utters in anger and dread
Shout upon shout of alarm,
Wail upon wail of despair,
Prayer after prayer for redress:

"Hear us, O brothers, high-minded ones among men!
Ye who look Fate in the face,
What is the end of our race?
Who shall restore us, the Lords of Creation, again?
God with us, you say? Then where are His love and His grace?"

But the cry goes quivering down
Into the darkness, and we,
We who have heard but the sound,
Tremble and labour at heart,
Silently each upon each
We gaze, and commune with our souls:
How can we show them the way?
Hardly ourselves can we cling
To a history's passionate hope,
What do we know of the world,
What can we guess about God?
O, that we were as they think,
Able to come to their help,
Ready to lead them aright!

"Hear us, O brothers, what shall we do with our lives?
Patience has failed us, Lazarus curses Dives,
If all be so vain, why, where is the fool that strives?

There they lie moaning, and long
Have we pitied their agony,
Shouted courageous words,
Bade all their clamour be hushed,
Turned to our innermost soul,
Fiercely upbraided our pride,—
'Surely, self, thou shalt die
Down in the grave of delight!'
Ah! but so feeble we were.

We must make ready, and shut
All of the doors of our house,
Earnestly, faithfully scan,
Truly, unflinchingly, think:
'What is the meaning of all,
How may we grasp it and live?
Whither our destiny draws?
Whence is the answer to come?
Let us establish our faith,
Knowing that Reason will fail,
(Eager, but sunken, its eyes,

Chained to the rock of the Real,)
Knowing the answers of God
Take root and abide in the soul,
Shrink from the wildness no more,
Open the doors of our house,
Hasten to action, and cry,
'Courage, our brothers, we come!'

"Come, for the world is smeared and wrapt with grime,
No tones in Nature evermore will chime,
The Lord of Wrong spurns all the tears of Time!"

Over the red-tinged waves
Stilled into silence and gloom,
Laden with burthens, the ship
Glides slowly, with tall black masts
Striking the sunset out,
Floating into the West,—
Darkness falls on the deck,
Hoarsely is uttered a cry,
Bells are ringing to rest,
Seamen are furling the sails.

"Thou wilt not leave us, Father, all alone!
Thou hearest the living wail, the dying groan,
And Thou art He that cameth to atone."

Morning breaks on the sea,
On the horizon the ship
Wavers a moment, awakes,
Shakes away weariness, then
Sails are flung out to the flight
Of the full and generous breeze,
Soon her sides quiver, and now
On she comes, cutting the waves,
Bounding between the deep seas,
Raeing the glorious wind,
Resolute, out on the main,
Fearless of tempest and storm,
Invincible, unto the port.

G. H. C.

"CHANGE AND DECAY."

How short seems a summer when it has passed! Yet how many the incidents which are recorded and the thoughts which come and go as it passes! It brings its days of sunshine and hours of gloom; the keen and exhilarating breezes of "the Delectable Mountains," and the depressing though often healthful atmosphere of the "Valley of Humiliation." It brings its trials and encouragements, its hopes, its fears and its longings. It brings also its victories achieved and failures experienced, perhaps the latter more than the former. But such themes are too sacred for the pen of the essayist—

> "For why to the inquisitive eye disclose
> The promptings, which within my heart arose?
> These hopes and joys, these loves and fears are mine.
> Man cannot understand; but the Divine."

Let us therefore leave these individual experiences and turn to outer things, which seem to recall so forcibly the thoughts expressed by him who said "the fashion of this world passeth away." How many the changes of months! But as the months are rounded into years and the years roll themselves into centuries how the order of things is altered!

The past months were spent in the vicinity of the sweeping southern shore of our beautiful inland sea which by its name as well as by its unchanging aspects recalls the centuries of the dimly lighted past. It speaks to us of those ages when the sandy beach bore the imprint of the naked feet of the wandering savage, and its neighboring forest echoed the whoop of the daring and warlike Huron. And even now the visiting tourist or perhaps more often the rustic archæologists as "they drive their teams afield" are enabled to gather interesting and flinty records of the nomadic life and primitive manners of these dusky nations. These who, formerly unmolested by the pale-face, pitched their wigwams, tracked the deer and settled in their own savage ways the disputes of men and tribes.

The bosom of the deep, dark blue water still heaves in its slumber and swells in its passion—the sandy beach still in the foreground, displays its meandering line of glistening pebbles—

the same vaulted sky drops into a curtain of snowy mist in the distance; remnants of those "forests primeval," in which the red man's fathers had tracked the bear and smoked the peace-pipe, where he himself lived and loved, fought and died, still skirt the shores which once he haunted.

But aside from the rough arrow-heads of flint, aside from the rude battle-axes of stone and the broken bits of Indian pottery, there is but little more to tell of the race which once held sway and named these coasts their own.

The Indian no longer plunges these waters for the passing fish; no longer does he pursue the flying game along the interminable corridors of the forest; no longer does he brandish his tomahawk as, bedecked in his heathen fashion, he leaps in the war-dance, and defiantly shout his song of battle and of death. No more, with the barbaric cruelty of his savage customs, does he tear the clotted trophy from the head of his expiring enemy, to dangle it in triumph at his belt. Another people hold possession of his ancestral grounds and have marred the magnificence of the ancient forests. The plough is driven over the graves of his fathers: villages have invaded his secluded haunts and towns now stand where once he floated his canoe. The herds of the husbandmen graze where once his deer were fed. Others catch, by novel means, the fish where once he sought them.

The fashion indeed changeth, but has all change gone? Neither the red man nor his lurking places now remain; but this is not all—upon the lakeview hills are mounds which the Hurons raised not. Here in the lonely city of the dead, each in his narrow house with its disproportionate door plate, are gathered those whose names, with those of the untutored Indian, have almost past into oblivion. Thus change goes on, and men and nations live and labor, die and are fogotten in the annals of the earth.

We too with the poet cry to the Unchangeable:

> "Change and decay in all around I see;
> Oh! Thou who changest not, abide with me."

D. B. Harkness.

THE OLD HOME.

I cannot forget the old home
Engraven upon my heart,
The old brown house and the ivy,
It makes the sad tears start ;
The rolling hills and the meadows,
The woods where we used to roam
In the joyous days of my childhood,
I cannot forget the old home.

I cannot forget the old home,
My youthful companions gay,
Oh ! how I loved them every one
And now they have passed away.
They did not know how I loved them,
I never used to say,
But I loved them all I knew how to love
And now they have passed away.

The fields were greener, the flowers were brighter,
The birds sang sweeter then,
But Time has hurried them all away
As the river that flowed through the glen ;
The river, shallow and stony,
The bridge that was broken down,
The willows green and the fences
And the winding road to the town.

I cannot forget the old home,
I could not forget if I would,
The days that were glad in the days that are sad
I would not forget if I could :
I cannot forget, I cannot forget
The bitter-sweet days of yore,
Though passed away are the happy hours
And the past returns no more.

O. G. L.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

For a short time I am to assume the role of the entomologist. To save you the trouble of taking down that great unwieldy dictionary, let me explain briefly the meaning of this rather uncommon word. An entomologist is one who has a love for the small things of nature, and makes a study of the lives and habits of the inhabitants of the insect world. To facilitate this study, he usually endeavors to secure specimens of as many of these lowly creatures as possible. These he mounts and sets with great care, preserves them in cases covered with glass, and exhibits them with pride to interested or apparently interested friends.

Sketch I.—To be or not to be, or an interrupted metamorphosis.—The sketch which I present this month is an account of a little tragedy which occurred nearly a year ago. It was a moderately warm afternoon in the last week of September, and I had spent many hours wandering through the groves and meadows in diligent search for specimens. For some unknown reason very few of my insect acquaintances were in sight that afternoon, and I was just turning homeward in a somewhat discouraged frame of mind, when my eye was arrested by the sight of several large green larvæ, popularly called caterpillars. They were feeding contentedly upon the leaves of a shrub. It seemed cruel to disturb their repast, but since no more advanced game presented itself, I determined to secure a pair of these little monsters. Their capture caused no difficulty, for although caterpillars are noted for the number of their feet, they are not extraordinarily fleet-footed. A quantity of the leaves on which they were feeding found their way into my capacious pockets. I had no intention of starving my captives.

On reaching home I put the prisoners into my breeding-cage, which is merely a box, with the top and one side covered with netting. For several days the prisoners lived quietly and amicably together, feeding on the leaves which were supplied daily. On the fourth or fifth day, however, one of them changed his conduct entirely. From a quiet, well-behaved larva he developed into an erratic sprinter. He became violently excited

and traversed the floor and sides of his cage at an unusually swift gait for his kind. Finally, as if from sheer exhaustion, he became docile and retired to a dark corner. I concluded that he had withdrawn among the leaves to partake of a hearty meal after his exertions, but, on close examination, I found that my conjecture was incorrect. He searched among the leaves for a few moments and then, selecting one of the largest, proceeded to roll himself up in it as a camper rolls himself up in his blanket. In a very short space of time he had covered himself securely with this leaf, which he sewed up from the inside. For an hour or more there was a slight regular motion within the leaf, and I knew that he was wrapping himself up in silk. He was now a pupa or chrysalis covered by a silken garment called commonly a cocoon. His companion quietly pursued his feasting for a day or two longer, and then, without any violent excitement, chose his leaf and covered himself with his soft silken robe.

For several months I paid no further attention to these silent creatures. They remained in my study, where the warmth was sure to bring about an early metamorphosis. Towards the latter part of April, just as I was preparing for a difficult examination, I heard a slight rattling noise among the dead leaves in the box. When I lifted up the netting I saw that one of the cocoons—the one which had last been formed—was rolling slightly from side to side. As I watched it, one end began to pulsate as if it were very thin at that place. It then began to bulge out, in a few seconds it broke, and a pair of bright eyes appeared at the opening. The eyes were protruded farther and farther, and suddenly a pair of large feathery feelers or antennae were spread out. Several thick furry legs followed in quick succession, and last of all the long stripped soft body which was anything but beautiful, since it resembled too closely in shape the larva from which it had been formed. Dragging on the floor of the box were the wings, soft, dwarfed and moist. Without delay this moth, for it was now an undeveloped form of one of our largest and finest moths, crawled up the side of the box and, suspending itself by its foremost legs from the netting, began to vibrate its wings. These gradually expanded while the body contracted until, within a few hours, a beautiful, many-colored creature appeared, whose delicate shades and blended hues have never been successfully imitated.

It seemed strange to me that the cocoon which had last been completed was the first to make the change, and, therefore, it was with some degree of interest that I watched the other. Days passed by and no movement was seen. One day I picked it up and gently shook it. A slight rattle was produced which I had never heard issuing from a cocoon. I determined to cut open this specimen to discover the cause of the unusual noise. When the sharp knife cut through the silken covering a dark oval mass appeared. It was a short cylinder rounded at the ends. In truth I did not know what to make of this discovery, and since I was too busy to investigate the matter further, I contented myself with placing this black cylinder on my study table. There it lay for many days.

One evening, just as I was about to retire, I heard a faint grinding noise, like the sawing of wood at some distance. While wondering whence this sound proceeded my eye rested for a moment on the black cylinder on my table. There was a movement in it at last. At one end a slender sharp instrument was moving in and out like a saw. As I watched it a small arc was cut which continued until a perfect little circle was produced. Then the saw was withdrawn, and the circle was shoved outward by a long, slender, red arm. This arm continued to shove this circular piece of shell until it projected over the side like the cover of a coffee-pot. Then a head, decorated by two long slender antennae, was quickly protruded, followed by equally long and slender legs. These legs were braced against the sides of the cocoon, and by their aid appeared the long, red body of an insect which might be well described as a greatly attenuated red wasp. This creature seemed to be entirely unacquainted with his dimensions, for he seemed to think it necessary to investigate his whole anatomy with his long legs. After he had satisfied his curiosity in this regard, he began to vibrate his wings, and suddenly, without the slightest warning, flew past my face and out through the open window.

Gone! Well, he was a smart one! I wondered what manner of creature this could be. My curiosity was so great that I went round to a professional entomologist of my acquaintance, from whom I learnt the following facts:—Large moths are often destroyed by an insect called the Ichneumon fly.

These flies deposit their eggs in the folds of the larvæ of the moths, and the eggs work their way into the flesh, causing violent excitement and premature departure into the cocoon. The eggs are hatched out and a voracious grub is formed which kills and devours the helpless pupa of the moth, and builds a thin cocoon of its own within the silken covering.

When I looked within the shell which remained I found a few remnants of the moth. Comparing these remnants with the beautiful moth which was quietly moving its gorgeous wings to and fro, "what a difference," thought I, "between the being and the non-being of these two lowly creatures!"

H. H Newman.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CHEMICAL THEORY.

"Alchemy is to modern chemistry what astrology is to astronomy or legend to history."

Chemistry is not a product of the nineteenth century. It is, in the highest sense, the "heir of all the ages." To-day chemistry holds an exceedingly important position in the practical life of every one. To justify this we have only to look around for abundant testimony. A knowledge of chemical laws and chemical processes is absolutely necessary to the proficient worker in the arts. Workmen no longer blindly seek after unknown processes, but by careful study and observation of the conditions present in the case under examination, they attempt to arrive at the desired result. This is merely the beginning of the end. Who can prophesy what secrets Dame Nature may reveal to us in the next few years? What will be the food of the twentieth century? Chemistry has to find that out.

But this was not always so. Chemistry had its origin long ago. Nature's laws now are not very plain, even to the most advanced student, but in the days of alchemy how great must have been the darkness! With the thought of an alchemist we associate a dark chamber, in which with crucibles and alembics he is calcining, sublimeing, distilling. And for what purpose is all this? To discover, first, a method of transmuting the baser

metals into gold, and, secondly, the means of prolonging indefinitely human life.

Tradition points to Egypt as the birth-place of chemistry. The name itself would indicate to this. The ancient name of Egypt was Chemia. Alchemy is referred to also as the black art. The Arabian word is *Kimia*—something hidden or secret. The prefix *al* had its origin in Arabia, giving *al-chemy* the meaning "the chemistry of chemistries." The word *Chemia* occurs in the lexicon of Suidas, 11th century, and is explained as "the conversion of silver into gold."

In the beginning of Greek philosophy we find that men had begun to think of the origin of the universe. Unsatisfied with the fabled account of the origin of the world given by the mythologies, science asked what the ever-abiding cosmic matter or "world stuff" was, and in so doing pre-supposed the unity of the world. The various philosophers of each school had different concepts of being. The concepts of the Milesian school were hylozoistic. Thales said the "world stuff" was water. Anaximander "the Infinite," Anaximines, air. Heraclitus said it was fire. All things were in a state of eternal flux. The passing up corresponded to volatilization, the passing down to fixation. Empedocles was the first to assent to the existence of the four elements "earth, air, fire and water." These "elements" were each eternal, imperishable, homogeneous and unchangeable, but were at the same time divisible. Anaxagoras said these elements were numberless and were present in the universe in a finely divided state. Democritus reduced all phenomena to the mechanics of atoms, accounting for all qualitative change by quantitative relations existing among the atoms. These atoms were very small and had numberless forms. They were also possessed of a motion of their own. Aristotle added to the four elements a fifth, the *primum mobile*, ether, eternal and unchangeable. The doctrine of Aristotle was held by all the alchemists until quite modern times. Such were the beginnings of chemistry among the ancient Greeks. They did not exist, however, as chemical theories, but as theories of the constitution of the universe.

In Arabia, also, alchemy found a home. It was here called by various names, such as "the science of the letter M," "the

science of the key," while Rhazes called it "the astrology of the lower world.' Of the Arabian alchemists, the most prominent was Gebir. In his search for the philosopher's stone he made several discoveries of great value to modern chemistry. He was able to prepare nitric acid (*aqua fortis*) and nitro-hydrochloric acid (*aqua regia*). He also knew of mercuric oxide and corrosive sublimate. Gebir was the first to propound a chemical theory as such. He asserted that the differences in metals were due to the preponderance of one of the two principles, mercury and sulphur, of which all the metals were composed. Mercury gave to metals their true metallic characteristics, while sulphur caused the changes which took place in metals when they are heated. Another Arabian, Rhazes, was the re-discoverer of sulphuric acid and *aqua vitæ*. Artiphius was the reputed possessor of an *elixir vitæ*, whether a potable gold or a quintessence of all the active elements of the three kingdoms we do not know. His most useful discovery, as far as we are concerned, was that still useful article, soap.

Passing into Europe, the most important name is that of Roger Bacon, who made the distinction between theoretical and practical alchemy. He was a firm believer in the transmutability of the baser elements into gold and in the *elixir vitæ*. The latter he thought was potable gold—gold chloride—which has quite recently been applied to somewhat the same purpose. Bacon probably drank many a dose of this liquid. He calls the attention of Pope Nicholas IV. to the story that in Sicily an old man, while ploughing, found a bottle containing this golden liquor. On drinking it, the old man was transformed into a robust and handsome youth.

Other men of this period worthy of mention were Albertus Magnus, St. Thos. Aquinas, Raymond, Lully, Arnold Villano vanus, and Enenaeus Philalethes.

With the period of the Renaissance we come upon the person of Paracelsus, "the pioneer of modern chemists." He effected the union of medicine and chemistry, saying "Away with these false disciples who hold that this divine science which they dishonor and prostitute has no other end than that of making gold and silver. True alchemy has but one aim and object, to extract the quintessence of things and prepare arcana tinctures

and elixirs which may restore to man the health and soundness he has lost."

The contemporary of Paracelsus, Agricola (1490-1555), published a treatise on Metallurgy and Mining. Some of his methods are in use to-day. Libavius in 1595 published his Alchemia, the first hand-book of chemistry.

The first to refuse to accept Aristotle's doctrine was Von Helmont. He denied that fire and earth were elements, but admitted water and air. He, however, recognized different kinds of air which he was first to call gases. Gas *sylvestre*, carbon dioxide, he distinguishes also a gas *pingue*. He showed further that a metal dissolved in an acid was not lost, and considered it his highest aim to find a universal solvent which would act as a universal medicine.

To Robert Boyle (1627-'91) is due the overthrow of the Aristotelian and Paracelsian doctrines. His coming opens a new era. The elements, he said, were not of a fixed number, but it was impossible to decide. He was the first to state the difference between a simple element and a compound. Boyle's law is a result of his researches concerning the relations between volume and pressure existing in gases. Boyle was "the first scientific chemist," one who studied chemistry for the advancement of a knowledge of nature.

As chemistry advanced as a science, Hooke and Mayou made their discoveries. Hooke found that the reactions produced by air and saltpetre in the action of combustion were identical, and concluded that the element present in both the air and the saltpetre was the cause of the combustion. Mayou published a paper in 1669. It is there stated that combustion is carried on by means of this "*spiritus nitro aereus.*" He made further experiments in collecting gases over water, and showed that combustion and respiration were identical processes.

Stahl at this time came forward with his Phlogiston theory of combustion. According to this theory, all combustible substances are compound, and so must have at least two constituent elements. One of these remains and the other escapes when the body is burned. The element which escapes, Stahl calls Phlogiston. A body which was not altered by the action of fire did not contain any phlogiston, and must have already undergone combustion.

An example will illustrate. Stahl knew that oil of vitriol was a result of the combustion of sulphur, which was then considered to be a compound of phlogiston and sulphur. When charcoal burns, phlogiston is given off. Stahl reasoned that if the phlogiston which escapes from the charcoal could be applied to unite with the oil of vitriol, or dephlogisticated sulphur, the sulphur would again assume its original form. Oil of vitriol was combined, in accordance with this theory, with potash "to fix it," and the salt mixed with charcoal. When the mixture was heated a substance - *Hepar sulphuris*—was formed. This Stahl mistook for sulphur, and was by like methods led to a belief in the truth of his phlogiston theory.

Stahl would not have made this mistake had he examined all the qualities of substances, but he made the mistake of confining his attention to forms alone as is illustrated above. The fallacy of this theory was not pointed until Lavoisier made his experiments with the balance. In the meantime, Black, Priestly, Cavendish, Scheele and Macquer had done much for the advancement of science.

Black, in his researches on the fixed alkalies, did much for quantitative chemistry. The chemical balance came more and more into use. In 1763, latent and specific heats were discovered by Black.

In 1774, Joseph Priestly discovered oxygen. This element was prepared for the first time from mercuric oxide acted on by the heat of a burning glass. Priestly called it dephlogisted air. He prepared for the first time nitric oxide, nitrous oxide and carbonic oxide, and collected for the first time over mercury ammoniacal gas, hydrochloric acid gas, sulphurous acid gas and silicon tetra fluoride. Water was also prepared by the synthesis of its elements. Priestly did not understand the action, however, and it remained for Cavendish to explain.

Cavendish worked out also by eudiometric experiments the ratio of oxygen and nitrogen in the air. More important, however, are his experiments concerning the composition of water.

In Sweden, Scheele, independent of Priestly in both manner and means, had discovered oxygen. He prepared chlorine gas. Shortly afterwards molybdic, tungstic and hydrocyanic acids were isolated. In the realm of the organic, also, Scheele made numerous discoveries.

And now we come to Lavoisier. Up to this time all the quantitative relations of chemistry were in darkness. With his chemical balance Lavoisier turned the darkness into light, and chemistry entered upon a new day. The investigations of Lavoisier led to the utter overthrow of the phlogiston theory. Change of state was not followed by loss in matter.

To the investigations of Bergmann and Kirwan in regard to the composition of certain neutral salts, we owe the discovery that every chemical compound possesses a fixed composition. But neither Bergmann, Richter nor Proust, opposed by Berthollet, brought this law to its true expression.

This was left for John Dalton to perfect. His investigations gave use to the laws of simple and multiple proportions—in short, to the whole atomic theory. This theory, since the time of Dalton, has been gradually improved, as a result of the labors of Thomson, Wollaston, Berzelius, Humphrey Davy, Gay-Lussac, Curtois, Von Humboldt, Mitscherlich, and others.

In concluding this brief and incomplete *résumé* of the history of chemistry, a science yet in its infancy, it might be interesting to note the latest discovery in the chemical world. The discovery is that of a new element in the atmosphere. The experiments of Lord Rayleigh point conclusively to the existence of some such element. According to recent announcement, it has been prepared and its atomic weight determined. Much doubt, however, still exists concerning it. It has been named Argon.

Wallace P. Cohoe.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Correction.—In the second line of the second stanza of the poem, "Meminisse," on page 206 of last number, the word *travelled* should read *travailed. Es war ein grober Fehler*, we confess, and promise closer attention next time.

Principal Bates writes from Woodstock: "We are having a very pleasant year. Had 15 new students this term, and taking them all in all, we have not had a finer lot of fellows for many a year. We have hardly had a case of discipline this year. The tone and spirit of the school is good. We are planning to have a royal time at our closing. We have a strong class. The officers of the Alumni, too, are expecting an enthusiastic gathering.

As was announced in the February number of the McMaster Monthly, we give our readers this month a portrait and short biography of the late Deacon Stephen Tucker, whose name is so familiar and will long be tenderly cherished in many Baptist homes in Ontario and Quebec. Bro. Higgins's words of profound veneration and loving recollection will elicit ready responses of approval from every Canadian Baptist who has ever heard of the subject of this sketch. Would that every valley and every Association in our land had at least one such deacon.

The McMaster Monthly desires to contribute in some way to honor the name and help to keep green the memory of the lamented Dr. Gordon, whom so many of the students and our readers have seen and heard, and learned to admire and love. We trust Bro. Stewart's sympathetic review may stimulate many readers to seek earnestly a fuller acquaintance with the daily life and methods of one who lived so near his heavenly Master, and whose labors were so abundant, so wisely conducted and so signally blessed. Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr. Roberts for permission to use the *Canadian Baptist* portrait of Dr. Gordon, by far the best that has yet appeared in any American publication.

In the death of Mr. Brewer Waugh on March 3rd, the University lost one of its most earnest students. Mr. Waugh came to us from Prince Edward's Island and was pursuing a course of theological study. He had proved himself an efficient worker in his two years' service on mission fields. A lingering illness which began during the Christmas holidays baffled all efforts at medical relief. Surgery was at last em-

ployed as a last resort and the end speedily followed. At a meeting held in the University chapel, Faculty and students united in bearing testimony to Mr. Waugh's fidelity as a student and to the purity and strength of his Christian character. Students and Professors accompanied the body to the Railway station and in charge of Mr. Redden, a fellow-student, it was taken away to his loved ones by the sea. The deepest sympathy is felt by members of the University for our brother's bereaved kindred.

L'Aurore of February 16th, contained a portrait of Rev. Prof. Louis Charles Roux, M.A., from 1867 to 1887 Principal of the Feller Institute at Grande Ligne, and at present instructor in French in Vermont Academy (Baptist) U.S. From the biographical remarks accompanying this portrait, we learn that Prof. Roux was born and received his early education near Marseilles, France. Converted to Protestantism while at school in Rome, he went for classical and theological studies to Geneva, where during the winter of 1846-47, he made the acquaintance of Rev. Theodore Lafleur, and whom he followed to Canada, a short time after the latter's return in 1850. Making his way to Grande Ligne, he was welcomed by his old friend and became a member of his church. Though regularly ordained to the ministry, Mr. Roux has devoted himself chiefly to teaching his native language, in which he has been eminently successful.

The *Magna Charta* of McMaster University is the Great Commission. That command is *the* reason for her existence. The Fyfe Missionary Society is a standing recognition and expression of the fact. One day every month class-work is suspended, and, through morning and afternoon sessions, teachers and students together devote themselves to a careful consideration of the varied aspects of missionary work in the home and foreign fields.

The present year has furnished additional evidence of the large place given to missions in the life and thought of the University. During the last week in February we were favored with a series of four lectures on Foreign Missions by our efficient Foreign Mission Secretary, Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, M.D.

The first was delivered in Bloor Street Church on the morning of Lord's day, Feb. 24th. It dealt with the scope of the commission and the marvellous way in which God's Providences are emphasizing our responsibility in connection with it to-day. Many of us feel that this was the strongest statement of the subject which it has been our privilege to hear. The call to day for practical recognition of the Lordship

of Jesus Christ in all the details of life was shown to be tremendously urgent.

The second lecture was given on the following Tuesday evening, in the College chapel. The theme was India. Within the space of a single hour the lecturer gave an intensely interesting outline of the whole subject. The greatness of India, its checkered history, its religious condition and appalling need, the early Christian missions, these and the mighty modern movement were sketched in a masterly way. We know of no better introduction to an intelligent and systematic study of Missions in India than this admirable address.

The third and fourth lectures formed the chief feature of the exercises on Wednesday, which was our Fyfe Missionary Day. The subject of the morning lecture was China, Japan, Korea and Tibet; that of the afternoon, The Dark Continent. These evinced the same mastery of the subject, the same sure instinct in seizing the salient points and throwing all into proper perspective.

The attendance at all the lectures, on the part, both of the University and of its friends, was extremely gratifying. The interest aroused by the opening address grew steadily to the close; Mr. McDiarmid's earnest spirit gave his words great power. We believe God spoke through him to the young life of this institution. A large contribution has been made to our knowledge of missions, and, we trust, to our permanent interest and enthusiasm in this great business.

We hope for a continuation of these lectures next year, and that it may yet be our privilege to have the completed series in printed form.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

> These things, Ulysses,
> The wise bards also
> Behold and sing.
>
> —*Matthew Arnold.*

The *McGill Fortnightly* comes once again, with sprightly cover and interesting contents, albeit with no loss of scholastic dignity. It contains a handsome supplement, exhibiting the portraits of the five respective Deans, with corresponding sketches in the *Fortnightly* itself.

An exquisite embodiment of our Chancellor's "Blomidon Sonnets" has appeared, through the kindness of a New Hampshire friend. The material is birch-bark, fastened with silk threads, imparting a unique and especial charm to the eight sonnets that are presented. The issue is limited to twenty-five copies.

The literary notes of the day abound in touching reminiscences and critical eulogies of the late Robert Louis Stevenson. *Queen's University Journal* contains an excellent article in this respect.

The Review has an able article on The Problem of Job. It is an introductory analysis, and is to be followed by a more exhaustive treatment in succeeding numbers.

The *Ariel* (Jan. 19th, 1895), from the University of Minnesota, contains three good stories, the first of which gained a well-deserved prize of fifteen dollars. It is entitled "The Matadore, the Senorita and the Arena," by Adolph O. Eliason. Did our space permit we would gladly reproduce it.

Six university presidents met in Chicago on Jan. 12th, and discussed the pros and cons of athletics in general and football in particular. We gladly note this significant and long-awaited action. It was resolved to recommend appropriate rules, which will no doubt be adopted by the respective faculties concerned. The following two important resolutions were also passed :

"*Resolved*,—That we call on the expert managers of football so to revise the rules of the game that the liability to injury shall be reduced to a minimum."

"*Resolved*,—That we call upon all colleges and university authorities to put forth every practicable effort to prevent professionalism of every form in intercollegiate athletic games and to make every game an honorable contest of athletic skill, by excluding from participation all persons who are not regularly enrolled as students, doing full work as such."

The *Chap-Book* for January 1st, is a beautiful production. Bliss Carman's sketch of Charles G. D Roberts is accompanied by an excellent portrait and an autograph poem. The edition was 12,500 copies. "At Vigils." by Alice Brown, and "Where the Night's Pale Roses Blow," by Louise Chandler Moulton, are among the poems. We quote the latter :

"Ah, the place is wild and sweet
Where my darling went—
If I chase her flying feet,
When the day is spent,
Shall I find her as I go
Where the Night's pale roses blow?

Dr. Withrow continues his articles on the East in the *Methodist Magazine*. The Old Land is an inexhaustible subject, and Dr. Withrow's articles are full of interest and amply illustrated. The number contains also an excellent portrait of General Booth, accompanied by a short life.

The following curiosities about some sound vibrations are taken from *Harper's Young People*, a paper which is authority on scientific points : "Vibration is simply a moving to and fro, as we see the pendulum of a clock do. All things have a certain vibration, though we cannot always see it. When two things being near each other vibrate in time with each other, the movement of one is affected by the movement

of the other. When one clock is set going, its neighbor's pendulum also moves. The air between them, being set in motion by the vibration, acts as the medium. If you strike a string of a piano, the corresponding string in any near piano will also vibrate, the other strings will not be affected, however. If milk boys kept up a regular step, the vibration of their bodies would increase the vibration of the milk until it would be spilled. The little fellows may not quite understand the philosophy of the matter, but they know they must change their step from time to time in order to keep the milk in the pails Not many evenings ago, while a lady was singing, the glass shade on a gas burner directly in front of her was broken. Her voice which was loud and strong, had shattered the glass. While in the Alps a few years ago, I noticed the muleteers tied up the bells on their mules, and was told that the protracted combined tinkling would start an avalanche. The first iron bridge ever built was at Colebrook Dale, England. While it was building, a fiddler came along and said: "I can fiddle that bridge down." The workmen, little alarmed, bade him fiddle away to his heart's content. Whereupon the musician tried one note after another, until he hit upon the one in tune with the movement of the bridge, and the structure began to quiver so perceptibly that the laborers begged him to cease and let them alone, which he did; otherwise the structure would surely have fallen. The combination of force is so great and vibrations would increase to such an extent that a small dog could ruin the finest and largest bridge if he could trot back and forth continually keeping exact time."

The Brunonian maintains its usual high standard, we clip the following:

REVELATION.

Softly treading, 'neath the spreading
  Elms snow-laden,
Heart so light, eyes so bright,
  Goes the maiden.

So demurely smiling, surely
  Is she human?
Grace so airy means a fairy,
  And not woman.

Ah! she stumbles. Down she tumbles,
  Luckless wight,
In the snow. Now we know
  She's no sprite.

—*T. C. M.*

WHAT NOT TO DO.

To know thy bent and then pursue,
  Why, that is genius, nothing less;
But he who knows what not to do,
  Holds half the secret of success.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Century.

Nearly all our exchanges pay a loving tribute to the memory of Dr. A. J. Gordon of Boston; probably he was as well known as any Baptist preacher in America. His works may be obtained all over the land and are read and treasured by the most spiritually minded of all denominations. He stands forth a wonderful example of what may be done with the simple Gospel in humble reliance upon the Holy Spirit. No man was freer from sensation or criticism, a quiet power born of deepest conviction made him speak with assurance. He was above all a man of great faith in God. Upon whom will his mantle fall?

LORD, THOU ART GREAT.

(From the German of Seidl.)

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry when in the east
The day is blooming like a rose of fire,
When, to partake anew of life's rich feast,
Nature and man awake with fresh desire.
When art thou seen more gracious, God of power,
Than in the morn's great resurrection hour?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry when blackness shrouds
The noon-day heavens, and crinkling lightnings flame,
And on the tablet of the thunder-clouds
In fiery letters write thy dreadful name.
When art thou, Lord, more terrible in wrath,
Than in the mid-day tempest's lowering path?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry when in the west,
Day, softly vanquished, shuts his glowing eye;
When song-feasts ring from every woodland nest,
And all in melancholy sweetness die;
When giv'st thou, Lord, our hearts more bless'd repose,
Than in the magic of thy evening shows?

"Lord, thou art great!" I cry at dead of night,
When silence broods alike on land and deep;
When stars go up and down the blue-arched height,
And on the silver clouds the moonbeams sleep;
When beckonest thou, O Lord, to loftier heights,
Than in the silent praise of holy night?

"Lord, thou art great!" In nature's every form;
Greater in none—simply most great in all;
In tears and terrors, sunshine, smiles, and storms,
And all that stirs the heart, is felt thy call;
"Lord, thou art great!" Oh let me praise thy name,
And grow in greatness as I thine proclaim.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. Newman,
W. J. Thorold,
Miss M. E. Dryden, } *Editors.*

The University.

There was a mayd
At school she stayd,
A lonely hour at noon.
There was a mouse,
He set up house
All in the Ladies' Room,
He knew they had no broom

There was a sound,
And to the ground
The mayden fainting falls.
Now mousie, play,
No mayd will stay,
For lunch within those walls,
So much thy squeak appalls!

The class of '95 will figure largely in the coming open meeting. Nearly all the numbers are to be filled by members of the graduating class.

S. R. Tarr has gone home. He has not been feeling well for some weeks, we hope he will fully recover in time to come back and make "first all round" at the exams.

The Graduating Classes both in Arts and Theology are coming one by one before the Faculty to read their theses. Some brilliant essays have been prepared and some not so brilliant. These are wearying hours for the long suffering Faculty.

Must not the thought of *examinations* be seriously affecting the mind of a Sophomore who wears a cloak wrong side out without noticing the difference, and who walks into a mirror down town, and gazes three times at the reflection before recognizing it and ceasing to wonder why people will stand in the way so stupidly?

Spring is here beyond a doubt! For the small boy with his marbles has taken possession of the street again, and when the sidewalk floats with water, he plays his game upon the yet unmelted snowbank. But the thought does not bring much joy to the average McMaster student; 'tis

In the spring the young man's fancy
Wearily looks toward exams.
While the maiden nigh despairing,
Nightly sits her down and crams.

Lordly Junior (reciting in Geology): "Extensive coal formations were laid down also in Pennsylvania and in that State immediately north of it—um—m—oh, yes, of course!—Massachusetts!

On Thursday evening, February 28th, Rev. R. Garside, B.A., gave a lecture on India, in the Lecture Room of Walmer Road Church. The address was enlivened throughout by a series of excellent lime-light views, produced by Mr. Whittemore.

Sleepy Junior (studying State History) reads: "'The Home office superintends the constabulary.' Constabulary!—stabulary—stabl—is that an infirmary for horses, I wonder?" Freshie assists Junior to retire for the night.

The ladies of the Literary League recently enjoyed a meeting of somewhat novel character, the subject of the programme being "The Evening Star." Several very beautiful poems to the evening star were read from different authors, and the music was also appropriately selected. The last number on the programme was a debate on the question, "Resolved that the evening star is a fitter theme for poetry than the sun," Miss Dryden speaking for the affirmative, Miss Iler for the negative. The debate occasioned some serious thinking, much sentimentality, and a great deal of laughter, and was finally decided in favor of the sun, whose glories were indeed convincingly set forth by Miss Iler.

"Brother Waugh died at eleven minutes past twelve on Sunday morning. His last words were: 'Things are growing strange—heaven is getting nearer—I do not think of myself, only of the Lord.'" Such was the sad, laconic notice placed upon the bulletin board of the College early on Sunday morning. Once again the fell angel has visited our family and taken away a brother beloved. At 3.30 on Monday, students and professors gathered in the College chapel for service. After suitable reading, hymns and prayers, several of the professors and students spoke in the highest terms of our brother's worth, especially emphasizing his manly character and genuineness. One and all testified with gratitude to the helpfulness of his quiet example. The body was forwarded by the night train to his parents at Summerside, P. E. I. A beautiful wreath accompanied the casket, the loving tribute of the boys. May the great sympathizer bind up the broken hearts of the sorrowing family.

Rumor travels fast. McMaster students have been able to verify this statement on more than one occasion within the last month. Somebody found out in some way that the following day was to be Chancellor Rand's sixtieth birthday, and in a remarkably brief space of time everybody was aware of this fact. The result was that a plan was formulated by a committee to congratulate the Chancellor on the completion of his three score years. In the morning, after the exercises in the chapel had been concluded, the Chancellor arose to dismiss the

students, but no one moved. Then up rose the stately McAlpine, and in his own pleasing style explained the situation to the Chancellor and Faculty, and then proceeded with his address of congratulations, in which he voiced the sentiments of the whole student body. The Chancellor chose to reply in a jovial, hearty manner, and closed, as is his custom, by exhorting all to diligence and hard work, as the examinations were fast approaching. This was a very happy occasion for all concerned.

The Camelot Club held its first public meeting on the last Saturday afternoon of February. Professors, students, and a goodly number of friends assembled in the College Chapel, hoping to spend a pleasant and profitable afternoon. Their hopes were fully realized. Shortly after three o'clock, Mr. G. H. Clarke, the energetic President of the Club, gave the audience a hearty welcome, stated briefly the aims of the organization, and gave some account of the work which had been already accomplished under its auspices. He then resigned the chair to the Honorary President, Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A., who introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Mr. D. R Keys, M.A. Mr. Keys, as will be remembered, was our lecturer in English for two years, and his work was highly satisfactory to all concerned. In a few introductory words he told of the circumstances attending his connection with McMaster, and expressed his appreciation of the thorough and diligent work which had been done by the students while under his charge. The Camelot Club have been studying for some time the works of Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Keys had kindly consented to read a paper on that author before the Club. After a chorus by the glee club and an instrumental duet by Misses Holmes and Bailey, Mr. Keys delivered his address, which was evidently the product of painstaking effort and high literary appreciation. He sketched Arnold's early life, his school-days, and his university career; showed how his training fitted him for the work of a poet, and then read with good effect, and criticised numerous selections from his poems. Arnold is an author who deserves to have many more readers than he has at present, and many who heard Mr. Keys' glowing account determined to acquaint themselves more fully with this great modern poet.

The Annual Dinner of the Class of '95 was, in some respects, the event of the year. The evening of St. Valentine's Day found the class assembled in the brilliantly-lighted dining-room of the College, around the table most amply spread by our efficient matron, Mrs. Pritchard, and accompanied by representatives of the Faculty of other years of our own University, and of the graduating years of Trinity, Victoria, Wycliffe and 'Varsity. The menu omitted nothing necessary to make up a bountiful repast, and the thanks of the Class is hereby perpetually tendered to Mrs. Pritchard and her assistants for their painstaking service.

The toasts of the evening were to the University and Faculty, Other Classes, Sister Institutions, The Ladies, and the Queen and our Country, responded to respectively by W. S. W. McLay, B.A., L.

Brown, '96, and E. J. Stobo, '96, Th.; A. W. Crawford representing Victoria, E. G. Osler representing Trinity, E. F. Huckley representing Wycliffe, W. E. Burns, representing 'Varsity; J. W. Russell, C. H. Schutt. G. H. Clarke read the Class poem, The Larger Brotherhood, in which he foreshadowed the future successes of '95; G. R. McFaul told of the voyages of the past in the good ships Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, painted a glowing picture of the last vessel as she nears the harbor, and paid a handsome tribute to the officers on board. O. G. Langford prophesied of the future, and predicted a useful if not a brilliant career for all. D. Nimmo made the speech of the evening in his eloquent oration on Individuality, using as an apt illustration the marked diversity of gifts in the class of '95. The Class song, both poem and music, composed for the occasion by G. H. Clarke, W. S. McAlpine and O. G. Langford, was sung by W. S. McAlpine, all coming in heartily on the chorus. W. J. Thorold gave a reading possessing that exceptional merit, brevity. W. S. McAlpine sang Bonapo, accompanying it upon the guitar. F. Eby presided in a most admirable manner. The Class is unanimous in its opinion that Fred is fast developing into a very effective speaker. We have but one regret to record, W. R. Smith was unavoidably absent.

The executive of the Fyfe Missionary Society have been very fortunate in securing the services of our esteemed friend and brother, Rev. A. P. McDiarmid, M.A., to deliver before the Society a series of lectures on Missions. The first of this series was given in Bloor St. Baptist Church, on Sunday the 24th inst. A large number of students, together with the usual worshippers, greeted him, eager to learn about this great work. This lecture was entitled, "The Great Commission and the Emphasis God is putting upon it To-day." This powerful address was delivered in his characteristic earnest manner, to the spiritual uplifting of all present. He especially emphasized full consecration to Jesus as our Lord and called for means to garner in the fields already "whitening to the harvest," which, under God's special blessing, opportunities never before witnessed are "now" offered to the Christian Church for the speedy conquest of great heathendom lying in darkness and the shadow of death. His stirring appeal for fuller devotion of heart and means is still ringing in our ears!

This lecture was followed by one none the less interesting and powerful, entitled, "India," given in the University Chapel, on Sunday evening, at 7 p.m. A more thorough review of India, in an hour, could not be given. Mr. McDiarmid has taken time to search for and gather together all the information necessary to give you, in a short space, a comprehensive picture of this field. India is a name dear to the hearts of American Baptists, and especially to the students of McMaster. His lecture was full of spicy information concerning the country, the people—socially, morally and religiously—the progress of missionary thought in that country, steeped for centuries in superstition, the blessed freeing power of the mighty "Gospel"; these mighty conquests stirred all our hearts to deeper love and devotion to the great work to which we, as American Baptists, have especially set our hands.

Wednesday, the 27th ult., being our monthly Fyfe Missionary Day, was given up to Mr. McDiarmid, who gave us two interesting addresses. The theme for the morning session was "China, Tibet, Japan, Korea." These four fields were admirably surveyed, a short historical sketch of each given, the peculiarities of the people outlined, and the progress of missionary effort given in a most thrilling way.

The afternoon session was given to the consideration of "Missionary Work in the Dark Continent." This land, of which little has been known until about half a century ago, was reviewed in a most thrilling and interesting manner. The country, the people, their religion (pagan for the most part), the work of the explorers and missionaries, the triumphs of "Truth" in this properly designated "Dark Continent," were set forth in a manner that thrilled all our hearts. In the clear light of Scriptural teaching, with the greatest fulness of information, with a wise discretion, and with an intense conviction, Mr. McDiarmid presented the obligations resting upon us, for the evangelization of the world, and declared with power how mightily God's providences are upon every one of us, urging the speediest discharge of these obligations.

Moulton College.

Those of us who accepted the invitation of the Camelot Club to hear Prof. Keys' lecture, had a treat. To one fortunate enough to be well acquainted with the works of Matthew Arnold, the lecture was an enriching and widening of knowledge, while to others it was an introduction never to be forgotten, and an inspiration to seek intimate acquaintance at once.

Both teachers and pupils deeply sympathize with Miss Smart in her great sorrow at the recent loss of her mother. Some of us have had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Mrs. Smart, and upon these her beautiful, unselfish character and cheerful, devoted, Christian life made an abiding impression. Her death, which occurred at Brockville on February 21st, will long be felt by an uncommonly wide circle of friends, especially in the Baptist denomination, of which she was for many years a well-known and most helpful member.

Those who went to the Concert of the Yunck String Quartette on the evening of Monday, March 4th, with expectations of enjoyment based upon the memory of that organization's performance at the time of the Massey Festival Concert last June, were not disappointed. Although the *personnel* of the Quartette has changed since that time, Herr Yunck is still at the head. The Concert was the first of a series of three, given under the auspices of the Women's Literary Society and the University College Women's Residence Association, and the sweet girl undergraduate was in consequence decidedly in evidence. The theatre of the Normal School, which is admirably adapted for chamber

music, was comfortably filled with a very appreciative audience. The Quartette appeared four times on the programme—the opening number was Beethoven's Quartette Op. 18, No. 6, which consisted of five movements; in this number the *ensemble* of the Quartette was, perhaps, shown to best advantage. The second concerted number was a beautiful Andante Cantabile movement by Tschaikowsky. A Romanze, composed by Herr Heberlein, the 'Cellist of the Quartette, a dashing Mazurka, by Hieniawski, and a Merry Priest, by Haydn, formed their third, while the last consisted of two movements from a Quartette by Anton Dvorak, who is Director in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. The piano part was well played by Miss Fannie Sullivan, of the Toronto College of Music.

Herr Heberlein contributed a 'Cello Solo, "Souvenir de Spa," by Servais, which won him an encore. Herr Yunck's violin solo was the Andante and Finale, from the ever-popular Mendelssohn Junior Concerto, Mrs. Sullivan accompanying him very acceptably. The vocalist of the evening was Miss Constance Jarvis, a local singer who proved very popular, her sweet singing winning her much applause, and a quantity of beautiful roses.

The Concert proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the winter and lovers of chamber music will look forward with pleasant anticipation to the remainder of the series, hoping they may be a great success musically, and that the friends of the Women's Residence Association may be largely augmented thereby.

The Heliconian recently gave an open meeting, characterized as an

EVENING WITH HOLMES.

PROGRAMME.

1. Piano Solo, . . . Novelette. . . . . Schumann.
   Miss Pollard.
2. French Recitation, ... Trois Jours de Christophe Colomb.
   Miss MacLean.
3. Essay, ... Oliver Wendell Holmes as a Humorist.
   Miss Botterill.
4. Vocal Solo, . . . My Little Love. . . . . Hawley.
   Miss Johnson.
5. Reading, ... The Chambered Nautilus.
   Miss Cowan.
6. Recitation, ... The One-Hoss Shay.
   Miss Dryden.
7. Reading, ... Selections from Iris.
   Miss Johnson.
8. Piano Solo, . . . Prelude . . . . Stojowski.
   Miss Matthews.
9. German Recitation, ... Das Lied vom braven Mann.
   Miss Botterill.
10. Ballad of the Oysterman.
11. Recitation, ... How the Old Horse Won the Bet.
    Miss Kirk.
12. Piano Solo, . . . Mazurka No. 2. . . . Lerchitzky.
    Miss Fisher.

Woodstock College.

General Booth has paid a visit to Woodstock. He delivered a lecture in the Opera House, at which a very great number were present. We were not so fortunate as to have him visit the school, but many of the boys went to hear him, and professed themselves much pleased.

The College rink has been a grand success this year. There has been good skating for quite a long time, and those enjoying hockey seem to have had a very pleasant time. The rink committee is to be complimented on its very efficient management.

The Rev. Mr. Prosser, of Ridgetown, Ontario, who has been assisting at evangelistic meetings in the Oxford St. Church, paid us a visit and gave us an address on the 15th of February. The address though short was eloquent, humorous, and full of excellent advice. He expressed himself as being very highly pleased with the institution and its equipment.

Some good things are periodical and others are continuous. Some are periodical but their effects are continuous. Of the latter are Mr. Bone's visits to the school. His regular yearly visits are certainly flashes of inspiration and encouragement to us from a life of labor and true missionary zeal. Mr. Bone was with us at the weekly prayer meeting on the evening of February 7th, and although, on account of another engagement, his address was shorter than usual, it was bright and full of earnestness.

The Rev. Mr. Mellick visited us on January 17th. We are always glad to greet friends from the great North-West, and therefore listened to Mr. Mellick with great interest. From his account of the conditions prevailing there we were able to form in some faint way an idea of the difficulties to be contended with. The race question is undoubtedly the cause of much of the difficulty. Where can we find so varied a population as is found on this continent? The thousands of miles over which Mr. Mellick must of necessity travel in the prosecution of his work, give us some idea of the vastness of the field and the arduous position which he, as Superintendent, fills. We wish Mr. Mellick and his work in the great North-West every success.

The Day of Prayer, Jan. 31st, was duly observed. There was a prayer and testimony meeting in the Chapel, in the morning, at which many were present. In the afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing an address by Rev. C. C. McLaurin. Mr. McLaurin's subject was "The value of a soul," and he made us feel what an exceedingly precious thing God esteems it. After his address, two others of a very interesting character were given by Messrs. McFarlane and Kendall, on their summer's work. All enjoyed the meeting, as was evidenced by the large gathering assembled at the evening prayer-meeting. We have cause to be thankful that such seasons come in the busy school life.

Our hockey teams have been giving a good account of themselves. The Junior team has won two matches from the Brevis team, of the town. The Senior team has played a tie with the Canterbury team and thinks it can do better the next time. A match has been arranged with the Collegiate Institute for this week, which no doubt will be as interesting as Collegiate vs. College matches usually are. The following compose the Senior team: Goal, Simpson; Point, Smith; Cover Point, E. Scarlett; Centre Forwards, McKechnie (Captain) and Huggart; Right Wing, D. E. Welch; Left Wing, Henderson.

Among the many features upon which we pride ourselves is the musical element in College. It is not good to laud one's self overmuch, but we consider our Glee Club and Orchestra equal to any that have preceded us. The demands made upon the boys are almost too many to comply with, yet many a happy and joyous outing has been made. On Jan. 18th, the whole band—composed of Glee Club and Orchestra—set out for Wolverton, twenty miles distant. The weather, however, became quite stormy, and before they reached their destination the horses refused to draw them farther. So, some on foot and some in friendly sleighs, found the way to the place, after considerable delay. But as they were late, they had to proceed with the programme without supper. Still the meeting was good and all enjoyed themselves. On the following Friday evening, Jan. 25th, the same party went to East Zorra, to the 16th Line Baptist Church. The storm again raged, and again they were late, but this time owing, it is said, to their missing one of the side turnings. It is whispered, however, that as there were ladies in the load, perchance the mistake was intentional. After they had rendered a very good programme and had enjoyed the supper, they returned home, in the small hours of the morning, a very happy and hearty crew.

Reception at the College.—There was a large gathering at the College on Friday evening, February 22nd, on the occasion of an At Home given by the Faculty. The guests were received by the Principal and his wife in the East Building reception rooms, which were tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. The earlier part of the evening was spent in social intercourse, and the animated conversation and merry laugh testified to the fact that all were enjoying themseves. After all had arrived they adjourned to the West Building. A neatly printed programme announced the main features of interest, and an obliging committee of ushers conducted the people to the different parts of the building.

In the Chapel-room a short musical programme was rendered, consisting of a selection by the Glee Club, a solo by Miss Knight, and an instrumental duet by the Misses Ketchum and Hunter. Mr. B. Wilson was present with his lantern and showed a number of World's Fair views, and also some original sketches illustrating different phases of his college life, which were greatly enjoyed by the students.

Refreshments were served in the dining-room about ten o'clock, and an hour later the friends departed, after spending a pleasant evening.

Grande Ligne.

Student Reading Vergil.—"How do you translate 'Mirabile dictu'?"

Teacher.—"'Wonderful to relate.'"

Student.—"Is that where doctors get their degree of M.D.?"

One of the greatest storms which has been known for several years swept over the country during the last few weeks, and for some time all traffic was suspended. At Grande Ligne it seems to have been more severe than elsewhere, or perhaps the people felt it more.

Our rink has been buried beneath a beautiful, white, fleecy covering some four feet deep; just enough to keep the boys from attempting its excavation. However, an exploring party is talked of, and after some hard work we hope to see our rink once more.

We are glad to notice this year that there is a marked interest in the prayer-meetings, and we hope that the boys who feel anxious may come to give their lives to Christ as a living sacrifice. The Christian Endeavor is also doing good work, and many are learning to take part and to lead meetings.

The rage for organization, with many of its benefits and, perhaps, some of its evils, has at last reached even such an out-of-the-way place as Grande Ligne. The latest organization is a new Literary Society among the smallest boys. Debates are held and papers are read, just as in more advanced circles, and, if report speaks truly, they will soon be rivalling their seniors in ability.

A few weeks ago we had our annual English debate on the "other side," and we think it was enjoyed by all. The subject was, "Resolved, that a man of thought is a greater impetus to civilization than a man of action." The speakers were: Affirmative—J. F. Thompson, F. W. Therrien. Negative—A. P. Rossier, E. Rossier. It was a sharp contest. Considerable wit was shown on one side and thought on the other. The decision was in favor of the negative.

Last week we had the pleasure of hearing Rev. W. B. Hinson, of Montreal, who spoke on three words in the 2nd chap. of Acts—Ghost, Wind and Fire. He likened God to a ghost, in that it is impossible to confine Him in any place or keep Him out of any place. "God is also like wind," said he, "because He is powerful and, again, gentle. He speaks to one by the thunder and to another by the still, small voice: one is compelled to fall to the ground and another rests under the fig tree." He said God was like fire, because of His warming influence in melting men's hearts, and he asked the Christians to get nearer this mighty power to receive warmth. He did us all good, and many resolves were made to live a better life.

James Cooper.

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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JAMES COOPER, D.D.

A name intimately associated with what is most valued by Canadian Baptists, is that of James Cooper, the pastor, the scholar, the friend, the man of God. He was born Dec. 27th, 1812, near the village of Dunse, in Berwickshire, Scotland, which lies upon one of the tributaries of

"Tweed's fair river, broad and deep."

This beautiful region is the Borderland of song and story, where, many generations ago, knights and lords and freebooters trooped and fought and revelled, and where armies, rushing from North and South, met and joined in deadly conflict. George Cooper, an employee in the paper mill at Dunse, was his father —an honest man and religious withal, as was shown by his election to the eldership of the Presbyterian Church. Our hero was early made acquainted with the meaning of toil, serving as an errand boy and mail carrier for the firm which owned the mill in which his father worked. He was afterwards bound to the cabinet-makers' trade, and worked out a seven years' apprenticeship in Kelso, the town which Horatius Bonar blessed with his holy ministry.

We are told that as a youth Mr. Cooper was fond of reading and serious and earnest thinking; nevertheless the memory

which he retained of many amusing incidents in his boyhood days showed that he was not insensible to the humorous side of things. The eye that twinkled so merrily after life had cast its dark shadows upon his spirit was not dull when he was young; nor had he forgotten how to sympathize with the hilarity and pleasures of his youthful friends when years had bent his frame.

It must have been at an early period of his life that he came to the knowledge of his salvation in Christ; but at what age and under what circumstances this profoundly interesting experience came to him, we have not been able to learn. Those who knew him best bear testimony to the undoubted evidences of the operations of the Holy Spirit upon his heart.

Having removed to Edinburgh to follow his calling, he became a member of the Rev. James McGilchrist's congregation. Ample opportunities were soon presented to engage in Christian work. He joined the City Mission, and presently, dropping his trade, he was employed as colporteur and missionary. This step probably prepared his way for entrance into the ministry. It was about this time that his views regarding the mode and subjects of baptism changed; and, as an honest man was bound to do, he wrote his pastor a letter, which is still preserved, stating his convictions and his determination to practice them. This must have been a painful task for so kind and sensitive a man; but it was always known of him that he chose to maintain a conscience void of offence and to walk in the path of duty without hesitation or complaint, however rough it might be. He was baptized in the Charlotte Chapel in September, 1840, by Rev. Christopher Anderson.

In 1839 he had married Miss Jessie Sutherland, of Edinburgh, and now, undaunted by family cares, he set about preparing himself for the ministry. Among the distinguished men at whose feet he sat was Sir W. Hamilton, and nearly forty years after we find him reading, with sharp relish, the writings of his great preceptor. He pursued his theological studies in Bradford, England, where he attended the college for two sessions.

It was in the year that the saintly McCheyne was called up to look upon the face of his Lord, the year of the great "disruption," when Dr. Chalmers was in the zenith of his popularity

and power, that Mr. Cooper came to Canada. In 1843 our young country presented a striking contrast to the ancient land which he had left. Our deep forests, our stumpy clearings, our small log cabins, our scattered settlements, our rough roads, could not have been inviting. Our schools were few, and the instruction imparted in them imperfect. A chapel, small and rudely furnished, was now and then to be found in the villages springing up in the wilderness and along the waterways. Barns, dwelling-houses, schoolhouses and the woods were the common meeting places for worship. The people were poor; the moral condition of many neighborhoods was low and sinking lower; the spiritual destitution was appalling. The Baptists were a very feeble folk, despised and hated for their tenets and practices. Our pastors —to whom we and our country owe an unspeakable debt for their fidelity to principle in trying times—were few, and many of them were illiterate. Nevertheless our principles were taking root and growing vigorously in many places, both East and West. In the Ottawa region, John Gilmour, John Edwards, Wm. Fraser and Daniel McPhail had carried the good news wherever their swift feet could run. The importance of a ministry to shepherd these weak and scattered flocks was sorely felt. In answer to prayer such young men as John Dempsey, W. K. Anderson, John Cameron, Aaron Slaght and Thos L. Davidson were either attending the Montreal College or about to go there. The Rev. R. A. Fyfe had organized the infant church at Perth and been its pastor for about a year, when his appointment to the temporary principalship of Montreal College, in the autumn of 1843, left the little band without a leader. It was about this time that Mr. Cooper reached this country, and he was soon installed in the oversight of the young interest, receiving a salary of $240. This was the day of small stipends and great devotion. In this charge he remained a little over three years, laying strong and deep foundations. In 1847 he assumed the pastorate of the South Gower Church, residing the while in Kemptville, where there was a branch church. He had already identified himself with the then Canada Baptist Missionary Society, acting on deputations, and otherwise seeking to spread the good work more widely. About 1850 he accepted a call to Brockville, where he was the successor of Robert Boyd. His life here was compara-

tively uneventful; little is recorded, and very little remembered about him, excepting that he was a man of deep piety, and that he excelled in expository preaching. His next pastorate was in Woodstock, whither he went in the spring of 1854, and where he labored for eight years. His ministry upon this field was fruitful and his work enduring. There was a steady progress in all departments. In 1855 what was one of the most sumptuous places of worship in Upper Canada west of Toronto, was erected. The next year the pastor's salary, which had been $400, was increased to $500; doubt is expressed, however, whether it was ever fully paid. In 1857 it was proposed to hold a council to recognize the church as a Regular Baptist church, and at the next meeting of the Grand River Association application was made for admission into that body. It would appear that the church, which had originally adopted open communion principles, had been steadily growing towards the opposite view. A very long step was taken when a clause was inserted in the deed of the new chapel which committed the church to the practice of close communion; but hitherto she had stood somewhat aloof from the sisterhood of churches. Her cordial reception into the Association brought her into full harmony with the body.

His ten years' experience in the country convinced Mr. Cooper that one of the most imperative needs of our beloved denomination was an educated ministry. He saw some young men devoting their lives to this work; but since the failure of the Montreal College they were compelled to go to the United States for their training, and so were lost to us. Grieved at this unpromising condition of things, he determined to do whatever lay in his power to remedy it, and so became the pioneer of theological education in the West. The accomplished principal of the Woodstock Grammar School then and for many years after was Mr. George Strachan, who was eminently successful in preparing students for the University and the professions. Mr Cooper succeeded in getting free tuition at this institution for four or five young men while he gave them elementary instruction in theology. One of these was George Duncan, a young man of marvellous abilities, whom he had baptized during his first year in Woodstock, and who was subsequently called to the pastorate of the church in Hamilton, where his early death

shattered the hopes of eminent usefulness. Another was the late Dr. John Peddie, who even as early as 1859 was able to render invaluable service as financial agent of the projected Canadian Literary Institute, and who to the end of his life, when he was in the flower of his splendid manhood, was wont to "express the most grateful feelings towards Mr. Cooper as the young man's friend." Another was the Rev. C. B. Hallam, for many years now a successful missionary in India.

But larger things were in store for us, and no one was more glad of their coming than the subject of this sketch. An agitation was being vigorously carried on for the founding of a literary and theological school somewhere in Upper Canada. Mr. Cooper threw himself into the movement with great enthusiasm and, along with Archibald Burtch and John Hatch, was largely instrumental in securing the promise of large sums in the town and vicinity, provided "The Academy" was built in Woodstock. Mr. Cooper was a member of the building committee of the first edifice, and when that was burnt he was not less active in doing all that lay in his power toward replacing it with another and better one. Throughout his life Mr. Cooper remained a warm friend of "The Institute" and the young people there. His was a familiar face to the successive classes of students during the first twenty years of its history. Rarely was he absent from the examinations and his keen interest in their progress greatly endeared him to the young men and women. Who could fail to be impressed by and attracted to that man of rare and lofty soul? We see his spare and slightly stooping figure, as he moved, with light quick steps through the halls, or up the aisles to the rostrum; his neat attire; his gentlemanly bearing; his bright eyes shooting searching, though kindly, glances from under black projecting eyebrows; his finely-chiselled features, so expressive of earnest purpose, untiring devotion, noble thinking and divine communion. We hear him, now in the classroom, putting questions which tested well the knowledge of the trembling student; or now in the chapel-room, while addressing the assembled collegians, saying in his somewhat weak and muffled voice, "Dig deep, young men; dig deep." It was after one of these visits that he wrote in his little pocket diary: "Had much enjoyment in my visit to Woodstock. Lord, bless these young men."

In the spring of 1862, he accepted the call of the church in Aylmer. A lady who was then a child, but now nearly blind and totally deaf, sends me some recollections of his Aylmer pastorate: "He was loved and revered by all; even the rough-and-ready farm hands would be respectful, yes, gentlemanly in his presence. I believe every child who knew the dear man loved him." It was here that in July 1864, he laid to rest his beloved wife, the mother of his four children, and a few days later his little daughter Maggie. In an Historical Sketch of the Aylmer Church we find the following: "His pastorate was a veritable example of the fact that a pastor's true success cannot always be judged by numbers. . . . During Mr. Cooper's pastorate the membership was reduced from 220 to 150: nevertheless the church grew in spirituality and in an intelligent apprehension of Christian truth."

It was in December, 1865, that he came to London to labor with what was for many years known as the York St. Church. This was then the only white Baptist congregation in the city. He came at a time when the church was torn by dissention and overwhelmed with disappointment and sorrow. The last pastor, who was with them only a few months, had joined the Episcopalians and entered holy orders. The two who preceded him had each in his turn wrought unspeakable injury to the cause of truth and religion. Dangers and troubles hung thick over the small band now almost paralyzed by its disasters. Prayerfully he undertook to rebuild the shattered walls and nobly he performed the arduous task. Steadily and patiently and with a wise and experienced hand he set himself to gather in the scattered forces, to bring about comparative harmony and to infuse a new hope and confidence and a youthful vigor into a once distracted and disheartened people. Zion lifted up her head and rejoiced. Many were gathered in; revival succeeded revival; and though Plymouthism drew away some few, an almost continued prosperity gladdened the heart of the shepherd and his flock. When at length it became apparent that the growth of the cause and the increasing population of the city, together with the added years and failing strength of one never any too robust, made some change necessary, the church proposed to lighten the burdens of their pastor by calling a younger man,

the Rev. R. B. Montgomery, to share his duties. This arrangement lasted for two years and three months, when Mr. Montgomery removed to Brockville. It gave opportunity of developing the mission into what was then East London and which has since become the Adelaide St. Church. It was the policy of Dr. Cooper to secure a lot and build a chapel for a strong central church from which work could be carried on in all parts of the city. Most unfortunately this wise scheme was never carried out. It was in 1879, after thirteen and a half years spent in London and nearly thirty-six in Canada, that Dr. Cooper resolved to resign his charge. He had earned the esteem of all classes in the community, and the church which he had served so faithfully was in a flourishing condition. It was some compensation to the venerable pastor for years of self-denial and toil to receive from all sides the tributes of admiration and esteem which were poured in upon him at the farewell meeting in Victoria Hall.

He had married Miss Mary Kerr of Kelso, Scotland, in 1869, and now with her he was about to return to their native land to spend their remaining days. There, though relieved of the pressing cares of the pastoral office, he was in continual demand to supply Baptist and Presbyterian pulpits, and to deliver an occasional lecture. He became widely known and highly esteemed. When it was announced that on Sabbath, January 16th, 1881, after a short, sharp illness, he had passed within the veil, many tears were shed on both sides of the Atlantic and the earth had lost one of its best men.

James Cooper was a persistent and painstaking student all his life. He was in the daily habit of critically reading the Scriptures in the originals. He extracted sweet and healing juices from Greek roots and found deep meanings in Hebrew suffixes and affixes. Monday was the day of rest and general reading. The other days of the week he was busy at his studies during the forenoon and in the afternoon he made his pastoral calls. His records are after this fashion: "Good Hebrew lesson, also some of Galatians in Greek. Good Hebrew lesson in forenoon. Felt encouraged. Lessons on grammar (Heb.) and reading up for Sabbath sermons." Thursday, Friday and Saturday were usually given to the composition of his discourses. There is an element of pathos in the following entry: "In general

reading all forenoon. Also a lesson on Hebrew. Felt encouraged by my progress in Hebrew when I heard the classes read and examined at Woodstock." This lifelong student well merited the D.D. conferred upon him by Madison (now Colgate) University in 1868.

Systematic in all his work, every afternoon found him in the houses of his people. The troubled had in him a friend and father, the anxious one who travailed for their souls, the wandering a faithful shepherd who tried to lead them back to the right paths, the obstinate and cantankerous a patient and earnest, but firm pastor who was bound conscientiously to maintain a scriptural discipline at all hazards. He guarded the entrance into the church of God with jealous care. He believed in conversion with all his heart and he sought for the evidences of the new birth in every candidate for baptism.

His sermons were largely expository and constructed upon the simplest homiletical principles. He wrote carefully, but apparently without much regard for rhetorical effect. His style was simple, concise and clear. Profoundly convicted of the sufficiency and efficiency of the revealed word, he had no new gospel to preach. Sensationalism was banished forever from his pulpit. He thought deeply, studied closely and often became so full of the message given him that he could scarcely wait for Sunday to come.

This leads us to observe that he was a Christian who labored in the gospel of God's dear Son because of constraining love. It was true of him as of Chaucer's "Poure Persoun," who was "riche of holy thought and werk," that

> "Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve
> He taughte, but ferst he folwede it himselve."

He spoke not only out of a full head but also out of a full heart. He brought to his people honey out of the rock, but it had first sweetened his own lips and gladdened his own eyes. His pulpit ministrations got their quality not only from their matter but also from the experiences of the man who uttered them. God was a mouth to him—else that speech so free of embellishment, that voice so weak as an instrument of public address, that manner so quiet and undemonstrative had never retained their hold

upon his hearers. A man fresh from the face of the Almighty stood before them and they felt the drawings and searchings, the power and tenderness of the Holy Ghost. He did not preach for a salary nor to fill up an engagement that must be met somehow. He writes now: "At sermons all day, and felt much divine assistance. The Lord has answered many prayers for little things; may I not hope? Had half an hour this morning very near the mercy seat." Again he says: "Had good enjoyment in composition Had much fellowship in composition all day." Again: "Felt much joy of faith in reading of Joshua at the Jordan;" or, "Much joy in reading the Transfiguration;" or, "Felt a very earnest desire for the glory of Jesus in the sphere of my labors in London." It would seem, too, that he experienced much spiritual blessing in the act of preaching. Of his Sabbath's work he writes: "One of the most precious days I ever had; felt as if the Lord was with me all day." "Had a very good day all day, and some tokens of rain on the seed sown;" "In both enjoyed the Lord's presence, particularly in the morning. All ended with a good prayer meeting. Truly a blessed work to preach Jesus." "Had a most blessed day all day. Morning great enlargement of soul. Good prayer meeting in the evening. The Lord surely was with us. O the blessedness of the work!" It was not always so bright, for on one occasion at least he complains—"Forenoon one of the hardest services. Day snowy; congregation rather small; hard to speak and hard to hear. Evening some better." On his heart there rested a continual burden for souls. He loved to reap as well as sow. Frequently he cries out "O for rain!" Once he says, "Still in hope that rain is near. May our Father grant it." Thus the good man wrought patiently, prayerfully, hopefully for many years. The monotony of the work did not weary him; its discouragements did not overwhelm him. His compulsory and life-long self-sacrifices did not sour him. His own troubles did not absorb and paralyse him, keenly as they were felt; they rather increased his tenderness for the troubled among his flock, and opened up for him fountains of richer experience. The sweet, pure, noble soul came to his end, full of labors, chastened by sufferings and mellowed and sanctified by divine grace.

Ira Smith.

A LESSON IN A DREAM.

The labor of the busy day was done,
And in the twilight's deepening shade I sat
With folded hands, my heart and thoughts at rest.
Like some old half-remembered cradle song
The night breeze murmured, and its low, sweet notes
Lulled my tired soul to stillness. And the stars,
Those tireless watchers of the fateful night,
Laid one by one their filmy veils aside,
And bent above me with their holy eyes
That seemed to question and reprove, and yet
Withal, to look sweet messages of hope
And heavenly trust and comfort into mine.
Thus sat I in the twilight. And methought
I heard, borne faintly on the passing breeze,
A low, sweet strain of song. So low it was
And soft, I scarcely heard it, yet so sweet
You might have thought heaven's pearly gates were left
Ajar, and these soul-thrilling notes had floated out.
And while I listened wondering, suddenly
One stood beside me. White her vesture was
And clasped with bands of gold. Upon her brow
Of lily whiteness gleamed a starry crown,
And in her hand a glittering gem she bore.
"Mortal," she said, "commissioned by my King,
Heaven's King, thy sovereign Lord, I come to thee.
This hath He sent thee." And upon my brow
The lustrous gem she placed. "Behold how fair!
Its shining depths are founts of golden light.
And brighter and more beautiful 'twill glow
While thou dost wear it. Lay it not aside
Lest all its lustre fade, and thou deplore
Its vanished loveliness with unavailing tears."
Thus spake my visitant, and bending low
Laid her light lips upon my forehead. Then

With pinion spread she rose thro' parted cloud
And starlit ether, while around her clung,
Like golden drapery, heaven's own sunlight fair.
And fainter grew the music, till no more
Its soft vibrations thrilled me. All was still,
And I alone again. But on my brow
The gem remained. Day after day went by
And still I wore it, still rejoiced to wear
For His dear sake who gave the gift to me.
But once, when worn and wearied with the way,
And trembling 'neath the weight of grief and care,
I cried, impatient, "I will lay it by;
Its weight oppresses me, I am so tired.
I care not for its beauty. Coronets
Of gems as beautiful on other brows
I see, and I have only one. Its light
Will not be missed." Then carefully
I hid my jewel in the velvet depths
Of a rare casket. There it lay concealed,
Forgotten, almost, as the years rolled by.
But once again, in idle mood I drew
Forth from its hiding place the priceless gem,
Saying, "I will wear it as in other days."
When, lo! only a rayless stone was there,
A dark, unlovely thing. Its lustrous light
Was quenched forever, and the rust of years
Lay thick upon it. Mournfully I gazed
On my lost treasure. In my heart regret
Struck deep her poisoned arrows. I too well
Remembered from whose kind hand had come
The gift, and who had brought it, and the charge
She gave; and I, remembering, wept.
"Nay, weep not, child of earth," a pitying voice
Beside me murmured. And I, turning, saw
The heaven sent messenger of other days.
"What thou hast seen," she said, "is but a dream,
Yet on thy heart in living lines be engraved
Its hidden import. In thy waking hours
Recall and read the lesson. It is this:

The gem is thy one talent, use it well,
And in so using it shalt thou be blest.
But, if thou murmur, if within thy heart
An envious longing rise for brighter gift
Bestowed on others and to thee denied,
And thou forgetful of thy trust shalt fail
To use thy one gift wisely,—Then beware!
Lest coming suddenly, thy Lord require
That which thou canst not give. Once more, farewell."
Then from my sight she vanished. I awoke,
And, lo! 'twas but a dream.

ETHELIND.

From the TYRO of Dec. 1875.

A RED SUNRISE.

The naked sea its silver notes is telling
Sweeter than flute or harp or singing bird,
Beatings of rosy rhythm, in winsome word
Of lilting song, are softly shoreward welling:
Anear and far the ruddy waters swelling,
In laughter-peals around the fair earth heard,
Thrill swift the home-bound keels so long unstirred—
The kiss of day the weary wings compelling.

Beware the elfin bugles sounding clear
As glows morn's pallid ash to crimson flame
And makes a bloody dazzle of the waves!
Ere burn the embers in the west all blear,
The deep shall thunder its awful chant of fame
O'er noble hearts gone down to wandering graves.

THEODORE H. RAND.

AUGUST.

THE SPECTACULAR IN PREACHING.

The Christian preacher, in his public ministration of the Word, has to solve a most difficult problem: how, in the same address, to be interesting and instructive to those of all ages, to those at every point in the scale of mental equipment, and to those who represent an endless variety of moral and spiritual conditions. Theoretically he may see how to do this, but to do it effectively is one of the hardest tasks any man ever tried to perform. Some men are noted as preachers to children, some as preachers to the intellectual classes, and some as having influence with the masses of the common people. Tillotson may have suited his sermons to illiterate old women, and Luther may have had no regard for the doctors and masters in his audience, but the ideal preacher is the man who can touch and influence for good those of all ages, classes and conditions. The wise pastor will, of course, do work for classes as such. He will conduct children's meetings, young people's meetings, and various other meetings; but at least twice on Sunday he stands before the people when no class distinctions can be recognized. Even if his sermon is addressed to only one part of the audience, it must be profitable to all. Who is sufficient for these things?

In most congregations only a limited number have received any very special mental training. Children are caught with pictures, and preachers have realized that the masses are for the moment caught with the spectacular. The conclusion has been hastily drawn by some that here was found the way of true preaching; and so we are in danger of being turned from the right path because of the undue emphasis put upon something that is at best only of incidental value. We are allowing ourselves to be drawn into a spectacular current. In every department of education we are magnifying the *show*. Let me point out some evidences of this.

Froebel did a great service for the children of succeeding generations in the working out of the Kindergarten system. But some would-be teachers, drawing unwarranted conclusions from his scientific work, think if they place any kind of rude picture before children and talk about something else, they are

giving them instruction. In our Sunday-school infant classes it is thought that there can be no really good work without the blackboard. As a matter of fact children are not all eyes. Instead of touching the known in the child's life and allowing him to construct his own mental picture, the teacher must do some poor drawing on the board, making something having no likeness to anything in heaven or on earth, and then tell the child that he is to imagine this something that it is not, and that he is to learn from it something that he could grasp a thousand times more easily if he were told the plain truth. A short time ago, in Boston, I listened to a lecturer of national repute on "How to teach an Infant Class." Such a conglomeration of punched cardboard, Japanese dolls, painted sticks called soldiers, fancy pictures, strips of colored cloth, et cetera, I have seldom seen. And all these were to teach the children——I don't know what. Two parallel lines were declared to be the finest *illustration* known by the lecturer of the child's will in harmony with the Saviour's will!! If a child learns a recitation in school now-a-days, it is nothing if it is not a show. If he is going to speak for the Indian, the children must not be allowed to imagine an Indian, but Master Reciter must be decked in feathers, war-paint and a blanket. Public readers no longer credit us with intelligence. They are not willing to give us the sense and allow us in any degree the pleasure and profit of imagining the scene for ourselves. The man who would give us "Barbara Frietchie" up to date must wear a calico dress and a night-cap.

The same tendency is observable on the platform. We are suffering from an overdose of John B. Goughism. Since the days when first the little man acted all the scenes he described and drew great crowds to *see* him, many would-be popular lecturers are playing the same trick, but not half so well. It would no longer be sufficient to describe in chaste language the eagle soaring to his aerie. Few, unaided, could imagine such a scene. To be really effective the lecturer must, in the midst of his description, extend his arms and flop. The day of the illustrated lecture is upon us. The lantern plays an important part. But here there is generally no departure from true principle, and we have no criticism to offer. We are supposed to get exact representations of the objects described, and this is what we seek.

Even the drama itself has in presentation become over-dramatized. When one of Shakspere's masterpieces is to be interpreted by a skillful actor, the posters, as a matter of course, announce that he will be on hand, but give special prominence to the fact that the whole will be presented with new, elaborate and expensive scenery. Mrs. So-and-So, the chief support, will wear costly dresses designed by Worth, and will be decked for the occasion with her jewels and diamonds, which are of fabulous price. I repeat that we have over-dramatized even the drama and everybody goes to see shows.

But what of the pulpit? Do we find the trail of this serpent even in the sanctuary? I am not thinking of the cheap theatricals called Sunday-school entertainments, but of the modern pulpit. Will the man who stands upon this throne descend to clap-trap? I think we find evidence of the evil of which we speak in three directions. A man to be an acceptable preacher in many pulpits, must exhibit an unreasonable amount of the dramatic element. The sermon that is not given with much histrionic effort is lacking in interest, and the preacher thereof is behind the times. Many people will not hear a man who reads his sermons. He may be a very able, devoted and godly man; his sermons may be the very freshest and richest expositions of the Word; but because they are not given by the "man of the stage," they are voted dry. Again, I observe a tendency on the part of a certain class of ministers to preach *illustrated (!)* sermons of a peculiar sort. One man announces that he will preach on a *hard* text, and brings the people together to hear him discourse on a rock that has been placed on the desk for the occasion. In the town where we are at present residing one of the pastors periodically announces that he will give one of his celebrated *illustrated* sermons. A few weeks ago I noticed that he would have an "engine with steam up." Later he was to have a candle burning on the pulpit (I presume to throw light on the subject). And last Sunday evening there was announced, "A man up in a tree. Come and *see* him."

Yet again, here is a brother who tells what "success" he has had by using the magic lantern on Sunday evenings. He speaks of the "spotters," placed here and there through the congregation to keep the boys from shouting, when the gas is turned

low, the phrases that usually emanate from the "gallery of the gods." I am not saying that it may not be well sometimes to use even the magic lantern with savages and with the low castes of India. But with me it is doubtful whether this is a very good method even with the lowest. I cannot bring myself to think of Paul as playing the "slide" business even with the rude people of Lycaonia. I know what is said about going in at eye-gate in order to storm the citadel of man-soul; but if the method is valuable, let us keep with Froebel and present the real and not a sham. Think of the man who has been entrusted with the great message of God to men, and presumably anointed with the power of the Spirit that his words might be as God's, quick and powerful, condescending to use his hours of supreme opportunity in giving peep-shows!

Perhaps it is sufficient to have called attention to this spectacular craze, but I should like to point out *a danger that threatens and a consequent evil.* Young men who are surrounded by this atmosphere, while preparing for the ministry are liable to become possessed of a false ideal. It is seen that the multitude will run to the show, and the young man rightly desires to see many come to his ministry. But it is not enough to attract numbers. The cheapest play on the boards will draw the largest crowd. Woe to him who gives undue prominence to the thought of "drawing a crowd," and in order to accomplish his end makes of himself, what Barnum claimed to have, "the greatest show on earth." Such a person has unnecessarily limited his usefulness. His own life will become dwarfed. He can never become what he would have become had he reached the proper outlook in the opinion of his ministry. He has forgotten that what a man does depends on what he is, and has made himself poor without making others rich. There is this evil. The man who makes this mistake not only limits the extent of his ministry, for the people of intellectual and spiritual culture will not be content to run to shows, but his ministry is of the most primitive character. He does a poor service for those who come to hear him. We are not mother birds feeding little robins in a nest. We do not help an audience very much if we only bring them together to sit with open mouths while we do all their thinking for them. Our aim is not merely to draw men together

to hear the preacher, but to win to Christ and help them forward to the high places in Christian knowledge and usefulness. It is a pity therefore to do for any one to-day only that which for the time interests him, but does not make him a better man and fit him for further instruction to-morrow. The religious drama of the Middle Ages is surely not the means to be employed to reach the end just indicated. The first purpose of the modern drama was to instruct in religious truth; to-day not one person in a thousand on the stage thinks of giving instruction. There is no end beyond entertainment through stirring the emotions. A clever dramatic preacher may draw a large crowd and entertain them for years and do little permanent good. On Sunday they may cry for pity but never put forth any effort to relieve the distressed. In the pews they may weep over their sins, but out of the pews they go on in their wickedness. The aim of the preacher should be not to make people cry but to make them hate sin, quit it, and work righteousness. We may, of course, under peculiar conditions be obliged to use very childish means, but we perform a small service if we use only such or continue for long to use them. We are not elevating taste and developing character. Rather does the pulpit by stooping to toy with the false ideals seen elsewhere become shorn of its own strength. Instead of reaching down that we may lift up, we are ourselves going down to the lowest level and there taking up our abode.

Shall we then dispense with the spectacular? In the general sense in which we have used the word I take it that no one would say yes. We would not shoot histrionic parsons. Whitfield was a wonderful power in his day. Each one must define clearly to himself the purpose and scope of his pulpit ministration and then decide how far he can safely go in the use of the spectacular. We said in the beginning that he must interest and influence for good all ages and classes. He must interest if he is to be privileged to do the other thing. Surely no one can permit himself to think that any class is not included in his mission without cutting the sinews of his best endeavour. Should any one decide that he has a mission only to a certain class, we have no controversy on the present point. He must be the judge as to how he can best reach and help that class. We might still differ on the question of method.

It is a rule that illustrations must illustrate. We are not discussing the general subject of illustrations, but if the rule were rigidly applied it would doubtless leave a good deal of our sermonic literature in a badly shattered condition. Sometimes the plea is made for a class of illustrations that the hearers have remembered them. But inasmuch as they have not remembered any thing else, clearly for them the illustrations did not illustrate. Without doubt this is frequently the case when objects are presented to the eye. The object means itself and nothing more. A large proportion of the fancy blackboard pictures are only stumbling blocks if not something worse. Some contend that Jesus, when telling the parable of the sower, must have pointed to the farmer scattering his seed on the neighbouring slopes. But at the very mention of the word each one of the multitude would instantly construct the picture for himself and without distraction would be able to inquire the meaning. However, as Jesus did take a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples, I suppose a preacher of to-day may do the same thing; but he needs much discernment. It will be observed that I have said nothing of the Lord's promise to bless His word, and of the supreme importance of the preacher honoring the Spirit. The divine side is left untouched. I am only pleading against the pulpit throwing itself blindly into the flood. The tendency towards the spectacular must be guarded against, or one of these days we shall hear of some advanced brother borrowing a cage of lions from the Zoo in order to preach a well illustrated and therefore telling sermon on Daniel in the lions' den.

J. J. Baker.

MARK I, 41.

Before thy touch, O mighty son of God,
The loathsome leprosy affrighted fled;
The man, new-made, came forth again to life,
Like Lazarus, the risen from the dead.

J. H. F.

Students' Quarter.

THE POWER OF CONVICTION IN PREACHING.

There are two elements in all Christian activity—the human and the divine. The apostle was but giving utterance to this great truth, when he said, "We are laborers together with God;" surely it is no irreverent instance of its application to say, "We are preachers together with God." In fact no herald of the cross has appreciated the solemn dignity of his calling who has failed to realize the holy partnership it involves. That this thought of being a co-worker with the Eternal One was living and burning in the consciousness of Christ from the very outset of his ministry is unmistakably evidenced in His annunciation of Himself in the familiar home church of His boyhood. What other thought than this could the man, whom his townsmen knew as "the carpenter," but whom the world was to know as Saviour, have had, when he cried, "He hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor." The truth, beating in the Saviour's words, is given at least a partial recognition in the trite saying that the sermon which is not inbreathed by God will never waken life in any dead heart.

With this introductory recognition of the necessity of the divine in all Christian service, we shall not be misunderstood if we lay stress on the human element alone, in this paper. The question is, what additional power over men's hearts and minds will the preacher, who is girded with conviction, possess over him who is not so girded.

I wonder if we are all clear as to the meaning of conviction. I do not refer to the deep philosophical view of it; the popular idea is sufficiently accurate for our purpose. Popularly, then, conviction may be defined as soul-certainty. So power of conviction in preaching means the power arising in the preacher from the positive assurance concerning the reality and truth of his message, which at the moment of delivery is over-mastering him. And, I believe, that this is second only to the might of the blessed Spirit Himself. It is the *sine qua non* of the preacher who prevails with men. Only in the convinced heart is there

burning on the altar the fire whence the Holy Spirit may carry the flaming word which will cleanse and kindle another heart. In the spirit, which is a stranger to conviction, the altar will be ashes-covered, and from it even God will be helpless to set on fire with holy zeal any other soul. So I repeat, that next to the power of the Spirit comes the power of conviction. What Samson's locks meant to him, so much does it mean to the preacher; shorn of it, he will wrestle with the Philistines and will not prevail.

Human nature manifests itself in look, and word and act. As some subterranean river breaks flashing into the light of day, so the deepest nature of man reveals itself to observation. Conviction is man's deepest nature. As I regard it to-night, it parts and flows out through the sermon, in loving streams of blessing to the world and the church, even as that river in Eden sent its parted waters in four streams to gladden all the land. There are four aspects under which it manifests its power to help and uplift.

I. It adds power by giving *positiveness* to the preacher's utterance. I hasten, however, to say that positiveness is a world away from stubbornness or arbitrariness. By it is meant that subtle something in the voice, which lays hold of you and convinces you that behind the words is a heart full of assurance and trustfully resting all its hopes in their truth. That "subtle something" is what wins and conquers the soul, though it is all unconscious that it is being won and conquered. The night-blooming cereus, in its sensitiveness to sun-light, hides itself in its own heart away from the light of day. But the darkness and the dew falling upon its closed petals lead it to unfold all its beauty and its fragrance. Human hearts are wondrously sensitive. Instinctively they will close against your doubtings and uncertainty, fearful of you who are fearful yourself; but the echo of assurance in your tones will be as falling dew to win them, trustful in you who are trustful yourself. Do we not here touch the secret of that word recorded of the Master, "The common people heard him gladly?" Blindly but truly the people felt a difference between the voice of Jesus ringing out from the grassy hillsides, and the voices of the Rabbis echoing from the rostrums of the synagogues. In the tones of Christ was some-

thing indicative of his assurance of, and rest in the reality of His words; in the words of the Rabbis breathed the unrest and ill-assurance of their own hearts. The world is always "seeking rest and finding none." Convince it that you have found the secret, and it will flee to you for help as the blinded bird beaten by the storm flies into the cleft of the rock. Positiveness always has its effect. The blind man of scripture is a deathless example of this. No one can help feeling the conviction thrilling in that brief sentence into which he withdrew as into a "strong tower." "One thing I know," he steadily maintained. It had its effect; even those angry Jews, so hungry to believe otherwise, were silenced into conviction. They perforce believed in the truth of *his* experience, even if they did not believe any other case had disproved their assertion that "since the world began it was never heard that any one opened the eyes of a man born blind." Our work is to lead men to Jesus Christ. We shall feel helpless and uncertain if we have not a living assurance of our own salvation; and the anxious heart will fathom our doubt. If the great ocean is wrestling madly with the storm, in the little inlet, miles and miles away, I shall see unrest in the waters. And unless the heart, which naturally is "like the troubled sea that cannot rest," has heard and consciously felt the power of the Master's "Peace! be still!" the unrest of the fountain will display itself in the words which are only the outflow. Positiveness is power, but true positiveness means our own assurance and rest.

II. Again, conviction adds power by giving *earnestness of utterance.* It is a word on every tyro's lips that earnestness kindles earnestness. And assuredly the aim of the herald of the cross is to awaken careless men and women out of apathy into burning eagerness about the "unseen things," which are, nevertheless, the only abiding things. Only that sermon, in whose sentences the hearts of the audience detect an undertone of holy earnestness, will perform its mission. Men prove this every time they preach otherwise, no matter how gilded and beautiful be their words, or how rounded their periods. Simulated earnestness cannot avail. I have often seen, at dusk of evening, in some decaying tree in the darkening woods, a bright red glow like fire. I never tried to warm myself from that red fiery glow.

While it had all the brightness and ruddiness of fire, it had no heat. It was false fire. So with a wrought-up earnestness; the heart, chill in indifference, will not warm under unreal enthusiasm. Pretended earnestness has no true power.

We feel that the Stranger's voice was thrilling with earnestness, when the two sad wayfarers' hearts "burned within them," on the way to Emmaus. There was a fire burning in the Master's soul, and it leaped out in His words, and, falling into their despondent hearts, set them all aglow. Whence that living earnestness filling the Master's heart? Was it not born of the conviction He felt about that deadly cross and that darksome tomb, and the "joy set before Him," when the "sons of God should be manifested in glory"? Surely it is undoubted truth that only the heart girded and overmastered by conviction will ever know the meaning of the prophet's saying, "His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones. I was weary with forbearing and I could not stay." The preacher who is blessed with such an experience will be earnest with God's earnestness, and will sway men as the forest trees are swayed in the storm.

III. A third way in which conviction adds power is by giving *courage* to the speaker. Solomon spake three thousand proverbs, but in them all it was impossible for him to utter a truer saying than that wrapped up in the words, "The fear of man bringeth a snare." That is universally so, but particularly is it true of the man whom God anoints to be His herald. Moses, bemoaning his slow and uneloquent tongue, betrays how desperately afraid he is of men. Jeremiah, crying in Jehovah's ear, "I am but a child," proclaims his brotherhood with the seer of Nebo. Paul, towering like a Colossus amongst men, frankly confesses that he moved amongst the Corinthians "in fear and trembling." We gaze back at that mercilessly severe prophet, John the Baptist, and carelessly think he was a stranger to any tremor of fear; but surely, unless human nature belie itself, behind that voice which rang through the land like a trumpet of God, was a heart that had known many a shrinking from the delivery of that scathing message to Sadducee and Pharisee. All unmanned with forebodings, strong Elijah fled from furious Jezebel; Peter, brave as a lion, cowered before the mocking eye and taunting words of a slip of a girl. And every preacher has

felt some shrug of the shoulder, some angry gesture, sting him like an arrow tipped with flame. Truly "the fear of man bringeth a snare." If, however, the heart is clad with conviction as with "bars of brass and triple steel," the envenomed arrow will not find entrance. If the preacher be convinced that his word, because it is the word of God, is like a two-edged sword to pierce, or an unerring discerner of the thoughts and intents of men's minds, or a hammer breaking in pieces the stony heart, then he will be courageous. Other things being equal, "according to his conviction will be his courage, and according to his courage will be his strength."

Every Scripture student knows that amongst the men of God to whom I have referred by way of confirmation of man's fear of man, are to be found the brightest illustrations of the courage with which conviction girds a man. Peter, face to face with the Sanhedrim, which had both the will and power to make the land too hot to hold him, unflinchingly says: "You can think as you like and do as you like; we must obey God." In the light of Calvary's broken tomb, his doubts had died, and now, like the stubborn blind man already mentioned, "one thing" he is sure of. He may be muddled in mind over many things, but that Jesus is the Christ he can no sooner doubt than he can doubt his own existence. The belief is part of his personality. And in this immovable conviction is the secret of his courage, as far as human forces are concerned. When the preacher makes these same truths a part of his inner consciousness, the spirit of the Rock-man will be his divinely-given possession.

IV. In the last place, I wish to say that conviction adds power because it gives *tenderness* of utterance. "And Jesus seeing the multitudes, had compassion on them." What a photograph that is of the "Man who, although He holds the helm of the universe in His pierced hands, yet is touched with the feeling of our infirmities"! That sentence is an epitome of Christ's experience in His relations with men. From the day when He was buried in baptism unto the day when loving hands buried His broken body in Joseph's new tomb, He was ever "seeing the multitudes," and the vision never failed to overflow His soul with matchless pity. Surely, on Calvary, the poet's words were true of Him, as from the vantage-point of His cross He saw "the multitude,"—"I brim with pity, drowning speech,"—all speech

but one great prayer. What was the secret of all this pity for the throngs of people? "They know not what they do." That was the thought that melted the Christ. The moon, looking down on the ocean's upturned face, draws the waters into a "tide too full for sound or foam." That vision of the multitudes, lost, wandering, undone, and blind, ever drew the tide of Christ's compassion fuller and fuller in His soul. It was conviction as to the real condition of the multitudes that wakened into life that beautiful, blessed feeling of compassion.

The preacher, like his Master, from the day he tremblingly delivers his first message unto the day of his death, is ever "seeing the multitudes." Twice, thrice each week he looks into the faces of a throng, each one of whom, like fabled Atlas of old, carries his own world of trouble and joy. He is "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh" in his brotherhood with them. By the experiences of his own wayward, wistful soul he can read the hopes and fears of theirs: for, that humanity is strangely of a piece even Scripture witnesses. "The things of a man" are known "by the spirit of man" which is in all men. Upon multitudes such as these he gazes all his life. But has he compassion for them? Does the vision he sees from his pulpit awaken sympathy and pity for these souls who are going up to God or down to woe "out of great tribulation?" No: unless there is lying heavy on his soul the vision of these people that Christ has—a vision of those who, in a very real sense "know not what they do." Without the conviction, without tenderness: without tenderness, shorn of power. I have sometimes wondered whether that loving, sad farewell of the Ephesian elders to Paul, so foreign to heathen ways, has not its explanation in the "tears" that wet the Apostle's face, as he sought their souls night and day. It was the evidence of his sympathy and love that first won the attention of these gross and stolid heathen hearts. When men travail in pity for souls, then souls are born into the Kingdom of God.

Thus I have tried to show that conviction, flowing forth in these four living streams, is a power to gladden the world and the City of God, the Church. One word more completes my task. What are the conditions on which this conviction may be ours? I answer in a word, the conviction which masters us is the product of the thought we fellowship and live with. If the

vision, standing in our consciousness, living and abiding with us, is that of a smirking, smiling world, ministering to ambition and self, well pleased with us because we have made it well pleased with itself, we shall have a conviction that "the things which are seen" are much more than "the things which are not seen." We need to let the Holy Spirit smite that vision on the face and hurl it down and out, because it is as truly out of place in a Christian's consciousness as were the men who bore false fire into the Holy of Holies centuries ago. Then, on the throne of consciousness, erstwhile occupied by that ungodly thing, let the Holy Spirit enthrone His own thought of Jesus and mortals and eternity. And, living in fellowship with this holy vision, we shall attain more and more that conviction, which shall "make us more than conquerors" in the calling wherewith we are called.

HARRY E. STILLWELL.

CHIME-CHANGES.

I.

Sun on the sea and the blue, blue sky,
Sail on! the shore shall be ours by and by,
Soon the pilot shall seek us.

The sea-pilgrims smile in the eye-kissing light,
Who speaks of the silent cloud, sullen and slight?
Soon the pilot shall seek us.

Singing to sleep turn the scorners of fate,
At sunrise the ship anchors safe in the strait,
Surely the pilot is coming!

II.

Low-looming vapour that leers at the moon,
Lonely the vessel lies in the night's noon,
Surely the pilot is coming!

O the wild laughter that leaps in the gale
And the loud lamentation, the lullaby-wail!
Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!

Lo! who can linger in life at his will?
Beloved are the slaves of the sea-spirit still,—
Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!

PLASHET.

SNOW.

Men hardly know how beautiful snow is. They watch the ground whiten under the first winter's storm; they pack it with relentless feet through the cold months of its sojourn; they see it disappearing when spring comes; but most people make no advance beyond the mere consideration of the commercial value, or the pleasurable capacity, of snow.

Winter and snow are inseparable. I say so because I am part of Canada. To suffer a snowless Christmas is to suffer an evidently unmerited affliction. We claim that having passed through the oppression of summer's heat we are entitled to the suitable extreme of winter's snow. So, we offer a strong objection to the snow-drift that will remain for a week, and then on the slightest provocation vanish. We want our snow to come and stay; for it is awkward to be deprived of it just when an acquaintance has been made.

Cold is of course an accompaniment of the snow-spread fields. However, the sharp, clear, bracing cold of the snow-period is more easily and more agreeably borne than is the humid, raw, penetrating air of March and November. As a rule the snow-fall is followed by crisp, dry air, and a clear sky; then all the dust of the atmosphere is under secure cover. Science shows us that such a keen air is of inestimable importance to the body; calling into activity the capillaries of the surface of the body; reddening the skin, and causing an almost irresistible desire for exercise. What a kindness on the part of Providence!

The wise Canadian, taught by experience, provides himself generously against the approach of the snow-cloud. He must be warmly clad. Fur-caps, mits, coats, etc., are demanded: thus for his special benefit our much-prized beaver, and the seals of the snow-bound north are sacrificed. From cap to snow-boot he protects every inch, and is ready for every emergency.

The snow-flake has a wonderful construction. No architecture can compete with its perfectness. Sugar dissolved in water and allowed to evaporate, yields crystals of sugar candy. The diamond is crystallized carbon. All our precious stones, jet, ruby, sapphire, beryl, topaz, emerald, are examples of this crys-

tallizing power. Water as a liquid is apparently formless; but, cool it sufficiently and the molecules are brought within the play of the crytallizing force, and are arranged into shapes of indescribable beauty, which present as distinct a mathematical form of crystallization as that which characterizes the more lasting diamond. It is worth pausing to think what wonderful work is going on in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of every snow-shower. What building power is brought into play! And how imperfect seem the productions of human minds and hands when compared with those formed by the blind forces of nature!

Snow is a warm covering for the earth. My earliest recollections of winter scenes give me grateful impressions of mother nature. It seemed to me that her great anxiety was lest she should not be careful enough to cover over and tuck in the objects of her care, with her soft and preservative snow-blanket. And how completely she accomplished it! Nothing was left exposed by her; for, when the wind has blown a bare corner she steals a chance when he is not around to cover again the spot with her mantle, and commissions a keen ambassador to make that mantle proof against future blasts with his frosty fingers. I remember standing one evening at the nursery window of the old home to look at the snow-clad hillocks on the western fields. Inside, the smaller brother, half asleep, was being hidden by motherly hands under the fleecy counterpane. It was natural for me to make comparisons. There was the uneven snow-field covering I don't know what preciousness, outside; and inside I saw the mantle equally uneven hiding that sleepy little Canadian, whose projecting elbow bent the white covering until it took the form of the field's middle and sharpest hillock. If winter is nature's night, the spring time of morning will see the snow covering lifted to give freedom to the life of another summer: just as the cot's comforter will be raised and cast aside at sunrise to give that brother liberty for another day's life. Nor was that all that I saw from the nursery window. I discovered that there were some snowy mounds in the garden. And they were placed by someone just where the bushes had stood from which we had plucked the black currants not long before. For all the world those mounds looked like Tommy curled up in bed. If we were able to interpret the language of

the bush, I think we should find it saying, "How lovely and warm this is!"

Then, snow has its economic use. Without it, the continued action of cold during five or six months of the year would so rob the earth of its caloric, that the heat of a single summer would be insufficient to restore the warmth necessary for vegetation. By it, myriads of insects are preserved; and because the temperature of the waters of our lakes and rivers is maintained at 30° F., the finny tribes are protected.

Sometimes, in certain places the first snow of winter remains till the last disappears in the spring. Each snow-fall simply adds to the thickness of the earth's white mantle; and I have cut through a bank of snow late in the season and found it to show, first, a layer of light cellular snow; another, more condensed; another, perhaps of almost impalpable powder; then, one of impacted snow-dust; and the bottom one, a humid deposit, frozen or not, according to the temperature of the air at the time of falling.

There is as much variety of snow-fall as there is in the shaping of the clouds that, in passing, discharge their fleecy cargo. And the storms come from every point of the compass. As a rule a genuine blizzard in central Canada comes from the east. How impetuous a storm can be! Then the wind blows at the rate of forty miles an hour, though it allures you into the belief that it is going at the rate of eighty. That is the time when you have to catch your breath quickly, and when you are likely to smother if you do not turn your back to the gale occasionally. You may find you cannot see very well, and putting your hand up you find that you have a sheet of ice and frozen snow covering the exposed part of your face. You have great odds against you and are becoming conscious of the fact that you are at the mercy of the storm potentate. The snow seems to fly past you horizontally, and it is only in the case of necessity that you still face the gale. Such occasions as that demand proper covering, else you suffer. Perfect comfort may be enjoyed in the wildest storm if care be taken to make oneself storm-proof.

There is a certain kind of snow that consists of minute, intensely frozen particles, which in falling, seek out every crevice in an ordinary overcoat. Besides that, the wind, and it is

generally a cold wind in such a storm, seems to relish a close contact with the skin, penetrating the thickest coat. The most enjoyable and practical way to weather the wildest blizzard is to dress in the orthodox Canadian blanket suit. Have a dark blue one, if you like, with brown facings. Then add to your attire a plaid-checked woollen sash. Let your feet be well secured in moccasins; and your head protected by a "capuchon," similar to that which our experienced friend, the "habitant," wears.

A pleasant experience is to be gained by being out in a fall of large-flaked snow. It is not a storm. The elements seem to be at peace with man and do not wish to harm him. So anxious are they, indeed, to show an entire cessation of hostilities that myriads of white truces come as tokens. Then the still atmosphere almost permits one to hear the flakes strike each other in their descent. Feathery, soft, white visitors will, as you walk along, timidly but affectionately touch your face, as if trying to ascertain to what extent their coming is welcome.

Turn aside now, if you will, from this examination of the flakes and come with me to the lawn. It is after one of the last storms of the winter, and we clear the newly fallen snow from off the flower bed. What is this little green tip peeping out of the ground under the snowy covering? It is a young snow-drop plant. Can you tell me why it grows? Where it finds its food? What makes it spread out its leaves and add to its stalk day by day? What fairies are at work here?

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken.
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

"Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

"This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded:
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded.
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field."

J. B. Paterson.

NIHIL.

In the far away land of Thessaly, many years ago, there lived a great and warlike king who had an only son. Prince Nemo was a dreamy youth who cared little for the warlike sports of his father's court compared with his books and music. The king was bitterly disappointed in his son and secretly distrusted him, while the youth spent his time in dreaming, having none of the warlike spirit so much admired in the princes of the olden time.

The country around the palace of the king was strangely diversified. Behind the palace, which stood in a pleasant valley, was an unbroken line of fair, green hills. Beyond the hills were glens, wild ravines full of bushes and shrubs rising in parts to wild woodland stretches; while still farther in the background an encircling ridge of purple mountains was dimly visible. The Prince's favorite haunt was a certain part of the thick woodland behind the hill on which the palace stood. It was in the fair, bright springtime, that he first began to frequent that lonely spot. It was wildly rough and bare, even in that beautiful season, but just in the middle of the wood a fair spring bubbled up in a single crystal jet and trickled gently over a carpet of emerald shaded moss. The first time the Prince saw it he had been attracted to the spot by a sweet, subtle perfume, which loaded the air and seemed to rise like clouds of incense from the very middle of that wild wood. Breaking through the tangled branches, Nemo found a south slope covered with lilies of the valley, whose delicate bells rang out all the sweet scents of Nature rolled into one volume of perfume.

It was there, on that day, that he first saw the beautiful Iola. She was bending over the flowers, breathing in their fragrant beauty and it needed but a glance to show that she was far fairer than any flower and sweeter than any lily. As Nemo gazed at her in delighted astonishment, she turned, then seeing him, gave a cry of affright and rising on her gauzy pinions, shot like an arrow of burnished silver far above in the turquoise blue of the fair spring sky. From that time Nemo haunted the wild glade; the early spring mornings brought him there and

the cold air of midnight found him still pacing to and fro among the tangle of sweet ferns and ivy vines.

At long intervals he caught a glimpse of the beautiful being for whom he was watching. Sometimes she came near enough for him to see her wonderful face; sometimes she even alighted for a moment at a short distance from him, but if he moved she spread her wings and darted far above his reach or sight.

Gradually, however, she ceased to take flight at his every movement. Sometimes she would seat herself near him and sing clear melodies which sounded like the chimes of tiny silver bells, but she never found her voice to speak to the lonely prince until one day when she saw him carrying in his arms a bleeding fawn, which had been wounded in some of the wild hunts of his father's courtiers.

After that she no longer refused to speak to him and during the long months of the summer she talked with him every day. Strange tales she told him in her silvery tones, tales of wild revels in the marshes and of visits of healing paid to wounded deer; of nights of wild rocking in the tops of storm-tossed pines, or of peaceful flights in the calm sweet air of spring. A creature of ever varying moods and impulses was Iola; men told strange tales of her. She was said to be part mortal, part immortal; part human, part angel, and many added maliciously that there was more than a touch of the wicked sprite in her nature.

Just what she was and where she came from no one knew; but all agreed on one point; she was the guardian of a beautiful pair of golden wings which had been put in her care by a spirit who, believing in her higher nature, hoped to arouse it by this appeal to her protective powers. Iola made a very erratic and eccentric guardian of the mystic wings. She had safely hidden them away where no one could come within reach of them, and having so disposed of them she proceeded to enjoy herself in her own way. Her charge was to keep them safely, letting no profane touch come near until such time as she could deliver them to someone perfectly fitted to own and use them. Vainly had the spirits of the air and of the marshes tried to learn the secret of their hiding place. Iola never told that, but she thought little of the latter half of her charge; the wings

were safe, the worthy owner had yet to come. Meanwhile the sacred charge did have a good effect on her flighty nature. She dared not rush heedlessly into danger when she remembered her sacred guardianship. Little as she had been wont to care for life or limb, or the displeasure of gods or men, when in pursuit of joy, yet now she held in memory the golden wings which would be lost forever if she should fail to return from some one of her wild flights. Nor dared she try too far the patience of the Father Spirit, lest he deprive her of her own silvery pinions and so render her unable to bring the golden wings back to earth again.

The novelty of a human friend amused her for a long time and in the early days of her acquaintance with Nemo her wild flights ceased entirely. Later on her spirit of mischief prompted her to indulge in the wild revels in which her friend grieved that he could not join. Again she romped among the rocky cliffs with the wind sprites, running races on the hill slopes, or swinging from the tree tops. Again, and oftener than before, she joined in wild, uncanny dances over the marshes to catch the Jack-o'-lanterns gleaming and glancing here and there. Never since she had become the guardian of the golden wings had she joined in such mad escapades.

Nemo grew more silent every day, he realized a thousand dangers she never saw, his heart ached for the strange, wild creature, and he wondered if the golden wings would ever be brought back to earth by their guardian. He did not understand that these carousals were but the natural revolts of her wild nature over the better impulses that led her at times to sit for hours, chanting poems of noble thought, or listening to his reading of books filled with the wise sayings of great men. Yet at times, when he was in the midst of a passage stored with the wisdom of some sage's best days, he would glance up and grieve to see his late companion far away in the distance with the wind sprites, chasing the thistle-down along the breeze and whispering wild messages to the sighing pine-tops. At such moments he sadly closed his book and returned to the palace, where the knights were tilting in the court-yard and the king was planning cruel and bloody wars. Then he often thought of the golden wings and what he would do if he had such a pair, and

while sailing in imagination far above all the cares of earth, he would stray unconsciously back to the spring in the woods.

One day, many months after he had first met Iola, he came to the accustomed spot early in the morning, and to his surprise failed to find her there. He waited for some time and at last he saw her coming, flying lightly over the grass, stopping to gather up the dew drops and toss them into the face of one of the mischievous weird sprites who were flying all around the wood. She came along tardily, but when at length she did reach him her words of farewell to the wind sprite told him the secret of her reluctance to meet him. She had promised to go to the dreadful midnight hunt for will-o'-the-wisps in the black marsh. In vain he expostulated, she was wilfully determined. At last, for the first time, he mentioned the golden wings to her, reproaching her as an unworthy guardian, and reminding her of the Father Spirit's angry threat to deprive her of her own wings if she did not cease her wild expeditions. In vain. Iola knew the danger of sinking into the black morass, she knew the certainty of damage to her gossamer wings, but her wilder nature prompted her to follow out her own devices. She laughed at his caution and in the midst of his appealing words she left him, flying far away up into the stormy winter sky. Nemo returned sadly to the court and passing through the midst of a tilting match, went to his own quiet chamber. Then he took down a light suit of armor and prepared himself as for a fight, and when the evening shadows were falling he silently left the palace and hastened to the black marsh.

Long ago in his wanderings he had found out the only possible way of entrance, and quietly and persistently, although risking his life at every step, he picked his way into the very midst of the morass. There he stood half concealed by reeds and waited. It was nearly midnight when the revels began and wilder revels were seldom seen. The mad wind sprites and the ugly marsh imps led the chase, and in the midst of it all was Iola. Now she circled through the air, now danced lightly on the marshy ground. She never heeded the malicious imps who tried to catch and drag her down into the morass, neither did she notice the way in which the twisted boughs of the dwarf swamp trees tried to clutch her gauzy wings. She was lost to

every thing except a mad spirit of revelry which increased as the night rolled on. The moon hid her pale face sorrowfully behind a cloud and a thick fog came up over the marsh; still the chase went on and now the hunters came close to Nemo. He drew back farther into the shadow and the spirits swept by in their mad career, never heeding him, nor suspecting his presence, for when had mortal ever penetrated into that dark morass? It was only when they had passed that he noticed Iola was no longer among them. Then in an agony of fright he started out and began to search for her. Alas! he had no wings to carry him swiftly across the treacherous swamp and his way was full of obstacles. The moonlight was dim, and in despair he called aloud for Iola, but only a mocking echo answered. Long and dangerous was his search, and sad and heavy his heart as the hours rolled by. At last when he was quite in despair, the moon broke from her cloudy covering and shone brightly over the scene. Then he saw in the distance, entangled in a clump of dwarf willows, the gleam of silver. He approached the spot. Yes, it was Iola, and in a sorry plight, her beautiful wings caught and tangled in the boughs of the trees, her feet fast sinking in the swamp and her eyes full of despair. Nemo drew near, sword in hand, and silently began to disentangle her wings by severing the branches of the trees around her. Often she moaned with pain, but he kept steadily on. Then with difficulty he set her feet free, and at last she stood before him again in possession of her liberty. Free, but what a wreck of her beautiful, bright self! her garments soiled and torn, her hair tangled and matted, her feet bleeding and bruised. In silence Nemo helped her to the edge of the marsh, in silence led her to the old retreat, and still in silence left her.

Slowly he bent his steps towards the palace, and passed to the solitude of his chamber.

And Iola? Wounded by his silence more than by the cruel thorns and branches, she stood for a moment by the spring, and then sinking wearily on the brown moss, for the first time in her life she wept. The day passed by. Nemo in the palace resolutely put all thought of her aside. Iola, concealed in the clusters of sweet fern, waited to see if he came, and in the waiting the look of wild mischief faded from her face. She grew to

look more like one who was fitted to be the guardian of the mystic golden wings.

Weary nights passed by, and at last he came wandering was deep night. The moon was hidden behind a cloud. The restlessly through the woods, and stood by the spring. It ferns and flowers were faded and dead. The wind howled and shrieked through the trees, a fit night for death in any guise. Nemo stood by the spring alone, despondent. What hopes had not blossomed in that dark, dank wood? What dreams had not passed before him there? There was a noise in the bushes, he turned, and Iola stood before him. Iola, yet not Iola. A figure slight and stately, a face fair and full of noble emotions. Clad in a robe pure and whole, more dazzling white than any he had seen her wear before. On her shoulders her wings strong and straight and more beautiful than ever. In her hands she bore the mystic golden wings, her sacred trust. Nemo turned in amaze to question her, but the questions died on his lips. Iola, but not Iola.

The cloud had passed from the moon, all was clear light, the wind was singing softly to the tree tops, the faded flowers and ferns put on clear white beauty and fantastic shapes in the white beams of light. A fit night to explore the mystery of the highest life.

Iola held out the golden wings and spoke:—

"Take them," she said, "they are thine. Fasten them on and come with me to a brighter, happier place above this earth. Thou hast taught me to rise above my lower nature, come, I will teach thee to rise above thy highest nature."

In silence Nemo obeyed her. She had grown beyond him, was still growing, but she would take him with her. He fastened the wings on his shoulders and hand-in-hand they rose above the earth into the purer air. Earth lay wrapped in sombre beauty. The marble palace of the king showed fair and stately, the Black Swamp was outlined in dismal darkness, the spring in the wood bubbled merrily, but they cast no glance down at these. They were rising ever higher and higher into the happier, purer land of light.

. . . . . .

A legend of Thessaly. A simple legend, which few to-day believe in. The present generation is too wise—or too unwise.

Who or what was Iola? Some say a woman with a true woman's soul; some say a myth and a stupid one.

And the life of perfect happiness to which they rose? Ah, well, that was only in cloud-land after all.

ETHEL M. BOTTERILL.

Moulton College.

EASTER HYMN.

All hail, Thou risen Jesus,
  Thou conqueror of Death!
All hail, our glorious Master,
  Sweet Lord of life and breath!

All the great lights of heaven
  Burn with Thy holy light;
All the great deeps beneath them
  Throb with Thy power and might.

All hail! the great sun crieth,
  In flaming rapture seen;
All hail! the earth, her worship breathing
  In quick up-springing green.

All hail! let mortal voices
  Be loudest Thee to greet,
With sound of many waters
  Falling around Thy feet.

All hail! from men and angels,
  Peals to the echoing sky.
All hail, Thou risen Jesus,
  The Universe doth cry.

Moulton College. BLANCHE BISHOP.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On Friday evening, March 15, Mr. T. S. Shenston, of Brantford, whose name has for many years been a household word in all Baptist families of the Dominion, was suddenly called away to his eternal rest. It was most fittingly and truly said of him in the *Canadian Baptist* of March 28th, that "there have been few men in any Christian denomination who have been more abundant in works of faith and labors of love, more exemplary and influential in the varied relations of life, and more helpful in promoting the cause of Christ, both at home and abroad."

We are grateful to our friends for many expressions of appreciation respecting recent issues of the McMaster Monthly. We feel sure that the sketch of the present month, in which Bro. Smith writes from the fulness of his loving memory of a great and good man, will be read once and again in every home where the Monthly is a welcome visitor. Bro. Baker's article is also worthy of careful perusal, and will be all the more impressive following the record of the life-work of a preacher who believed so strongly in the presence and power of the Holy Ghost as the only assurance of success in his ministry.

The sympathies of both Faculty and students of McMaster University were profoundly stirred by the sad news of the irreparable loss that has befallen our sister College at Louisville, Ky., in the death of her beloved and distinguished President, Dr. John A. Broadus. Messages of condolence have since been sent to Louisville by resolution of the Faculty. On the morning of March 20th, after prayers, Prof. Farmer, who, as well as Dr. Newman, has sat in the late President's classes, paid a tender and deeply impressive tribute to the memory of his old professor in words that will not soon be forgotten by any who heard them. We hope to give our readers a portrait of Dr. Broadus, with an accompanying sketch by Prof. Farmer in our next number.

The death, on March 2nd, of Prof. John Stuart Blackie, at the advanced age of 86, has removed from old Edinburgh City and University one of their most familiar and striking figures, and one whose patriotic Christian example and powerful personality have deeply impressed for good generation after generation of young Scotchmen, by whom he

was greatly loved and honored. As one of the foremost Gaelic scholars of his native land, eminent not only in the professor's chair, but as the author of many works of world-wide reputation in philology, philosophy and poetry, his name was one which every Scotchman spoke with a thrill of patriotic pride, and his death all will mourn as a great national loss.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SPIRIT, A. J. Gordon, D.D. Introduction by Rev. F. B. Meyer, London, Eng. Fleming H. Revell Company, pp. 212, cloth. Scriptural and topical indexes.

THE MINISTRY OF THE SPIRIT. A very remarkable book has lately appeared, with the above title. It has been so widely perused already and so extensively advertised that it is needless to remind any who read the appreciative article in the March issue of the MCMASTER MONTHLY on Dr. A. G. Gordon, that that sainted man is the author of this book.

As to the quality of this work, suffice it to say that Joseph Cook, the Boston lecturer, who claims to have read every thing in the French, German and English languages on the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit, pronounces this latest contribution to that great question the best he has ever seen. Such a commendation will raise high hopes in those who set out to read the book for themselves, but I am confident that the highest expectations will in no wise be disappointed. On the contrary, if the reader begins with the idea that he has mastered the Scripture teaching as to the offices of the Holy Spirit, he will probably lay the volume down with the conviction that he has for the first time gained a complete view of the subject. Space being limited, I must present a mere outline of the topics Dr. Gordon so thoroughly discusses.

Chapter I.—The Age-mission of the Spirit, simply states the purpose for which the book was written, viz., to do for the Holy Ghost what has already been done for Him who sent the Holy Ghost; and as Christ's record from Bethlehem to Olivet has been fully recorded, so to describe the Spirit's career from Pentecost to the Parousia.

Chapter II.—The Advent of the Spirit, or the first appearing of the Spirit to take Christ's place on earth. In this chapter there is a thrilling exposition of the Passover, the Wave Sheaf and the Sevenfold Sabbath of the Mosaic Dispensation as foreshadowings of Calvary and Pentecost.

Chapter III.—The Naming of the Spirit. As Christ was named before His birth, so the Spirit before His advent was named by Christ, who called Him the Paraclete or Comforter. As such He was to stand by and aid the apostles, to teach them and to guide them.

Chapter IV.—The Embodying of the Spirit Christ tabernacled in a human body. So does the Spirit whose incarnation is the church. This body is yet imperfect, but members are being constantly added to it, and it will eventually be complete. This chapter contains a noble plea for a spiritual church membership.

Chapter V.—The Enduement of the Spirit. Though the Spirit was given once for all at Pentecost, yet there must be an individual appropriation by each believer, as there must be a similar appropriation of Christ. This truth is abundantly illustrated from the Book of Acts. In this connexion the sealing and the fullness of the Spirit are discussed.

Chapter VI.—The Fellowship of the Spirit. This is threefold in its results, producing, 1. Regeneration; 2. Sanctification; 3. Transfiguration.

Chapter VII.—The Administration of the Spirit. Dr. Gordon emphasizes the fact that the church in its business affairs, its worship and its missions, is or should be completely submissive to the Spirit. He speaks out strongly on the danger of either a hierarchy or a democracy superseding the Spirit's direction.

Chapter VIII.—The Inspiration of the Spirit. Here is a strong argument for the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. The stock objections as to the presence of a human element in the Bible, and the occurrence of inconsistencies are squarely faced and answered from the author's standpoint.

Chapter IX.—The Conviction of the Spirit. The contents of this chapter may be best displayed by using the author's own diagram.

Conscience Convinces,	The Comforter Convinces,
Of sin committed,	Of sin committed,
Of righteousness impossible,	Of righteousness imputed,
Of judgment impending.	Of judgment accomplished.

Chapter X.—The Ascent of the Spirit. As Christ, having finished His work ascended in his human body, so the Spirit, when the Parousia occurs, will ascend in His body, the human forms of saints who may be alive or who may rise from the grave, as described in 1 Thess. iv. 17.

This will doubtless be an epoch making book. It comes to us as the last words of one who was a living example of all he wrote, as it was issued from the press the day Dr. Gordon died.

A wealthy man in New York State has given a copy of this work to every Baptist pastor within a certain district, whose salary is $600 per year or less. It would be an equally wise investment if a copy could be given to each member of the graduating class in Theology and to each student missionary who may go forth to the summer's labor. Such an action could hardly fail to result in much spiritual power in our ministry for a generation to come.—P. K. D.

HERE AND THERE.

O. G. Langford, Ed.

ONLY TWO FEET ON THE FENDER.

It happened some years since that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was seated unexpectedly next to an old literary friend from a distant city at a dinner table in Boston.

During the dinner the two friends discussed for a time the many kinds of happiness which people in the various walks of life desired and strove for. Finally the genial autocrat propounded to his friend the question, "What is your idea of happiness?" The question, although blunt, met with a ready response which greatly pleased the doctor. We imagine one might try a long time without being able to guess the reply. It was this, "Four feet on the fender!"

The answer was a surprise to Dr. Holmes, but so in keeping with his own philosophy it made a lasting impression upon him, and he often referred to the comprehensive words of his friend.

"Four feet on the fender!" How very suggestive are those few words!

What a succession of pleasant pictures arise in the mind as we repeat them! How much of real joy and truest happiness has been enkindled and experienced in hearts and in homes by the communion of two congenial spirits, with four feet on the fender sitting in front of an open fire. When the lights have been low and the noisy hum of the day has been hushed, when business is over, and care for the time has vanished, what a place for the building of beautiful air-castles has such a spot become!

What happy dreams have come to lovers as they have lingered on until the small hours, under a sort of spell, before the dying embers! As their dreams have been in a large measure realized, and they sit again, in after years, in their own home, and at their own fireside, how often they recall with pleasure the past experiences, and plan hopefully for the future.

As the years pass and little children come to gladden the home, how often is their future discussed by loving parents, and plans matured for their best development with the "four feet on the fender" again, while the children sleep the sleep of the innocent and light-hearted.

The succeeding pictures as they rise before us while the children are still in their teens, then when emerging into womanhood and manhood, then starting out in life to assume new responsibilities, to gain larger experiences, to make their own homes and all that that involves, are often associated with the fender and the quiet heart-to-heart talks before it.

By and by those who far back were the happy lovers, planning their untried future, are still the same happy lovers, although much changed.

The habits and the life of the quick, joyous, enthusiastic young people have changed to the slow, quiet, reposeful manners of older people, and yet with delight and with gratitude they can still sit with "four feet on the fender" enjoying many and many a pleasant reverie.

The fender, in many a home, suggests most happy recollections. Doubtless such pictures as these of home life, where is found the truest happiness, appeared to Dr. Holmes as his friend answered the question "What is your idea of happiness?" by replying so promptly, "Four feet on the fender."

In the lonely years which followed, those words were often recalled by the autocrat. As he grew old he did indeed try to be cheerful, and as he possessed a more buoyant spirit than most men, it was not as difficult a matter as with many. He was blessed with a happy home in his son's house, and yet, as Mrs. Fields so truthfully says in her recent charming article, "Dr. Holmes had many lonely, sad hours and moods."

Not long ago the friend whom we have quoted was in Boston again, and called to see Dr. Holmes. He found him in his study sitting alone by the fire, looking somewhat unhappy.

To the visitor's solicitous greeting, he looked up quickly and said, in a pathetic tone of voice, "Only two feet on the fender."

How much was implied in that answer! There was a happy home, there were loving children, there were hosts of constantly admiring friends to do honor to the poet, and to show him many attentions.

But ah, the loving wife, who was nearer to him than them all, whose life had been bound with his own, who had been his fireside companion, his heart's best treasure, was no longer with him. "Only two feet on the fender!"

"Four feet on the fender," or "Two feet on the fender," ah, what a difference it makes in our hearts and in our homes! How it changes the face of all the world! It is hard up-hill work for many a loving heart who misses the companion of youth and of maturer years who was all the world to him or to her, to try continually to live in the happiness of others, and to say less and less of one's own loneliness!

It is hard in middle life, but it grows harder still as one grows old! Not many months before Dr. Holmes passed away, he wrote to a friend, "I am trying to be a cheerful old man, who lives now largely in the happiness of younger people." He enclosed a copy of his poem, "The Old Man's Dream." Many knew that he lived much in the past. The people talked of his cheerfulness, his enjoyment of others, his love of society, but there were some friends, like Mrs. Fields, who knew his loneliness, and who remembered to drop in often to cheer him, and to express the sympathy they felt for one, who said so pathetically, "Only two feet on the fender!"—*From the Chicago Standard.*

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. Newman,
W. J. Thorold,
Miss M. E. Dryden, } *Editors.*

The University.

The orb of Love
Shines far above
With glowing flame and fitful.
Exams draw near—
Two "stars" appear
But horizon gloom is fearful,
For Venus fond
Is lost beyond
Dark dismal mists of drear despond.

The atmosphere in our halls is becoming somewhat funereal; with most of the students an attack of acute examination fever has set in, and serious doubts of recovery are entertained in many cases.

The "Roman method" of Latin pronunciation, lately introduced into our University, is revolutionizing everything. It has even travelled along the halls till the other day it reached No. 8, where the Mathematical Professor astounded his class by the announcement: "Now, gentlemen, the armature may revolve round the magnet or—*weeky worsay ! ! !*"

We have been favored recently by visits from Dr. B. D. Thomas, Rev. O. C. S. Wallace and Rev. J. B. Kennedy. All three led our chapel services and afterwards spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement. It is always a pleasure to be addressed by our friends.

It is only three months since we first welcomed Miss Klinck among us and wished her all success in the work she was about to undertake. We the more regret that that work as been so soon interrupted. Miss Klinck is suffering from serious illness, but we hope that the future has in store her complete recovery.

The Graduating Class are always favored individuals. For some reason which the sophomore cannot understand they are everywhere shown distinguishing marks of respect. Within the past month they have enjoyed two "At Homes," given especially in their honor, one by the Chancellor and Mrs. Rand, the other by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Holman. The class are very grateful to the friends who have shown them so much kindness during the trying time through which their "superiority of seniorship" compels them to pass.

The Mathematical Society held its last meeting for the term on March 19th. Mr. G. J. Menge read an excellent paper on the "Origin

of the World." The Society then proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year. Mr. W. Findlay, '96, as President, will lead the Society in its work. Mr. G. J. Menge, '96, was re-elected Vice President; Mr. A. M. Overholt, '97, is to be Official Scribe. With such a staff of officers the Society are expecting great success. The past year has been one of great profit to all, and no doubt even greater interest will be shown during the year '95–'96.

McMaster footballists hail with delight the prospect of joining the city inter-collegiate league for the coming season. The league was formed previously in such a way that we were excluded, but now McMaster is to be on an equal footing with the numerous other Universities and Colleges in the city. We may not win the championship the first year, but we hope to be able to show that our addition to the league is a source of strength and not of weakness.

The Fyfe Missionary Society held its monthly meeting on Thursday, March 21st. Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions, gave the address of the morning session. He spoke of the work accomplished during the past years, which was very encouraging, and compared this with the state of Baptist affairs in this country twenty years ago. The denomination has certainly advanced with rapidity. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B A., gave an address on "The Holy Spirit," in the afternoon. Rev. W. W. Weeks, of Moncton, N.B., who has been preaching for several Sundays at Walmer Road church, was to have spoken also, but was unable to be present.

Rev. W. D. P. Bliss, Rector of The Church of the Carpenter, Boston, editor of *Dawn* and author of "Manual for Workingmen," delivered his lecture entitled "Socialism the Coming Freedom," before a large and enthusiastic audience at the Auditorium on Saturday night, March 30th. A number of McMaster students who are interested in this great question took advantage of this opportunity to hear this modern apostle, who believes that the religion of the Nazarene is for this world as well as for the next.

The Natural Science Club has not had a very long existence, but long enough to prove its worth to those who have been fortunate enough to be able to attend its meetings. The programme of the last meeting for "'94-'95" was a specially interesting one. Mr. J. J. McNeill, '96, very ably discussed the "*Pro* and *Con* of the Antitoxine Question;" Mr. A. G. Baker, '96, read a carefully prepared paper on "Natural Gas," and Mr. G. J. Menge treated his listeners to an essay on the "Origin of the World—the Nebular Theory"—which would have rejoiced the heart of a Greek philosopher, and which was much appreciated by the Club. General scientific information was given by Mr. A. G. Campbell, '97, and the Club adjourned, looking forward to even greater accomplishments next year.

Two excellent papers have been read before the Literary Societies during the past month. The second edition of the *Argosy* was read

before the Tennysonian Society, by its able editor, Mr. Jno. F. Vichert. It is safe to say that the *Argosy* is now one of the institutions of the University, and if future numbers prove to be of such high order as that which we recently had the pleasure of hearing, we predict for it as wide-spread a popularity as the Senior Society organ enjoys. The *Student* was read by Mr. H. N. McKechnie, who is to be congratulated on being able to produce such an excellent paper during the press of work before examinations. The announcement of the *Student*, which was displayed in our front hall, bade us "come and have a good laugh before exams." We came, we laughed and were satisfied.

The Camelot Club, whose members are the Special English undergraduates of the University, held its closing meeting on Monday, March 18th. The poem considered was Matthew Arnold's "Balder Dead."

The last open meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was pronounced a marked success by all who were present, and the number was very large. The performers of the evening were, for the most part, members of the graduating class. Mr. J. W. Russell, '95, was an excellent chairman, and presided over the following programme:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Instrumental Solo, . Nocturne in B Major. . . , Chopin.
   Miss Fisher.
2. Reading, . . "Advice to Poets." . . Will Carlton.
   W. J. Thorold, '95.
3. Essay, ... "Ghosts."
   G. Herbert Clarke, '95.
4. Oration, ... "Ideals."
   D. Nimmo, '95.
5. Chorus, . "Glory and Love to the Men of Old." . . Gounod.
   Glee Club.

PART II.

1. Instrumental Duet, . "Hungarian Dance." . . . Hanny.
   Misses Fisher and Matthews.
2. Debate:
   Resolved,—"That the Public Schools of Canada should be Secularized."

Affirmative.	Negative.
O. G. Langford, '95.	G. R. McFaul, '95.
R. Routledge, '95.	F. Eby, '95.

Judge, D. E. Thomson, Q.C.

3. Judge's Decision. Affirmative won.

Doubtless many readers of the Monthly have learned through other sources of the call to Chicago University of our beloved Professor of Philosophy, Dr. G. B. Foster. In looking over our last issue, you have wondered that no reference was made to an event of such concern to us all. To tell the truth, none of us had given up hope of being able to retain our professor by some means or other. Therefore, we considered it unwise to make any annoucement until some definite and final decision had been made. It is now no longer a question of doubt

in our minds. Our professor is to leave us, and we regret most sincerely this great loss to the University. To show our kindly regard for Dr. Foster and to bid him a formal and affectionate farewell, the Faculty and students assembled in the dining-room on the evening of March 30th, and partook of an excellent dinner together. The graduating class had the honor of escorting the ladies of the University, all of whom were present. After the repast came the addresses. Chancellor Rand, on behalf of the Faculty, spoke in words of high appreciation of Dr. Foster's work and ability, of the exceedingly happy relationship which had always existed between all members of the Faculty, and of the sorrow which they felt at the loss of so loved and valued a friend and coadjutor. He closed by assuring us in the warmest way that all was working for the best and that he had no fears for McMaster. The work has the Divine approval and must succeed. Mr. W. S. McAlpine, on behalf of the students, followed with a very eloquent and, at times, touching address. He likened Chicago University to a great giant who stands out in his Western home and is continually reaching out his long arm and pointing to certain men, saying, "I want you." The giant had pointed in our direction, and as a result one of our best-loved professors is taken out of our midst. After warmly tendering to Dr. Foster the love and appreciation of the students for him, he closed by expressing the hope that we should have the privilege of seeing him again in the near future. Amid continued and vociferous applause, Dr. Foster arose to reply. His address was one in which various emotions struggled for mastery. At times he was humorous, at times almost overcome by deep feeling. Seldom have we heard such loving and inspiring words. In corroboration of Chancellor Rand's words, he told us of the very happy years which he had spent in company with the Faculty and students, expressing his regret that his habits of unceasing study had prevented him from coming into more intimate social relations with them. He then launched out into his favorite theme, showing us how scholarship was imminent in religion. Leaving the philosophical trend of his thoughts, he pointed out to us what he considered to be the characteristics of an ideal teacher. These were love of truth and love of men. His life at Chicago was not likely to be so happy as his life in Toronto had been. He would be known in the University as "No. 185," and he was not ambitious to be known otherwise. A little poem by Eugene Field expressed his sentiments on this matter in a very humorous and telling way. If he had lived in the hearts and minds of the students of McMaster, it would be his highest ambition to do the same at Chicago. After a few farewell words he took his seat, amid great applause. The hearty singing of "Auld lang syne" brought this occasion to a happy close.

Moulton College.

Our usual and infallible signs of Spring—La Grippe, tan shoes and sarsaparilla—have appeared.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," remarked a Senior as she threw her Vergil on the back of her highest shelf.

The meeting of the McMaster Literary and Scientific Society on the 8th of March was pronounced a great success by those of our number who attended.

A plan for correspondence between Moulton and Acadia girls has been suggested. A letter is to pass between the two schools once a month. We are anxiously waiting for the first to appear.

Miss Gertrude Edwards, a graduate of '93, has been paying us a visit. We are always glad to see the "old girls" again, and Miss Edwards has ever been a favorite at Moulton.

On the evening of the 14th ult., Mrs. Rand entertained the classes of '95 of Moulton and McMaster, and a number of other guests, very delightfully. The girls all express themselves as indebted to Mrs. Rand for a very enjoyable evening.

Moulton has recently introduced a College pin, which promises to become popular among the students. A good attempt has been made to reproduce in enamel the colors contained in our plaid. The shield bearing the colors and the College motto is surmounted by a tiny golden lamp of wisdom.

The class of '95 has organized under the following officers:—President, Lilla M. Kirk; Vice-President, Ethel M. Botterill; Secretary, Maude Holmes; Treasurer, Margaret Laidlaw; Poet, Ethel M. Botterill; Prophet, May Pollard; Historian, Edith L. Johnston. The graduating class numbers twelve in all, six in the Matriculation course, two in the English Scientific, one in the Modern Language, and the others in the Musical course.

Although nothing has been heard from the Alumnæ Society since it was first organized in June last, the committee has not been idle, but has been holding meetings from time to time to arrange for the annual reunion early in June. As a very attractive programme has already been arranged, the members of the committee are very anxious that all the graduates from far and near will endeavor to be present, for they will do all in their power to make this first reunion an unqualified success.

Woodstock College.

The monthly examinations were held on February 28th, and March 1st. There were many glum faces when the marks came out, but this should simply spur all laggards to more earnest effort.

With the advent of the mild weather of the third week of March, the rink, skates and hockey sticks disappeared. Thoughts are being turned to the sports of Spring. The football club has organized and are ready for work, as soon as the campus is in condition.

The Rev. Thos. Shields of Vittoria will lecture for us Tuesday, April 22nd, on "Trust in God and Keep your Powder Dry." Rev. Geo. Cross, B.A., of Carleton Place, has promised us a lecture about the end of April. Those who have heard these gentlemen, assure us that we will have a treat on both occasions.

The regular monthly meeting of the Judson Missionary Society was held on March 21st. The meeting proved to be very interesting. Messrs. Brown and Newcombe gave short accounts of their summer's work on their respective fields. In the evening at the prayer meeting Mr. Ross gave his views on "Soul Winning," after which there was an open discussion. The day was full of interest, and doubtless all felt that such meetings were highly profitable.

Amid the signs of the approach of summer none is more sure than the coming of the agents of various companies to get sub-agents. Two or three have already made their appearance and it is said have secured many of the boys. We may expect Ontario to be deluged with maps and stereoscopic views by the end of the summer holidays. We wish the boys success and admire their determination to succeed. We hope their efforts may benefit both themselves and the community at large, and that the agents, with renewed health and "pockets," may come back to fill the school in the fall.

As the 22nd of February marked a memorable event, so the 22nd of March marked the rally of the III Year, an event that will be long and happily remembered. Thanks to the kindness of Mesdames Bates and Clarke, an entertainment full of pleasure to all was provided. One very happy feature of the evening was the impersonation of some character or title of book, the object being to find the name of the book or character. The ladies who impersonated the different characters are to be complimented upon their success. A very enjoyable evening was spent, and ere it drew to a close a short programme was rendered, features of which were two speeches by Messrs. Welch and Kendall. Mr. Kendall spoke on "Looking Back," and took a brief retrospective view of our stay at the College. Mr. Welch spoke on "Looking Forward," a prospective view of the years to come. All joined heartily in singing "Auld Lang Syne," and went away happy in their enjoyment of the kindness of their hostesses.

Grande Ligne.

Mrs. A. E. Massé, who has been called away lately by the very sudden death of her sister, has the deepest sympathy of all the students.

Elocution is receiving marked attention among our students. Three Friday evenings lately have been devoted to declamatory exercises. The success of the different boys has been very varied, but all have shown improvement. Of course considerable reticence and awkwardness was shown at first, but with confidence marked improvement has been made. At the close of our last meeting we took the opportunity of expressing our esteem for Miss Piché, on the occasion of her birthday, by an appropriate gift. Miss Piché is a favorite at Grande Ligne, and is highly esteemed by all for her untiring energy and thoroughness as a teacher.

Our annual Students' Society meeting was held on February 28th. It was this year of more than ordinary interest. The weather was all that could be desired, and the attendance was the largest in the history of the Society. The afternoon session was devoted to business. Mr. Therrien, B.A., presided, and conducted the meeting with order and dispatch. The evening session gave us a delightfully varied programme. Our veteran missionary, Rev. Theo. Lafleur, charmed and instructed the audience by a very racy paper on "La Nuit." As we looked upon the crowded audience and thought that it was composed of Baptist French Protestants, our hearts were encouraged and strengthened, for we felt that Protestants are a *power* in Quebec.

On the fifth of March a special train came from Montreal, carrying passengers from the surrounding country to the famous shrine of St. Blaise, the great healer of sore throats. We Grande Ligners consider it a great honor to live in such close proximity to the great healer. We have not found the shrine very efficacious, lack of faith on our part, we suppose, being the reason. Several Feller boys went on the same day to be cured of the mumps, of which we have a good supply in our school. Alas! the boys look just as robust about the countenance as ever, and the great healer cannot yet claim a cure at Grande Ligne, much to our sorrow.

Sometimes in looking over the Monthly we read glowing accounts of class rallies and dinners, or socials, and "at-homes," therefore we think it not out of place to say a few words about an event of interest to some of us, which is to take place at the "Windsor" this week. There is an impression among many people that our boys at Grande Ligne are compelled to speak French all the time. This is far from the truth. It has become so common for the students to speak English that a considerable number of boys have banded themselves together into a sort of club, in which each member is under solemn pledge and compact to pay a cent a week for every English word he speaks. Thus, during the year not a few cents are collected. All this is used to provide a great dinner at the "Windsor," for the members of the Club. We are inclined to think that the penalty for speaking English is not so severe as it ought to be.

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John A. Broadus

THE

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MAY, 1895.

DR. JOHN A. BROADUS.

In the spring of 1890 it was my privilege to pass through Virginia on a C. and O. express. Many things in that famous old state interested me exceedingly. The noble mountains to the west; the little town of Charlottesville, with its excellent university founded by the illustrious Jefferson; such names as Shenandoah and Manassas, Rappahannock and Rapidan, recalling the awful conflict of the sixties; and the general look of lingering desolation that still bore mute testimony to the dread ordeal through which the country had passed; these surely were enough to stir one's soul. And yet amid all these historic scenes with their thronging memories, no name excited within me so keen an interest, none, certainly, made such warm and affectionate appeal, as that of Culpepper. For in that county had been born a man who, within less than a single year, had so won the homage and affection of mind and heart as to invest the place that gave him birth with a tenderness of interest that approaches the sacred.

Biographical.—John Albert Broadus was born on the 24th of January, 1827. He came of good Welsh stock. The name seems to have been originally Broadhurst, and sometimes appears as Broaddus. His father was a man of deep piety, a pronounced Baptist, and a prominent member of the Virginia legislature. His great-uncle, Andrew Broaddus, was, fifty years ago, the foremost

preacher among our brethren in the South, and was called by Henry Clay "the past-master of eloquence who shows us all the way." Other members of the family have attained high distinction. His mother, whose maiden name was Simms, belonged to a family which numbered among its members at least one prominent educator.

His early life was thus spent in a home where Christian influence was strong and intellectual stimulus abounded. These were supplemented by the training of the country school and the influences of a church blessed with godly and able pastors. To both he proved responsive. Evidence was given in boyhood of uncommon gifts, and his thirst for knowledge was shown by an extensive course of private reading; but better than that, whilst still in his teens, he was soundly converted to God, entered upon active Christian work, and reached the conviction that God wanted him in the ministry. With that object in view, after some experience in teaching public school, he entered the University of Virginia in 1846.

His career there was a remarkable one in several respects, and has remained a model ever since. "A rage for knowing," to quote his own phrase, possessed him. He was already pretty well matured, and therefore conditioned to get the most out of the more difficult subjects of college study. The University of Virginia, by its perfect elective method, affords exceptional freedom in the choice and order of studies. This method recognizes the different aptitudes and attainments of men, adjusts itself readily to their needs, and so gives freer play to the development of the individual. Dr. Broadus was an enthusiastic advocate of it all his life. He chose the stock subjects, but in a somewhat unusual order. Moreover, he took more time than was really necessary to cover the work for the M.A. degree, being determined to do his work with the utmost thoroughness. He looked rather to real strength and future usefulness than to immediate honors, in accordance with the counsel given afterwards to his students: "Young brethren," said he, "*think; acquire knowledge; ripen into maturity. Aim at a life time of usefulness. Treat your probable life as a whole.*" A striking feature of his course is that until his first vacation he had never touched Greek, in which he was destined to achieve such eminence. Two years

later he graduated in that school. The collateral advantages of university life were not neglected. He filled all the offices of the Jeffersonian, the leading literary society, and was its orator at the close of his second year—quite an unusual distinction; and for three years the leadership of the chapel choir was in his hands. He graduated in 1850, after winning a great reputation for hard work, exact scholarship, and consistent Christian living.

His ordination soon followed; and, a year later, his *alma mater* summoned him to teach Classics as assistant to his revered preceptor, Gessner Harrison. At the same time he became pastor of the Charlottesville Church. With the exception of two years (1855-7), during which he was chaplain in the University, that pastorate continued until his acceptance of the chair of New Testament Interpretation and Homiletics in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which was opened in Greenville, S.C., in 1859.

From that date his history is bound up with that of the Seminary. In 1862 the war closed the institution, and teachers and students were scattered. Dr. Boyce, Chairman of the Faculty, went into the S. C. Legislature; Williams and Manly to plantations and preaching; and Broadus also to preaching,—first, in the neighborhood of Greenville; afterwards, with Lee's army, near his old home. After the war, the Seminary was re-opened in the face of tremendous difficulties and discouragements. But, for a class of one, Broadus did that year some of the finest work of his life. Years of heroic struggle and self-sacrifice followed, during which a pastorate was usually yoked with the professorship, partly, no doubt, to eke out a scanty salary, but chiefly to keep in living touch with the actual work of the pastor, and prevent fossilizing. At last, in 1877, the Seminary was removed to Louisville as the only step likely to ensure its permanence. Its trials were not yet over; indeed, not until within the last few years was its safety fully assured. But, in the midst of financial stringency, it went on doing superb work, entrenching itself more and more in the confidence and affection of Southern Baptists, and so increasing its attendance that Dr. Broadus had the joy of seeing it the most numerously attended theological school on the continent.

Beyond all question, the chief attraction in the class-rooms

of the institution throughout its history was Dr. Broadus. His associates were able, some of them very exceptional, men, but he surpassed them all.

His health had not always been good. Early in his career as professor it failed, and he had to endure the mortification of seeing part of his work done by colleagues who were already heavily burdened. Indeed, at that time, he was told by his physician that he must abandon brain work and give himself to some light employment. But by care he managed to recruit. He said to me once, "I know what it is to be broken in health at thirty, and yet live to do a deal of work." However, despite his care, he had a second break in 1870. Friends seized the opportunity to send him abroad for a year. I wonder whether any man ever made better use of his time than he did during that year. Many a notable scholar and preacher did he meet; in Italy he made a brave dash into Italian; a month was spent in Athens, where he toiled at modern Greek and antiquities, and (with what fresh relish he told it!) heard the nightingales sing; and in his tour through Palestine, he gathered such wealth for his students, that, under his guidance, we felt the appropriateness of calling the Holy Land a fifth Gospel. Again, in 1891, the thoughtful affection of his students filled his purse and sent him off to England, all too late, alas! to see his beloved brother Spurgeon, with whom, on his previous visit, he had spent a happy week.

About a year ago he had a serious break in health, and in the fall "broke down utterly, and was in bed for a month." On regaining strength, he went to Florida, but, returning to his work too soon, he was attacked with pleurisy, which, combined with his old affection, heart-trouble, soon wore him out. The end came in the early morning of Saturday, March 16th. During the last days of his illness, while unconscious of what was going on about him, he kept singing, in low tones,

"To sing my great Redeemer's praise";

and I have no doubt that as the song died out here, the singer, with delicious freedom and joyous exultancy, joined in the chorus there.

Dr. Broadus had been twice married; first, to the accomplished daughter of Professor Harrison, who bore him two

daughters; afterwards, to Miss Sinclair, of Charlottesville, the gracious woman who, with her two sons and three daughters, survives him.

Of his personal appearance I need say little. He was a little under medium height, of rather slender build, but well proportioned and firmly knit. The accompanying photogravure reveals fairly well his energy and strength, but fails to show the look of kindness and geniality which gave such a charm to his face.

The Preacher.—Preaching was Dr. Broadus' chosen work. It was so because he believed God called him to it. He had a lofty conception of his calling. It claimed a man's best powers.

This involved care of bodily health. Nothing but his systematic care accounts for the enormous amount of work which he compelled a somewhat frail constitution to accomplish.

The voice must be trained so as to become as responsive as possible to the feelings of the soul. Those who have heard him know how he succeeded here. Personally I have never heard any one, except Beecher, who could put into a few tones such a wealth of emotion. And his voice had much of the same penetrating, carrying quality that Spurgeon's had.

Then, again, preaching demanded the most perfect mental discipline. For there must be clear thinking and plain speaking. He had the same impatience of obscurity that Lincoln had, and achieved a like success in thinking great themes through into clearness and setting them forth in the simplest Saxon. Indeed, so admirably did he succeed in this, that many, on hearing him first, felt much as that good woman did who walked so far to hear Archbishop Tillotson, and then complained that he was not a great preacher because she herself understood every word he said.

But mental discipline was not enough. There must be heart culture as well. The preacher must understand men and come into living sympathy with them—not with one class only but with all classes. The need of genuine sympathy he frequently emphasized—it was almost a hobby with him. Of course, to have it, one must mingle freely with the people. This he did on principle. It was part of his business, and, as such, deserved and got just as careful attention as anything else. So, in the pursuit

of a very definite and worthy object, his social nature and conversational powers were cultivated, until here, too, he attained an acknowledged pre-eminence. "He was the most charming and brilliant conversationalist I have known," says the talented Adolph Moses, Rabbi of the Jewish Temple, Louisville. In the brilliant Conversation Club, "he was the bright particular star by common consent," says Dr. Hemphill, a leading member. He was equally at home among all classes of people. The testimony from all is to the same effect. Even children were at home with him. Dr. Eaton tells of a little girl who said, "I like to talk with Dr. Broadus; he talks about things I understand, and does not talk big talk like other men when they talk with me." My first experience of him furnishes another illustration of the same thing. When we went to Louisville, it was our privilege to be guests in the home for a few days. The Doctor had met us at the station, and as soon as we were seated in the street car, he began to make friends with our two little boys. It was delightful to see how quickly the great man won their confidence. He soon found out their names, and told them his name was Jack. That evening the good mother was somewhat alarmed to hear her little four-year-old speaking freely of his new friend Jack. Next morning I found the Doctor in his study and, in a rallying way, told him of the boy's remarks. Presently mother and boy entered, when the Doctor, after greeting my wife, said, with an emphasis that quite relieved the mother's fears, "Good morning Master Arthur; can't you say 'Good morning *Mr.* Jack'?" Of course he could and did; and the good man handed him a Canadian 'quarter' for having remembered his name. This great ability to meet every one on his own plane was one of the secrets of his power in the pulpit. He was, in measure, like his Master who, without measure, knew what was in man. But, like the Master, too, he must know God. He must come into living fellowship with Him through the truth. Love for souls he must have, but love to God must be the master passion. If he lived in the Spirit he must also walk in the Spirit. This was the greatest attainment, the chief qualification. This he sought earnestly. His heart thirsted for God, for the living God, and God was the health of his countenance.

When all these things are put together one gets the main characteristics of Broadus as a preacher. The theme was thoroughly mastered and his heart was in it; he came quickly into sympathy with his audience, won their attention and talked freely, speaking straight to their need; the thought was clear as sunshine; the words simple, often homely, always apt; the style chaste and vigorous, never betraying any mere straining after effect, but graced with such beauty as became the thought; the delivery was quiet and conversational, with little gesture, and yet there was in it a subtle impressiveness and a strangely contagious intensity, usually subdued, but sometimes rising to heights of impassioned eloquence. There was the warmth and fervor, without the luxuriant extravagance, of the South, combined with the matter-of-fact directness and sturdy vigor of the North. He was always interesting, instructive, persuasive. His power to play on the emotions of his audience was remarkable. But he never did this to amuse; the object of the sermon, from first to last, was to win men for God. He "struck for a verdict." The glory of it was that his eloquence exalted not the speaker but the truth, and the more you heard him the more you felt his power. And so it came to pass that in Louisville, wherever he preached, the place was thronged, and among all the thousands of his brethren he stood without a peer. Not without good reason did Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, some years ago, single out this teacher as among the foremost preachers of the age. And I have seen it stated that Spurgeon himself pronounced him the greatest of living preachers.

The Teacher.—Nothing but the business of helping other preachers to preach better could have taken Dr. Broadus from the pulpit. As it was, it took him a whole year to make up his mind to that. The step was taken only because he believed the call of his brethren to be the voice of God.

When he did undertake the duties of the professoriate, he gave himself to it with all his soul, and forthwith began to forge to the front as a scholar of wide and accurate attainments. He believed that a man ought to know everything about something and something about everything. "I know," he said, "it is the edge of the axe that cuts, but it is the weight that sends it in." He aimed at fulness as well as exactness. So

in his own departments of Homiletics and N. T. Interpretation he became pre-eminent; while, at the same time, he obtained a good working acquaintance with eight or ten foreign languages, and made fruitful studies in Science and Mathematics, Music and Art, History and Literature, Poetry and Philosophy. Moreover his outlook upon the world of to-day, with all its living issues and mighty problems, was fresh and eager as a youth's. No mere scholastic recluse was he; but a man of the world who took pains to keep near the heart of the age, that he might feel its beat, know its condition, help it, and teach others to help it.

And what a superb teacher he became! Nowhere else did Dr. Broadus seem to me quite so mighty and masterful as in the class-room. In New Testament English he was a king enthroned. The class was large and made up of men of all degrees of culture. A Texan cowboy, who had never before seen the inside of a school, sat side by side with a learned Presbyterian Doctor of Divinity who had been professor in a Seminary. But everything was clear enough for the one and strong enough for the other. He had marvellous skill in seizing the heart of some great subject on which he had read volume after volume, and giving it to his class in a few pithy sentences of crystalline clearness. Many of us are only gradually finding out the real value of those lectures—the work and learning and wisdom they represented.

In that class he usually spent half the time in questioning, and half in lecturing. No time was wasted on foolish questions. It was his custom to dictate the substance of the lecture, and, while the students were writing, to keep up a running comment on that. Here the great man was in his element. It was his most congenial theme. The preacher and the teacher met together, the intellectual and the spiritual kissed each other. Mind and heart were aglow. This was the very business for which all his rigid self-discipline had been preparing him. How splendidly his powers responded to the call! Everything was orderly. Great thoughts were flung out in the richest profusion. Learning brought her treasures and wisdom her most precious things. Sparkling wit, delicious humor, apt anecdote, not infrequently relieved the intensity of the work. It was the most exhilarating experience I ever knew. It was the spectacle of a great personality ablaze—the finest thing in all the world.

The Man.—For, indeed, the final explanation of it all was that here was a man—a great, true man. There was no mistaking his genuineness. He had proved his strength.

The iron will had been tested again and again. Twice at least, it seems, that indomitable spirit had saved the Seminary; once, just after the war, when it seemed that the institution must perish, and he said, "Suppose we quietly agree that the Seminary may die, but we'll die first"; and again, about ten years later.

That showed also the man's devotion to duty. That characterized him from the day of his conversion. His baptism was to him no idle ceremony, but the showing forth of a tremendous fact—death to self and life to God. It was this sense of duty that led the timid lad to speak to that half-witted youth, whose "Howdy, John; thankee, John," he hoped, would greet him on the shining shore. To him it was a virtual self-crucifixion when he turned from the pastorate to become a teacher. Who that heard can ever forget the deep pathos of his request as he closed his homiletical lectures in 1891, when he told the students how he had buried his hope of being a preacher in them, and begged them to do their best for their own sakes, and then to do a little more for his. When once duty pointed to the Seminary, not the most tempting offers (and he had many of them) could make him swerve.

And with what fidelity he worked! Like our own McGregor he was ambitious to have a well-filled day of service. "Fear God and Work" was his motto. "Better wear out than rust out," we say. He preferred to say, "Let us work and last." A little over a year ago, after hearing a veteran of 90 years leading in the prayer of dedication of the Grace St. Church, Richmond, he wrote: "Let's all live to be as old as ever we can, and try to keep at work, please God, to the end." Not that it was easy to work hard always. No. There were three things he said were hard to do: "Always to tell the exact truth, always to do just right, and always to work hard."

It was thus he became strong. One of the most impressive elements of his strength was his uncommon good sense. His judgment never seemed to fail. Read his books and see. With all his strength he was humble. One day I asked him if he had ever been troubled with a sense of unfitness for his work.

"My dear brother," he replied, "that troubled and worried me for years, and I had no peace, until I made up my mind just to leave that with God, and go on and do the best I could." I went away comforted.

This beautiful humility intensified the living sympathy which he had with his students, so that his strength was their encouragement, not their despair. He was thoroughly genial and brotherly; chivalrous and charitable; with clear and strong convictions, but able to honor the convictions of others; a simple plain man, never pretentious nor striving to impress you with his greatness; averse to display and all fictitious dignity; in all things real; a gentleman to the core. And so true dignity was his, and all revered him, and felt the fascination of his all-round goodness.

"Them that honor me I will honor." There, after all, you get the explanation of this wonderful character and life. Jesus was his Saviour and Lord. His whole soul bowed in homage—loving, adoring, obedient homage—to Jesus Christ. He was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith. Genuine piety, simple faith, unaffected love to God and man, suffused his life. This accounts for everything. Duty was mighty to him because it was not a cold, ethical abstraction, but the will of his living Lord; and, through his obedience, he became clothed in that symmetrical completeness of character, that fine combination of strengths and graces which is the "fruit of the Spirit," the "garments of salvation."

His Influence.—I never detected in him anything of self-seeking. He was not selfishly catching at influence. He did his Master's will humbly and faithfully, and influence came to him. No one can measure his influence over the thousands of young men who passed through his hands. Personally I think I never left his room without a prayer in my heart that I might be a better man. It was that that drew me back from Germany for a second year. I had not met his equal. Influence? Though he never held any office in the Southern Convention, I saw him do a thing in that Convention that no other man could have done. A great fight was expected over the report of the Sunday School Committee. A hot controversy had been going on in the papers, and men went to that Birmingham Convention

with speeches ready. They were eager for the fray. The moment had come. The report had been read. Discussion was in order. There was what all felt to be the lull before the storm. Broadus seized the opportunity, stepped to the front, and spoke. Every word throbbed with emotion—it was a brief but passionate appeal for peace. The great throng bowed to his will. The spirit of controversy was muzzled—even as the spirit of the storm on Galilee was at the Master's word. Not another word was spoken. The report was adopted in silence. And even as I write, the tears come unbidden, as I think of the old veteran sitting there, his head buried in his hands and his whole frame heaving with emotion, which, if I mistake not, found relief in sobs. No wonder. He had saved the South. There is influence for you! Ay, and that same man's influence has been one of the mightiest factors for the last quarter of a century in drawing North and South together and binding them with the bonds of mutual respect and affection. No one has ever impressed me as Dr. Broadus did with the almost measureless influence for good that may gather about one true human life.

And that influence will live in many lives. The matchless personality is lost to us now. But we may avail ourselves of some of the results of his scholarship, and treasure up his wisdom as embalmed in his published works. They retain, to an exceptional degree, the flavor of the man, and will be a standing bulwark to the faith. It is re-assuring to know, in this day of free handling of the word of God, that Dr. Broadus stood squarely for the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures and the atoning work of Christ. The following are his works, which the length of this article forbids me to characterize: "Preparation and Delivery of Sermons," "Commentary on Matthew," "Sermons and Addresses," "History of Preaching," "Memoir of James P. Boyce," "Harmony of the Gospel," "Jesus of Nazareth," a glowing tribute to his Lord, and pamphlets on important topics,—some of the most important being "Permanent and Paramount Authority of the Bible," "Three Questions as to the Bible," and "The Study of the Bible by Books."

Have I written too strongly? Have I over-estimated Dr. Broadus? Hear what others say. He had been on the International Lesson Committee since 1878. Dr. Hoge, of Richmond,

Dr. Randolph, of Newport, R. I., and our own Dr. Potts, agree in regarding Dr. Broadus as by far its most valuable member.

Prof. Smith, of the University of Virginia, writes: "The University of Virginia bends in grief over the grave of her greatest alumnus."

Dr. T. T. Eaton regards him as "one of the few really great teachers that the world has known," and "as a preacher," he adds, "Dr. Broadus has no superior among men."

Dr. Henson said "He was a princely scholar." "He was the greatest man among American Baptists." "He bound the nation together by the love of his great soul."

Dr. Whitsitt, his colleague for years, and now his successor in the Presidency, says, "In all our joys and sorrows he was the greatest man I have ever known."

Our own Dr. Newman writes: "I have long regarded Dr. Broadus as the finest and most perfect specimen of Christian manhood I have ever known, and I look in vain for his superior in the history of the church since the apostolic age."

This paper, for the length of which I crave your indulgence, gentle reader, may fittingly close with the tribute of Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, as expressed in the following sonnet from the *Independent:*

A VANISHED VOICE.

J. A. B.

"O well-beloved voice, never to be
Heard in our counsels! Hence forever flown!
No more that haunting pathos in the tone
To witch us with its wistful melody.
Nay, but the voice it was not. It was he,
Himself, the man, the Christian, therein shown;
The regal pride not driven from the throne,
But chastened to a high humility.
The opulent sweet worldly wisdom, blent
With such clear innocence of worldly guile;
Learning to service of his fellows lent;
The gift of sympathy in tear or smile;
The upward vision on the heavens intent—
These were what won us with resistless wile."

J. H. FARMER.

THE CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

GRADUATION—MAY 1ST, 1895.

The occasion does not demand any lengthened address from me. Let me content myself with calling your attention briefly to a few points of commanding interest. The work of the Higher Education compels attention on the part of those intimately concerned in it, to the signs of the time. Especially must this be true of such an institution as the one in connexion with which we are now assembled, conditioned, as it is, for the independent pursuit of Truth, and the free use of it in moulding character and inspiring life.

We find ourselves but a handbreadth from the opening of the 20th century, and sober minds are filled with solicitude as humanity passes through the closing years of the 19th. The closing years of the 18th century saw the establishment of the greatest Republic of the world, whose splendid opportunities were freely offered to the millions of Europe; of the 17th, the new commonwealth in England, with its magnificent fruitage of principles of constitutional government for all peoples; of the 16th, a great intellectual quickening, with its wonderful outcome of modern literature in England and on the continent; and, of the 15th, the discovery and opening up of this New Hemisphere to civilization. There is an expectation abroad of great events near at hand, which shall be of concern to humanity at large. Religiously, the most significant movement of this century has been the awakening of the Christian world to its paramount responsibility to give the Gospel—salvation from sin with purity and holiness of life—to all people under heaven, at home, abroad; and it is a good thing to be able to say that the Baptist denomination has been a leader in this movement. It has long since been found, and is becoming increasingly recognized, that it is not Christ's thought that this responsibility is to be discharged by the efforts of a few, and these the ordained ministers of the Word, all-important as these are: but by the lives and efforts of His people of every calling and profession. The avenues for efficient service in this great business of all Christians are as numerous as the ways of men, and the existence of this Univer-

sity, with its academic departments of Woodstock and Moulton, has its ground in this great end. Every form of intellectual work and discipline must be laid under tribute if Christians of to-day are to meet worthily the responsibility of the times in which we are living. There is no discharge in this campaign, and the signs of the hour all point to yet mightier efforts to Christianize the whole earth. The opening of the 20th century will undoubtedly see China, peopled as it is with more than one-fourth of the human race, roused to the life of modern thought, and the entire Orient open as never before to the in-going of the Gospel. So, too, of the great continent of Africa. The currents of Christian life at home are to be quickened and purified yet more by the needs and opportunities of the world abroad.

It will arrest the attention of all to place beside these facts, this statement: The closing years of our century are marked by the progress of a destructive criticism of the Word of God. Its contents are declared to be devoid of the supernatural, or rather that only those portions which are explicable on purely natural grounds are worthy of any confidence. Jesus was not supernaturally begotten, he did not rise from the dead, he did not ascend to Heaven, he did not send the Comforter, the Holy Spirit. God—if there be a God—has not really spoken to us at all, and this fair earth with its teeming millions is rolling through space — perhaps "without God" — certainly "without hope." This is not, of course, a new discovery, but it is winged with new power to-day in that it is promulgated with the professed sanctions of scientific criticism. The din of the discussion will be still sounding in the ears of earnest men when the next century opens. Christian scholarship will have the last word here, and who that has submitted himself to the obedience of Christ, and therefore knows Him to be the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, but will recognize the importance of the demand that Christian institutions of learning be equipped to-day with every resource for the defence, as well as the propagation of the truth? They are to be yet more and more the armories and citadels of truth.

These considerations may be deemed of application to theological work only. It is not so, as I have intended to suggest already. They are of equal moment to every Christian student,

and rightly have application as well to an Arts course of a Christian university.

Another question of commanding interest is the continued divergence of science and philosophy. The century is closing without any serious attempt on the part of philosophy to come away from the field of what has proved to be largely barren speculation, and enter upon more fruitful tasks. It is of moment briefly to outline the great steps of the way. With the sophists appeared subjectivism in philosophy, an undeveloped nominalism. Sceptics in philosophy and anarchists in ethics, the sophists roused the noble mind of Socrates to the greatest philosophical achievement of any age—the checking of in-coming nominalism in Greek thought, the annihilation of the sophists as a practical power in philosophy, and the determination of thought towards realism for fifteen hundred years. There began with him the philosophy of objective thought. The existence of an objective outward world was an undisputed premise among his followers. In no period, in fact, of Greek philosophy did nominalistic tendency make much advance after it had been checked by Socrates. It is to the scholastic period that we owe the beginning of the general subjective movement of modern philosophy, which, on the downfall of scholasticism, took up into itself all the latent tendencies of the then triumphant nominalism. Under new forms and new names, by which it eludes detection at the bar of contemporary thought, this great issue between realism and nominalism—objectivism and subjectivism—is an issue to-day. By virtue of certain truth contained in it, and greater freedom for speculation, nominalism triumphed over realism in philosophy, and reached complete fruition in the genius of Kant. The strength of idealism is the strength of nominalism—no more, no less. Realism, in virtue of certain truth in it, overcame nominalism in science, stimulated men to investigate natural objects, and reached the splendid result of establishing the scientific method.

The last half of this century has witnessed the grand achievements of science—the most wonderful practical outcome of human thought in the progress of the race. And yet the method of science is empirical and purely practical. There is a virtual divorce between philosophy and science. The latter

asks in vain for a theory of knowledge. It would seem that philosophy cannot much longer, if it is to have power over human thought an ı produce other than a disquieting or paralyzing effect upon human life and action, avoid the question. The reconciliation will come with the advance of better philosophical methods. The value of truth compared with mere speculation, must gain in power over the minds of men. Meanwhile, there is a long way to travel. So long as philosophy denies a substantial existence to matter, by that very denial it confesses its incompetency to frame a theory of knowledge applicable to the ascertained facts and truths of physical science.

In the deep yearning of the human mind for a unity which it can intellectually grasp, we are witnessing in these closing years of the century another marked recurrence of philosophical thought towards quasi-pantheism—not that of Spinoza, which is obsolete, or that of Hegel, or even modern idealism which is drifting astern; but spirituali tic Monism. There is only one substance, and that is spirit. This is supposed to meet Haeckel fairly, who says, there is only one substance, and that is matter. This spiritualistic Monism is a notion from the East and has more than once before sought entrance into western thought, notably through the Saracens in the 12th century. It is to-day finding recognition in many Universities, and will color, at least for a time, the stream of modern philosophy. The practical effects of this type of philosophy, as seen in every country where Buddism prevails, suggest that the western mind is too active, robust and practical, too strongly seized of personality, and alive to self hood, to rest long in the teaching. Meanwhile science, with untold trophies at her girdle and in her hands, stands without in the porch, and philosophy turns an averted face. The problem how, in the words of Abbott, to identify science and philosophy by making the foundation, method, and system of philosophy scientific, and the foundation, methods, and system of science philosophic, seems no nearer solution than ever. All the same, science carries on her practical investigations and experiments, and enriches the world.

Once more. Emile de Loveleye has said that the message of the 18th century to man was, "Thou shalt cease to be the slave of nobles and despots who oppress thee; thou art free and

sovereign." But the problem of the closing years of the 19th is: "It is a grand thing to be free and sovereign, but how is it that the sovereign often starves? how is it that those who are held to be the source of power often cannot, even by hard work, provide themselves with the necessaries of life?"

The effort to answer this question has moved, and will yet more powerfully move, our western civilization. Its answer demands a contribution from every department of human thought, and the end is not in sight. The impression is general and deep that important changes in our social system are rapidly maturing, and no one seems able to forecast their exact nature or extent. The claims of capital and labor, individualism and collectivism, are pressing for better adjustment. On the one side, corporations, syndicates, and combinations of capital; and trades-unions, and federations of labor, on the other. The institutions of the Higher Education cannot be indifferent to these antagonisms. While the study of Economics is important, the greatest contribution that any educational institution can make in this behalf to society, is the inspiring of young lives with true aims, noble, unselfish, Christ-like principles of life. Social Economics can never find any satisfactory and permanent application where moral considerations are imperfectly recognized. At bottom, the question is an ethical one, and the Sermon on the Mount needs to be written on the hearts of all men.

I need not stay to point out how these great questions to which I have briefly referred, discover the leading forces with which the cause of truth and the welfare of society has now to reckon, and whose lights and shadows are falling so strongly across the threshold of the century we are so rapidly nearing.

Gentlemen of the Graduating Class,—

Just a word. Our years of fellowship have been serious and delightful. You, especially, are the heirs of the great and far-reaching questions of which I have spoken. How does the outlook strike you? Is there fear in your hearts? I do not believe it. Recall the divine legend of your University: *Ta Panta en Auto Sunesteken:* In Him—in Christ—all things cohere—hold together—have unity:

O Christ, in whom all things consist,
The everlasting bond of ease
In worlds around, in human thought,
In life and death's great mysteries.

O Christ, without Thee who would dare
Truth's 'wildering quest with human powers,
But holding Thee, who holdest all,
The mightiest truth of God is ours.

The unsolved problems are not going to be left entirely to the solution of man. God's Spirit is in the world and abides with those who seek His wisdom and guidance. Rejoice that your lives fall in a time when there is work to be done that counts—serious work. Stand for truth and right, for purity and righteousness of life, and manly and Godly integrity. Stand for the weak and needy no less than for the strong and well-to-do; for all the ennobling enterprises of life; for woman in all her gracious offices and ministrations; for home; for alma mater, as her representatives, defenders and helpers; for Canada, and for the Empire in its grandeur and integrity; and last, yet first, stand for Christ and His Kingdom, and know assuredly that character shall abide forever, and that the approval of the Master is the one thing which no man can take from you. Be of good courage, and "Quit you like men."

FOR AN AUTOGRAPH.

May He, who is the Way,
Thy daily footsteps guide;
May He, who is the Truth,
O'er word and thought preside;
May He, the Life, whose life is light supernal,
Crown thee in glory with the life eternal.

J. H. F.

Students' Quarter.

THE GREAT LEVELLER.

Very slowly he awoke from his lifelessness. At first, there was but an all-pervading suffering. Pain was the sum-total of sensate existence. With returning consciousness it became more and more acute. Dull and indeterminate at first, the throbs of agony grew sharp and distinct as mental action was aroused. He was lying upon his back; a crushing weight held fast his lower limbs and left arm. His head seemed about to burst with its heavy throb, throb, as, with a groan, he opened his eyes.

In the semi-darkness, he could discern himself to be buried beneath a heaped-up mass of broken and twisted material. What could it all be? Where was he?

With a twinge of agony he closed his eyes again. Connected thought was impossible. Gradually, however, he grew accustomed to the physical torture; not that the suffering was lessened, but it seemed to become a normal state which the activity of his strong mind was partly able to surmount.

He could remember vaguely that some time in the past—it seemed ages ago!—he had been rushing along at tremendous speed. Surely, it was in a railway carriage!—and then he was reading—ah yes! the newspaper report of his trial sermon. Why! he must have fallen asleep and then—of course, there had been an accident and here he was, pinned beneath the debris.

He was a strong man and a brave one, this young minister, and his thoughts now were not those of despair. He had that intense life-instinct which belongs always to the healthy human mind. Consequently, he set about considering the situation and the prospects for relief.

"Both legs are pretty well smashed," he groaned, "and I have some frightful bruises, besides my—O—oh!"

The excruciating spasm, which had followed a trial to extricate his left arm, caused him to desist from further attempts at changing his position. The upper part of his body was comparatively uninjured, the jammed-up wood and iron having formed a sort of arch about him.

"It can hardly be fatal," he concluded, with a calmness of reason that, under the circumstances, surprised him. "The wreckage crew ought to be here in an hour or two, and perhaps local assistance will relieve matters before that."

Up to this time—such in a crisis of suffering is even a minister's innate selfishness—he had forgotten his fellow travellers. But now, just to his right, he becomes aware of a feeble moaning. Turning his head painfully in that direction he sees, quite close to him, a face with pale motionless features that looked deathlike in their contrast with the dark dishevelled hair. It was the young woman who had sat in the next seat to him.

During the journey, the minister's error-probing observation had led him to surmise that his travelling neighbor was one of that sad sisterhood which, though shunned often by His followers then and now, the Great Minister to mankind was himself never slow to help. This minister forgot about that, however, and was (ostensibly) so absorbed in the newspaper reports of his own sermon that he neglected to open the window which she was trying in vain to raise. A cynical smile—a hard bitter smile it was, for such a young face—came to the lips of the girl as she glanced at the ministerial garb of her companion. Perhaps she thought of what he had forgotten in the example of Him whose lost sheep he professed to seek. At least she was a woman, and had the right to claim assistance from his strong arm, to obtain the cooling of God's pure air for which her brow ached. A sad bitterness, pitiable indeed in one whose young life should have known nothing of such defiance, expressed itself in the large dark eyes set in features that were not without some charm of beauty. Just then a kind-hearted brakeman came to her help. Meanwhile, the minister perused his sermon. It was a wonderful production, so everyone had said; "Death, the Great Leveller," was the subject. He had shown conclusively the paltriness of all human distinctions, when viewed in the presence of death—how rich and poor, high and low, must leave this life as they entered it, all alike in the sight of one Supreme Judge. Then he had amplified the consequent thought of the equality and brotherhood of the great human family, and the duties devolving upon the individual. Very strenuously had he denounced the crying evils, heartless injustice and awful burdens inflicted upon

the downtrodden of our civilization. Yes, it was a strong sermon, and he fully expected the great city church to give him a call to the pastorate. As he read, did no sense of the incongruity of the window incident enter his mind? Perhaps,—for the minister was possessed of a heart really sympathetic, though at times somewhat lost beneath his clerical Prince Albert. He was genuinely interested too, in the uplifting of such as she before him—as a class, and from a distance.

Fellow-suffering made him compassionate enough now, however, and he watched with concern for signs of returning consciousness. Gradually the feeble moaning life reasserted itself, but it was a life of the past. She talked incessantly—childish prattle, expressions of love and happiness, gentle pleading and troubled questionings, words of angry sorrow and fierce praying, chilling mirthless laughter and weary, weary sighs—incoherent all, but in their intensity revealing to the startled listener a life that none but One had understood or tried to understand.

Suddenly she opened her eyes, and out of their depths of pain the minister saw spring up a gleam of sudden joy. She murmured a name of her dream—that of a loving brother, long dead to her. She was still with the past. The light faded from her eyes, and there came a look of wild fear that told him she was entering upon the realization of her present suffering.

"Where am I?" she cried in terror, trying to raise herself to a sitting posture.

"Keep quite still," answered her fellow-captive soothingly, fearing that she would further injure herself in her struggles, "we shall soon be relieved—our train has been wrecked, you know."

He shouted loudly to attract the attention of any who might be prepared to give assistance, but none seemed within call. Groaning fellow-sufferers alone gave response. Meanwhile the wild eyes were observing him intently.

"You are not my brother," she moaned, scarcely yet aroused from the past, "You are the minister."

Her companion clasped in his own uninjured hand, the one so frantically stretched toward him and said gently, "Forgive me, poor child—let me too be a brother now."

She understood, and his humble tenderness had its response

in the faint smile, and the look of glad thankfulness in the weary eyes.

Strange that he should think, now, of the trivial unkindness of the journey. Yet not so strange either—just before she first addressed him, he had become aware of a heavy smell in the atmosphere. There flashed to his mind the awful knowledge that the wreck was on fire.

"Assistance," he thought, "may be delayed an hour yet, if so—my God!"

For a moment the realization of his helplessness, and imprisoned strength almost crazed him. Strong manhood that shrinks not from meeting danger half-way shudders at horrors that permit of nothing save passive non-resistance. Glancing, however at the poor creature beside him, by a strong effort of will—the greatest bravery that his life had ever known—he regained a steady calmness of mind.

At this new crisis he had almost forgotten present agony, but struck now by the increasing pallor of the girl, he asked her if she suffered a great deal.

She smiled as she answered that it was not so dreadful now, but her voice was faint and he knew that, though she had partly recovered from the first shock, her life was fast ebbing. He thanked God that she would not have to bear the horrors that threatened the rest of them.

"Let us pray to our Father," he said gently, and she tightened weakly her grasp upon the strong hand.

Very different was the spirit of this petition from that of those which he had presented in the past, on behalf of sinful fellow-creatures. No tone of conscious superiority was there in this humble cry of "God be merciful." The Great Leveller was at hand, and he prayed for both, as brother and sister, alike erring children of a forgiving Father. When he closed—it was very short—in a whisper, she echoed his "amen."

"Good bye," she said faintly, then added still more softly—"brother."

Tears were in his eyes that had not been caused by the physical straining entailed as he reached over and kissed the death-cold brow.

Sweet and peaceful was the smile that remained upon her

lips as the spirit left its broken tabernacle. Another's kiss had been to her the brand of shame and sorrow; this was the seal of peace and love eternal. The earthly brother-love, of which it had been the holy token, was itself the symbol of her ever-pitying Elder Brother's love unspeakable.

The cold hand remained clasped in his own. Death as the Great Leveller had completed his mission in the minister's soul. If man's relief failed, that must be his liberator as well. With a new peace in his heart he closed his eyes and waited.

STANBURY R. TARR.

ANNIVERSARY.

Sweet and golden afternoon
  Of the infant summer,
    Joyous one!
Merry trills of laughter soon
  Peep and tremble and embrace,
  Flee and turn again to race
    Through the sun,—
Morning, slow old nurse, is lost,
Birds and souls and flowers are tost
In the sunlit pentecost,
    Winter's done.

Birds are chirping melodies
  Made of clear notes vanishing
    In the sky,
Yonder hum the yellow bees,
  Hither sway the tender branches,
  Mad young winds in avalanches
    Scurry by,—
All the flowers bloom with blushing,
Rapture through the soul is rushing,
Suddenly there comes a hushing,—
    Night is nigh.

PLASHET.

TWO DAYS CAMPING.

In the early part of the month of August a young girl of sixteen said to me: "We are going camping for three weeks and we shall expect you and your friend to spend a week with me." The invitation, which was afterwards made good by the head of the family, was accepted and for some time we looked forward to the week in camp.

At length came the long-awaited time and we were driven out to the lake nine miles distant, by a boy of twelve. The driver was inexperienced and the horse being wild, we at times feared that we should not reach the place in safety. The most dangerous part of the road, however, was a steep and stony hill which descended toward the lake within a short distance of our destination. There we decided to use every precaution and so dismounted to walk down the hill. No sooner had we done so than our attention was arrested and we stood still to see what would happen. The horse was going at a high rate of speed down the hill and the driver was vainly endeavoring to hold him back. We felt sure that some part of the "turnout" would break, so, congratulating ourselves upon our forethought we hurried down. To our surprise we found horse, buggy and boy calmly awaiting us. We proceeded on our way distrusting our driver more than ever.

The sun was sinking in the west when we arrived and the glittering lake shone in the distance like gold. We were welcomed by the whole family,—seven in number. The remainder of the day was spent in exploring in the vicinity of the camp, and after tea in boating and in pleasant chat with our friends.

On the shore of Lake Huron, in Lambton county, there are several camping-grounds. One is called Kettle Point, although it is over two miles from the real Kettle Point, and this is where our friends were camping. This camping-ground borders on a little bay made by Kettle Point and Gustin's Point. Our friend's camp was some distance beyond the shore, and was surrounded by a few large trees so that the sun did not shine directly on it. There were two other camps quite near; one contained a family from our own town and the other was made up of five noisy

young bachelors from a neighboring village. A mile away, however, quite a village of camps was situated, so we could not become lonely.

We retired early, but could anyone sleep in such a bevy of noises? Crickets were chirruping, cicadas screeching and the Katy-dids, which seemed very numerous, were asserting and denying in their usual fashion. To crown it all the young bachelors gave us a tin-pan serenade. However, toward the small hours of the morning no sound could be heard except an occasional "Katy-did" and "Katy-did'nt" and sleeping became possible.

At seven we were aroused by talking in the camp and soon we were all up and out enjoying the fresh morning air. Is there anything so delightful as a morning at the lake? The water was very calm, only little, musical ripples disturbing it, and when standing at its edge we could hear voices coming up to us from the camps a mile or more away. These were occasionally drowned in a burst of song from the various birds about us.

After breakfast the men of the party went fishing and the rest of us busied ourselves with the morning work and partly preparing dinner. It fell to my lot with the assistance of little Kate to husk and silk the corn for dinner, so we took the basket of corn and sat down on a log to begin our work, Kate telling me the while, "Papa says he likes me to do the corn 'cause I take the freads out so well." The remainder of the morning we spent in work, bathing and a short walk.

After we had had dinner and an afternoon sleep my friend and I decided to walk to Kettle Point, a distance of two miles. We started by taking the curving road through the woods. One scene on the way was a fine one. Just as we made a turn in the road we beheld a hillside of sumachs in all their rich, red bloom. Just after this we walked under a roof of sumachs, for their boughs had completely overarched the road.

At length we reached the Point and how can I describe it? It stretches out in the water only a little way. It is noted for its peculiar stone formation. The bank is about five feet high and has a reddish appearance as if the soil had once been burning, and it is said by some of the older settlers that such was the case twenty years ago. The stone formation is at the foot

of the bank and goes completely around the Point. It has the appearance of slatestone but is much harder. It is, in some places, as smooth as glass and is marked off by ridges into blocks similar to our city pavement; in other places it is cut down into steps so that one gets nearer the top of the bank by ascending step after step. Intermingled with this firm floor are huge round stones which the people there call kettles because of their similarity to the round bottom of a kettle, and from these the Point gets its name. Some of these large stones are wholly above the pavement and are worn smooth, and, in some cases, have a large indenture or basin in the top and this filled with water; in other cases the upper half has split off, leaving only the lower half resting upon the ground. Others can be seen pushing their rounded tops up through the stone pavement. Only on a calm day can one get a good view of this place; on a windy day the stones are covered up with the billows from the lake.

We roamed around for a while and then started on our way back, picking delicious black berries as we walked along. We arrived late for tea and found that two gentlemen, friends of the family, had come up on their bicycles from Sarnia to stay a few days.

That evening my friend became ill and the next morning we sent to town for a conveyance to take us home The same little boy came down to be driver. We had to trust him to take us but arrived home in safety, sorry that our camping was so sadly brought to a close when not quite two days of the long looked-for week had gone by.

PHŒBE H. MCDONALD.

A STUDY IN GREY.

The clouds hang low and heavy, and the sun is hidden. The strong wind sweeps through the woods, making the bare limbs creak, and the dried, twisted leaves rattle crossly together.

Down the long leaf-drifted lane stands the bridge under which the water from the waste-gates rushes madly along, to the mill. Stretching out in front of it is the pond. The dark

blue water is cold and fretted into little waves that wash sullenly against the dam; and across it short gusts of wind come to dash sharply against the high front of the old woollen mill. And the mill windows, black against the lowering sky, rattle back defiantly.

Close by it and connected by a little tottering bridge is the sawmill. Here too the wind whistles and plays in its mad frolic. It prys at the boards, making them fairly groan and the loose ones flap, and blows the sawdust blindingly about. The footing is poor in the mill. Often there are great spaces between the boards where the water can be seen dashing through the flume below. The flooring of the bridge has great cracks in it also, and beneath it, deeper yet than the flume, is the old water-wheel. It is still now and moss-grown. Yet in the spring and fall when the water is high it sometimes turns, though slowly and with great effort. Then, more gruesome than ever it brings up its black slimy arms, glistening with water drops that falling off drip down with a little hollow splash into the darkness below.

The mill is working to-day, for there are a few logs left over from the spring that must be finished up now that the water is high. A man and child—a little girl—are in the mill. The child is clad in a warm dress with a little scarlet hood and a pair of mittens. She sits on the logs as they slowly ride up to the saw, humming contentedly to herself. The man is busy with the saw. Suddenly the child shivers and cries out,—

"Uncle, it is very cold!"

"Cold, little one? Run up to the house. It's work that makes us warm though. My Honey Bee would n't like to be like a summer drone always, would she? The cold has come as a warning for us to get ready for the winter's work. We must all work. Don't thee remember the Elder's text Sunday: 'The Lord came not to be ministered unto, but to minister?' Aye, even the Lord."

The child was quiet for a time and then urged again.

"But it's so dark!"

"Dark, what matter, little one? The night is darker after sunshine. But we can have sunshine in our hearts. All is God's providence. Let us be thankful."

The child was silent and the man went about his work.

He was dragging up the last log, when almost in spite of herself the child cried out again the third time.

"Oh, Uncle! It is so very cold, and my heart has no sunshine. I have tried to say over the texts, but I feel afraid."

Twilight was fast coming on when the last log was sawn. The machinery was shut off and with that the dreariness and gloom seemed to settle down into night. The man took the child's hand in his and the two silently plodded up the dark lane to the house.

With the opening of the door a flood of warmth and light streamed out into the gray mist and the two stepped in. In the broad low room the supper table with its lamps made a centre of light and cheer. The fire roaring and crackling in the high old cook-stove shone on the yellow painted floor. In the dusky corners a brass knob or a pane of glistening glass caught the light, while the great wide sofa with its soft red pillows could barely be distinguished.

The child threw herself down with her head on her grandmother's knees and sighed, weary but content; and the man in passing said,

"The little one has had a long day of it."

ERNESTINE WHITESIDE.

"DOVER BEACH."*

(A STUDY IN COMPARISONS.)

We can contemplate nothing more saddening than disease, decline and final destruction; the withering of a perfect lily, after the first repulsive yellow blight has touched and curled its tender petals; the ghostly pallor and dreary glance of one whose health has fled; the mournful hopelessness of a beautiful, sensitive, but unillumined soul.

Here is its complaint,—quiet, but kindled at the same resentful flame that awoke into life Swinburne's invective of *Atalanta in Calydon;* quiet, and therefore the more powerful;

*Read before the Camelot Club of McMaster University.

repressed, and therefore the more intense; brief, and therefore the more imperious of attention.

There are various modes of critical examination; this paper, necessarily brief and suggestive rather than even approximately exhaustive, cannot treat of all. A first query would be: Does the poem harmonize with its author's own theory of poetry? Rather, we answer, with his theory of life. It is true to his thought of himself. Melancholy in tone, in style natural and plain, it is woven into an exquisitely-constructed web of suggestion and sensibility. Its diction is choice and poetic; but its note is the cry of Philoctetes and of Œdipus.

"Ah, wretched soul!" "Ah, me unhappy!"

The first stanza presents the poetic occasion, where, like mysterious Lyonnesse,

> ". . . the long mountains ended in a coast
> Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
> The phantom circle of a moaning sea,"

reminding us also of the rough Acadian shore, from whose rocky caverns

> ". . . . the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
> Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

A calm sea, a full tide, a fair moon, and the grim old English cliffs! The air is sweet and the picture enchantment. In *King Lear*, Shakespeare has a most vivid description of the view to a spectator upon Dover Cliff, which might be profitably read in this connection. But here to our watchers from their sheltered window, the scene is subdued and softened, it would be very peace, were it not for that dull sound:

> "Listen! you hear the grating roar
> Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
> At their return, up the high strand,
> Begin and cease and then again begin,
> With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
> The eternal note of sadness in."

Ah! poet, poet, why imbue Nature with thine own despair? It is the weary onlooker that brings

"The eternal note of sadness in."

not the steadfast sea. Tennyson, even when most subjective,

does not identify the two. Let the sea chant its varying song; it soothes, but cannot solve. Let it break at the foot of its crags, but I am I, must live out my own sorrow, and realize my own selfhood, so shall my peace be as a river and my righteousness as the waves of the sea.

Yet Matthew Arnold's poetic instinct fittingly selected the scene, quiet, serious, almost sublime, such as to lift up all thoughtful souls unto the contemplation of their own ideals, awakening to glorious revelations and purposeful resolution, or barren heartache and benumbing despair.

With the possibility of the latter, contrast the patience Nature teaches the Christian poet (in Mrs. Browning):

> "'O dreary life!' we cry, 'O dreary, life!'
> And still the generations of the birds
> Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
> Serenely live while we are keeping strife
> With Heaven's true purpose in us . . . .
> . . . . . Ocean girds
> Unslackened the dry land, savannah-swards
> Unweary sweep, hills watch unworn, and rife
> Meek leaves drop yearly from the forest-trees
> To show above the unwasted stars that pass
> In their old glory. O thou God of old,
> Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these!
> But so much patience as a blade of grass
> Grows by, contented through the heat and cold."

And notice, even as an extreme, the sprightly joyousness in the monotonous undersong of the Thames that Spenser discovers in his *Prothalamion.*

In stanza two, indeed, Arnold acknowledges that his thought is not the necessary one:

> "Sophocles long ago
> Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
> Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
> Of human misery: we
> Find also in the sound a thought,
> Hearing it by this distant northern sea."

That ebb and flow of turbulent waves, of joy, hope, callousness and despair, the sea must suggest to all sympathetic hearers, but only the fatalistic among them need tremble and fail. The third stanza embodies Arnold's interpretation of the mes-

sage, and is the most beautiful of all: Faith has been, has not sufficed, and is therefore dying.

> "Thou shalt hear the 'Never, never,' whispered by the phantom years,
> And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears."

This is the appalling *miserere:*

> "The sea of faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
> But now I only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world."

In conclusion, the fourth stanza craves a faith quite contradictory of its reputed death, a faith in the stability of human love, or at least of human sympathy. 'Let us be true, love, to one another!' For conduct alone is religion and salvation. Such is the text of Arnold's *Literature and Dogma;* such the teaching of his poetry:

> "There are some whom a thirst
> Ardent, unquenchable, fires
> Not with the crowd to be spent,
> Not without aim to go round
> In an eddy of purposeless dust,"

and yet in *The Buried Life,* the poet declares that Fate controls so much as to force us to obey every law of action and being; and so, here, his unutterable despair reasserts itself as it declares the reality, that

> "The world, which seems
> To lie before us like a land of dreams,
> So various, so beautiful, so new,
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace,* nor help for pain;
> And we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night."

*In *The Future* the sea appears in a directly opposite character, as imparting deep peace.

Note the complete harmony of sound with sense in these last two lines, and in

"Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar."

Like Shelley's, Arnold's cup was "dealt in another measure" from most. But to Shelley despair was welcome and congenial; while Arnold had little to save him from the sophistry of Spenser's personification:

"Then doe no further go, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life."

The cry of *Dover Beach* is old and sorrowful, the more so when a man, insisting that true peace of soul is inconsistent with the idea of a personal God, reiterates the cry, takes up the lamentation, and declares that even for him there is

"Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain."

The patient seeker may well turn away with a sigh of disgust at such unpalatable fare, albeit dressed with what care is possible, to the thought of Browning, on the cliff, that fatalism is of love and virtue alone; and of Tennyson as he concludes the labour of his *In Memoriam:*

"O living will that shall endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

"That we may lift from out of dust
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquered years
To one that with us works, and trust,

"With faith that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul."

So that, at the last, reminiscent beauty is all that remains in

the deadly blight; poetry, because true to feeling and experience; but truth, never! Rather with Browning and Tennyson will we abide, satisfied that "there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be made known."

Yet Arnold achieves a noble purpose. He awakens to disquietude, and affords an incentive whose final aim he never realized on earth. He wrought well at what he chose, but could neither finish his work, nor ensure it a place in the hearts of his fellows, because he himself was not in sympathy with himself, but only with his perplexity.

G. Herbert Clarke.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

Sketch II.—A Night at the Lights.

The electric light is the happy hunting ground of the moth hunter. The entomologist finds no more fascinating diversion than is to be had at the foot of a suburban arc-light which has in its vicinity groves and orchards. Where foliage abounds moths are almost sure to be numerous. These insects of the night shun the brightness of day and, during the sunny hours, seek the most secluded shades of the leafy groves, ready to fly forth at night, drawn by the irresistible attraction of the brightest of all lights. I have had so many enjoyable experiences during my moth-hunting days that I am inclined to venture a rough description of a night spent at one of my favorite lights, in hope that it may be of interest to some of those who peruse the pages of this magazine.

Moth-hunting is not a solitary pursuit. Seldom if ever have I hunted alone; it is much the better plan for two to work together. Two are company and are able to afford mutual assistance in case of need. To the uninitiated observer the equipment of a moth-hunter is somewhat peculiar in appearance. Each man is armed with a net of gauze, preferably of a greenish color. The usual net is about a foot in diameter,

a yard in depth and is fastened to a light bamboo pole which may vary in length from three to fifteen feet. I have always found it necessary to be equipped with a long and a short pole, because with a short-handled net one is unable to reach the moths which circle back and forth around the light, and with a long net it is impossible to capture those which fly close by or drop down stupefied for a moment by the glare. In each man's capacious pocket is a cyanide bottle, the instrument of death to the captives. This may vary in size, but must always be provided with a wide mouth. In the bottom of the bottle lumps of cyanide are cemented by a layer of plaster of Paris, and the poisonous fumes which arise from beneath quickly overcome even the hardiest of insects. If expecting a large catch, it is advisable to have a metal box with a moist cork floor on which to pin out the specimens which have succumbed to the deadly fumes.

With this equipment my companion and I started out one evening in the month of June. When we reached our hunting-ground it was just dusk and of course too early for the regular night-flyers. We came early in order to capture the dusk-flyers, which are commonly called hawk-moths *(Sphingidæ)*. There were several lilac bushes in bloom, not far from the light, and around them were many of these swift-darting creatures, taking their evening meal of nectar. They fly so swiftly and dodge so warily that, out of ten casts with the net, one does not expect to be successful more than once or twice; but they are so highly prized by collectors that even a small catch is thankfully received.

After half an hour, spent with good success at the lilac bushes, we decided to desist, partly because the darkness had greatly increased and partly because we had frightened away the objects of our pursuit. We then pinned out our trophies in the box which we had provided for their reception. They were beautiful creatures indeed. Large, tapering bodies, long, slender, hawk-like wings and bright, glistening eyes—all these combine to make a unique insect which is rarely if ever encountered by any but the collector. While we were at work under the light we kept a weather eye or two on our surroundings, expecting the arrival of moths at any time. We had not long to wait, for the

light was soon surrounded by a myriad of small moths. We took a number of the rarest of these, some of which were very delicate and showy in appearance. While I was in pursuit of a small darting moth, a great brownish creature flew past. In size he would rival a bird, but in flight he was more like a great, lazy butterfly. Although he passed by and disappeared in the darkness, we felt assured by previous experience that the strong attraction of the light would soon bring him back, and we were not mistaken. Almost before we were prepared to receive him he returned and flew violently against the glass globe of the light. This stunned him somewhat, but not sufficiently to cause him to fall to the ground. With my long-handled net I made a desperate swoop at him, but missed the mark. The action of the net disconcerted him to such an extent that he came plunging down, to fall a prey to the much more wieldy net of my companion. With the utmost care not to rub the delicate scales from the richly-colored wings, we transferred him to the cyanide bottle, where he fluttered a few seconds and then succumbed to the fatal vapor which surrounded him.

Soon the sport became very exciting. Several great fluttering beauties were dodging about the light at the same time, and it was a constant source of difficulty to choose a victim from such a rich selection. The queen of moths, the bright green Luna *(Actias Luna)*, with its long tails flowing from the lower wings and its delicate, silken, snow-white body, came sailing majestically up to the centre of attraction and fell a very easy prey to the hungry net. It seemed a pity to put to death such a beauteous creature; but science is science, and it is better to kill a gorgeous moth to preserve it in all its beauty for years, than to allow it to live a day or two and then be torn to shreds by the voracious bat, or to rot in the recesses of a hollow log.

Perhaps it would be of interest to some if I should give short descriptions of the general appearance of a few of the characteristic Canadian moths which frequently fall a prey to the moth-hunter.

The king of moths is the Cecropia *(Platysamia Cecropia)*. He is a large brownish moth measuring from six to seven and a half inches from tip to tip. The shades of brown and yellow are arranged and blended in a most harmonious way. The colors

are what artists would call night colors—hues which Nature does not exhibit in any of her works which are exposed to the light of day. The Peacock (*Hyperchiria Io*) is smaller and rarer but is equally beautiful. Specimens are found with a spread of wings ranging in breadth from two to three inches. The upper wings are mottled with fawn and orange while each of the lower is marked with a large eye closely resembling the eye on a peacock feather. The Polyphemus (*Telea Polyphemus*) is nearly as large as the Cecropia but is quite distinct in appearance. Different specimens vary greatly in color. All the shades from a bright orange yellow to a dull mud color are found. The markings, however, never vary. On each wing there is a single eye of transparent membrane, from which characteristic it has been named after the one-eyed hero of Homer. The Humming-bird moth (*Deilephila Chamaenerii*), as its name announces, is one of the most brightly colored of all. It is about the size of the Peacock, but, like the other *Sphingidæ*, it has the characteristic long hawk-like wings. Although it can scarcely be distinguished from a humming-bird in its flight, when it is captured and mounted it loses much of the resemblance. It is one of the few moths in which bright red is the prevailing color. In contrast to these gorgeous moths the Goat moths (*Cossi*) are the very opposite of beautiful. Their bodies are covered with bristles and the wings are destitute of the brightly-colored scales which are the heritage of the moth tribe. Although it is void of beauty, the collector is overjoyed beyond measure to capture a specimen. The reason of this is of course the comparative rarity of this variety.

These are only a few among almost numberless species which a good net-wielder can capture in the course of a season.

At about ten o'clock the moths deserted the light, as is their custom, and we wended our way homeward with an excellent catch. Much the same feeling steals over the senses of a successful moth-hunter as is felt by the zealous angler when he proudly bears homeward a good string of speckled beauties. The feeling is intensified, however, in the case of the entomologist, because he knows that every specimen he captures will remain as a trophy of his prowess and will help to beautify his collection for many days.

It is customary and even necessary in most cases to set the moths in the shape in which one wishes them to remain before they become stiffened. When we reached home therefore we were obliged to spend the time until after midnight in caring for the contents of our bottles and boxes. This is rather tedious work and requires the utmost care, because the smaller moths are extremely delicate and easily torn or rubbed. After everything was in shape, literally and figuratively, we tumbled into our welcome beds to dream until morning of splendid captures, new species of untold beauty and marvellous size, in short, to spend an "Arabian night" at the lights.

H. H. Newman.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With the present number, the McMaster University Monthly closes the fourth year of its existence, and that, too, we are pleased to say, with the brightest prospects for next year. Through the wise and untiring efforts of our business managers, and through the prompt and generous assistance of our large circle of friends and contributors, the Monthly has attained to such a degree of literary excellence and popularity as renders its permanent success practically assured. Financially, likewise, the year now closing has been exceedingly gratifying, and not least so to those whose faith in its mission, even in the days of small beginnings and great discouragements, led them to assume serious personal responsibilities in behalf of the Monthly, and who now see the object of their faith on a firmer footing than, with all their confidence, they had dared to expect in so short a time. The Committee of Management desire to express their sincerest thanks to all friends in the city and elsewhere whose liberal and constant patronage of our advertising department has so largely contributed to bring about the present satisfactory situation, and trust that they may be able to merit and retain the same confidence in the future.

The name of Dr. Broadus is as familiar and well-beloved as a household word to all Canadian Baptist students, who have lamented the removal from his earthly activities of an eminent Christian scholar whose spiritual power and guidance are so greatly needed in these

perilous times. It has been Professor Farmer's desire to give a faithful portrait of the great Southern Baptist teacher and leader as he knew him, towering high among his brethren, commanding their homage and winning their affection and confidence, attracting about him, too, a large company of willing workers whom he fired with his own enthusiasm and strengthened by his own great faith in the gospel of the New Covenant. We believe our readers will all own that the writer has done his work admirably. The portrait is from a photograph sent from Louisville for our special purpose. We desire at the same time to express our appreciation of the kindness of Messrs. Armstrong & Son, New York, who offered the use of the picture which accompanies their edition of Dr. Broadus' "Sermons and Addresses." We have chosen the other because of its being later. Our thanks are due to Professor Robertson for it.

Another year of successful work has closed at McMaster University, and two more classes, having finished their courses in Arts and Theology, have gone away to their homes or fields of labor carrying with them many class honors, as well as the Senate's formal recognition of their standing and privileges as graduates in their respective departments, and as alumni of their University. Commencement exercises, to which fuller reference is made elsewhere, were this year especially enjoyable, being marked by several features which will make them long remembered. The address of Chancellor Rand we publish in full in this number. Owing to his severe illness a year ago, this is the first expression of the kind which he has been able to make in public, and we deeply regret to be compelled to say that it will probably be the only one which will ever appear in our columns. Dr. Rand has been a frequent and ever cheerful contributor to the pages of the MONTHLY, and by his personal efforts and unbounded confidence at a critical period in its early history, did more than is commonly known to give the new magazine a fair start. We trust Dr. Rand's name will still often appear in the MCMASTER MONTHLY, where his contributions will always be welcome and, we know, read with pleasure.

We heartily congratulate our loved and honored friend, Dr. Dadson, on the distinguished academic honor which the Senate of McMaster University, at the hands of the Chancellor, has recently conferred upon him, an honor, it need not be said, which will have the fullest approval of his brethren in every part of Ontario. Though it be true that, in spite of this imposing dignity, he will still, *behind the scenes*,

be "Ebb" to his numerous old college friends and associates, yet none will more gladly acknowledge his well-deserved honor, or are prouder to-day of the fact that his was not the last name that occurred to the minds of nine Baptist pastors out of ten, when it was a question of who was the best man to fill the highest position of trust in the gift of the denomination.

German critics are not over ready to acknowledge the thoroughness and worth of works by English or American scholars. Very few references are found in their writings to the productions of Anglo-Saxon authors. While the results of German scholarship are made available to the English reader in translations, it is almost unexampled that a monument of English scholarship has been published in Germany. Recently, however, the treatise of Dr. W. H. Green on the Hebrew feasts in their relation to the Higher Criticism has been translated into German, and thus forced upon the attention of the editors of the leading German reviews, and of others. Although it is in support of the traditional view, it has compelled quite general recognition of its thoroughness and critical acumen from the higher critics themselves. More than one German scholar thinks that, in the light of this work, the foundations of the Higher Criticism should be tested afresh, to see whether they have been laid with sufficient care. Is not this concession quite significant? G.

COLLEGE NEWS.

H. H. Newman,
W. J. Thorold,
Miss M. E. Dryden, } *Editors.*

The University.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. A. P. McDonald, B.A., B. Th., one of the Arts graduates of the present year, has been appointed to the Senate of the University. He is a young man for such a distinction, but he will, no doubt, justify his appointment.

Freshman:—(Writing on his first Latin paper.) "*Ibid*—*Ibid*—I never read anything by *Ibid*. I wonder what the professor wanted to put a piece of *Ibid* on the paper for. I guess I'm plucked." He passes on to the next question without even an attempt to translate

the selection, knowing that his abilities are not of sufficient breadth to warrant him in attempting to translate an unknown author at sight.

Mr. W. Bogart, photographer, has, with great pains, made a composite group picture of the professors and students of the University. Nearly all of the students are represented and the picture is very artistically arranged. Copies can be had at very reasonable rates, and all the boys who come down to the convention ought to make themselves possessors of these excellent pictures.

Class '97 took advantage of the extremely fine weather to go for a picnic on Monday, April 29th, the first day of the holidays. They had as guests all the ladies of the University, and Mrs. Dr. Newman was chaperone for the party. Baseball, hill-climbing and various other sports occupied most of the time. After refreshments, speech-making was the order of business and several brilliant little addresses were made. A number of small boys were attracted by the sounds of revelry, and one of them was heard to remark confidentially to his chum: "Say, Joe, I know who dey is. Dey's de Salvation Army." The class is to be congratulated on the good impression they made upon this joyous occasion.

We are very sorry indeed to lose such a genial, able and popular professor as Prof. Trotter. It is not much of a surprise to us, however, that he prefers his old calling of preacher to that of professor. By nature he is a preacher and is more in his element when in the pulpit than anywhere else. The pastorate which he is to fill is one of great importance, influencing as it does so many students as well as staunch Nova Scotia Baptists. The Wolfville church has had only three pastors during the last century, and it is to be expected that when it chooses a man it makes a most careful selection. We, of course, agree with them on their choice but are very sorry that we are the ones to suffer by the loss. Our best wishes go with Prof. Trotter and we hope that he will be spared to the church to which he goes for as long a time as the former pastors have been spared.

Class '96 tendered a farewell reception to the graduating classes on the afternoon of Monday, April 29th. An excellent supper was prepared and all the fellows of the University were cordially invited to be present at the festivities. Above the incessant noise of conversation and the accompanying noise of the table could be heard the strains of the piano, which was kept in operation by A. G. Baker, '96, and W. B. H. Teakles, 98. Their music was greatly appreciated by all and added much to the pleasure of the gathering. After the good things had dis. appeared, chairs were drawn back and a list of excellent toasts was given. Mr. C. E. Scott, president of class '96, announced the following toasts:

1. The Chancellor and the University—Wm. Findlay, '96.
2. The Ladies—J. B. Paterson, '96.

3. The Graduates in Arts, proposed by J. C. Sycamore, '96, responded to by J. W. Russell, '95.

4. The Graduates in Theology, proposed by A. N. Marshall, '96, responded to by C. Segsworth.

After the speeches, all joined hands and the strains of *Auld Lang Syne* rolled through the halls. The graduates will leave us in the best of spirits and will doubtless remember this occasion with pleasure in the days to come.

THE SECOND ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT.

These exercises were well worthy of following the eminently successful inaugural exercises of last year. From beginning to end everything passed off without a break, and we have cause to congratulate ourselves that the success of the meetings was so signal and complete.

The First Public Meeting of the Alumni was the opening session of the series, and although not strictly a part of commencement exercises, it ought to be recorded here. An excellent audience assembled in the Bloor Street Baptist Church to hear the able addresses delivered by members of the Alumni. The first address was delivered by the President of the Alumni, Rev. E. W. Dadson. We have learned to expect great things from him, and we were interested, instructed and encouraged by the powerful words which he spoke in behalf of that feature which is a distinctive feature of McMaster University. His subject was "Christian Education Carried on Without State Aid," and he showed how this was distinctly in accord with Baptist principles, and strongly advocated the continuance of this course in our University. The programme announced that the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of Rochester, would deliver an address. Unfortunately he was unable to be present but forwarded a paper of great merit, which was read with due spirit and power by Prof. Trotter. The last address was delivered by a lay member of the Alumni, Mr. Frank Sanderson, M.A. His paper was on "Present day Dangers to our Churches." Considerable discussion was provoked by this very interesting paper. Appropriate music was interspersed throughout the programme by the University Glee Club and Quartette, which was much appreciated.

The Delivery of Essays by the Graduates took place on Tuesday afternoon in the spacious school-room of the Walmer Road Church. Considering the nature of the exercises, a large number of people assembled. The Chancellor and Faculty, with two or three city pastors, occupied the platform. Dr. Welton, of Immanuel Baptist Church, opened the meeting with prayer. The following graduates then delivered their essays:

The Preparation of the Earth for the Abode of Man, W. S. S. MacAlpine, (Arts).

Plato's Doctrine of the Soul, Frederick Eby, (Arts).

Spenser's Influence on Succeeding Poets, G. Herbert Clarke, (Arts).

Christ and Buddha, Rev. R. Garside, B.A., (Theology).

The Preaching for the Times, Rev. Ralph W. Trotter, (Theology).

The programme was much enlivened by selections of music rendered by the Glee Club and Orchestra.

After the conclusionof the exercises, Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D. of Jarvis Street Church, spoke a few words of congratulation, and expressed his high appreciation of the excellence of the essays which were delivered. The only fault that could be found with the essays was that several were of undue length, considering that five of them were delivered almost without a pause.

The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached on Tuesday evening in the large and beautiful audience-room of the Walmer Road Church. The preacher of the evening was the Rev. E. W. Dadson. With such a preacher it is little to be wondered at that such a large audience assembled. Space will not permit even a synopsis of the sermon, suffice it to give only the text. It was "Ye are His workmanship." Those who are acquainted with the preacher will know what an able sermon was delivered by him from such a text. We were much indebted to the choir of the Beverley Street Church, under the leadership of Mr. McNally, for the delightful music with which they favored us during the evening.

The Collation,—That part of the graduating exercises which so gladdens the heart of the Freshman and causes his vest to palpitate for joy in both the lower and upper sections, occurred on Wednesday afternoon in the same room in which we had heard the delivery of essays on the previous days. The nature of the exercises seemed to be somewhat more interesting than those of Tuesday afternoon, at least one would judge so from the appearance of the countenances of the assembly. The boys had the privilege of inviting their lady friends to this performance, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. The chairman of the afternoon was the Hon. John Dryden, M.P.P. His bright pithy words of introduction were worthy of the honorable gentleman's reputation as a speaker and were well received. The national anthem was sung in response to the first toast, "The Queen." "The Legislature," was responded to by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education. Wit and wisdom flowed in an uninterrupted stream from the mouth of this orator. It reminded us of the speech which he made when summing up the debate over in Victoria University. "The Board of Governors," was responded to by the chairman in a short and interesting speech. "The University," was dealt with by two men well capable of speaking on such a subject: Mr. C. J. Holman and Chancellor Rand. The last toast, "The Graduates," was proposed by the Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., of Bloor Street Church, and was responded to by C. H. Schutt on behalf of the graduates in Arts, and by W. Harryett on behalf of the graduates in Theology. Both these men are to be congratulated on the excellence of their speeches. An intermission of half-an-hour was given before the important evening session commenced. It need hardly be mentioned that the students with their lady friends found no difficulty in occupying the fleeting moments profitably and pleasantly.

The Conferring of Degrees, the most important occasion of all in the eyes of the graduates, took place in the audience room where we saw the large assembly on the evening before. The crowd was still larger on this occasion. Nearly two thousand people came together to witness the imposing exercises. We are very glad indeed to see the increasing interest which our friends in the city take in our University. A number of prominent men occupied the platform along with the Chancellor and the Faculty. Only one honorary degree was conferred. Rev. E. W. Dadson, B.A., of Woodstock, was honored by the addition of D.D. to his name. We all know how well he deserves this mark of appreciation. He was led forth and presented by Dr. Goodspeed, who introduced him in a very appropriate little address. We were somewhat surprised to notice that no purple hood was thrown over his shoulder, but probably this was a matter of his own choosing. Mr. W. S. W. McLay, our English lecturer, was awarded the degree of B.A., ad eundum. We will not here enumerate the graduates. They are to be introduced to you at greater length in our graduation number, which is to be published next month. Thirteen men were graduated in Arts and all secured the ermine and sheepskin. Five men were graduated in Theology, two of whom obtained the degree and insignia of B.Th., one a diploma for a four years' course, and two, diplomas for three years' courses. The graduates are a noble-looking set of fellows, as their published portraits will show in our next number. The two tallest men in the University, one of the Arts and one of the Theological graduates, leave us this year with their diplomas. Both are over six feet four. Chancellor Rand delivered an address to the graduates which showed his antagonism to the modern tendencies in Philosophy, and urged them to do all in their power to prevent the spread of the doctrines which he considered to be so pernicious. We were favored by three excellent addresses from the distinguished visitors on the platform. His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick, after a witty introduction, instructed us concerning the educational advantages of our forefathers and showed how we have advanced of late in that regard. Rev. Dr. Bain, of Victoria University, followed with an address of greeting to McMaster. He regretted that Chancellor Burwash was unable to be present, but made up for his absence by the bright address which he delivered. The last speech was delivered by Dr. McLellan, our associate examiner in Education and principle of the School of Pedagogy. He was very eloquent in his commendation of the excellent work which our graduates had accomplished in the department of Education. He considers that McMaster is doing thorough work and assured us all that the McMaster graduates would be able to take an even stand with the graduates of other Universities. After the national anthem had been sung, and the benediction had been pronounced by Prof. Trotter, the audience dispersed in a happy frame of mind.

Moulton College.

Quite a large party made an excursion with Miss Bishop and Miss McKay in search of spring flowers. They returned laden after spending a very pleasant afternoon in the woods. The spring beauties which they gathered brighten nearly every room.

All who have heard Prof. Trotter talk on one of his favorite subjects, "Hymnology," will understand the delight with which we listened to him on Friday evening, April 26, at a meeting of the Heliconian. Aside from the many interesting features of the lecture, the main thought to be remembered is certainly this: When our language is so wonderfully rich in fine hymns, full of sweetness and majesty, what possible excuse is there for singing poor ones?

On the evening of May 3rd, we were again favored by a lecture from one of the Professors. Prof. Clark spoke upon "Student Life in Germany," and, as the lecture was founded upon personal experiences, and enlivened by many entertaining anecdotes and glimpses of celebrated personages, we found it extremely interesting.

Harmony Hall is deserted and our merry McMaster sisters have departed to cheer other homes and gladden other hearts. Before they left they entertained us very delightfully in their hospitable hall. The joyful company of guests and hostesses made the corridors ring with merriment, and we all agreed in declaring the "Posts'" reception the event of the year.

The various closing exercises were well attended and enjoyed by the Moultonites. High as the examination fever is, our students tore themselves from the joys of mathematics and Latin prose to see the conferring of degrees and listen with a face of wisdom, if a brain confused, to the essays. Moulton congratulates McMaster on the completion of another successful year.

The first annual reunion of the Alumnæ Society of Moulton College will be held in the college chapel on Tuesday, June 11th. The proceedings will consist of a business meeting at 10 o'clock, a.m., and at 4 o'clock p.m. a social reunion, at which an attractive programme of musical and literary selections will be rendered. The committee earnestly urge all members of the Society to be present, and also cordially invite all graduates of Moulton and Woodstock Colleges who have not already joined, as their great desire is to make this Association an acknowledged branch of the institution, adding strength to it in all its departments by keeping up the interest of its former students. Free accommodation will be provided in the college for Alumnæ not residing in the city, if notice of their intention to be present be received by Miss Fitch not later than the first of June.

Woodstock College.

Several of our boys have gone, some to their fields of labor, others to enrich homes with their maps or stereoscopic views.

May 4th witnessed a lively game of baseball between our team and employees from Hay's and Karn's factories. Score: eighteen to twelve in favor of the College.

We are glad to notice that one of our graduates of last year, Mr. John A. Bain, has passed his first year examination at the School of Practical Science, with an excellent standing.

The Tennis Club has held its annual meeting, and elected the following officers for the coming year:—President, H. S. Robertson, B.A.; Vice-President, A. Canfield; Sec.-Treas., E. Wenger; Custodian, C. Henderson.

Every boy in the College rejoices heartily in the honor done to our beloved pastor, and hopes that "Dr." Dadson will long live to enjoy the love and esteem of his church and denomination.

We enjoyed a rare treat on April 26th, in the shape of a lecture on the "British Museum," delivered by Mr. R. W. Sawtell, who has lately returned from a trip to England. We are indebted to Mr. Sawtell for much useful information given in a very interesting form.

Excitement ran high on the football field on May 9th, when the Senior Collegiate team did their best to put our boys in the shade. With the exception of some wild shooting a good game was played on both sides. Each side made one goal, but the College evidently had the best of the game.

At our last Judson Missionary Society meeting, Superintendent McEwen interested us with an earnest and practical talk on Home Mission work. We were touched as we listened to the needs and opportunities offered in many parts of our country, and more than one boy longed to get away to these outlying districts.

Roars of applause greeted the return of two of our esteemed teachers from Toronto, where they had successfully passed their examinations. The announcement that Mr. Smith had taken first-class standing in all his subjects, and Mr. George in all but one, was the signal for another outburst of congratulatory clapping and loud demands for speeches. Not without reason are Woodstock boys proud of their teachers.

A sad-hearted company of students gathered at the station on Tuesday evening, April 2nd, to see their fellow-student, Mr. W. E.

Robertson, off for his home in Toronto. When returning on Monday from Braemar, where he had been preaching on the Sabbath, Mr. Robertson was thrown from the buggy and received a severe fracture of the shoulder. He suffered a great deal, and we fear it will be some considerable time before he will be quite well again. We have missed him in our school, but have remembered him continually in our prayers, and are glad to hear that he is doing as well as can be expected.

We are extremely sorry to have to report an accident to another of our most brilliant and respected students. While engaged in a game of football, on the 3rd inst., Mr. Bovington's right leg was broken between the ankle and the knee. The injured limb was set by Dr. McLay. Mr. Bovington is bearing it in a brave fashion, and has the warmest sympathy of all his school-fellows.

On April 5th the Literary Societies unitedly held an open meeting, and were rewarded with a full house. The prominent feature of the programme was a debate :—"Resolved : that the theatre should be abolished." Mr. G. R. Welch and Miss Huggart eloquently argued in favor of the affirmative, while ample justice was done to the negative by Mr. F. J. Scott and Miss McLaurin. The judge, Mr. Geo. Smith, Barrister, gave his decision in favor of the speakers on the negative. Choruses, quartettes, selections by the orchestra, and "The Oracle," all contributed to the pleasure and profit of the evening. The proceeds, $14.50, were devoted to Foreign Missions.

The scholarly attainments of our Matriculation Class are excelled only by their good nature. The latter quality found expression on April 24th in an oyster supper, to which they invited their teachers and fellow-students. With keen appetites, loaded tables, and genial hosts, the repast was thoroughly enjoyed. Toasts, heartily received, followed. "The Queen," moved by Mr. Brown, seconded by Mr. A. J. Scott ; "Our Country," Messrs. G. R. Welch and W. B. Tighe ; "The Faculty and their wives," Messrs. Bovington and Newcomb, responded to by Prof. McKechnie ; "The other years," Messrs. Scarlett and Wood, replied to by Mr. F. C. Elliott ; "Our Matron and Steward," Messrs. Ross and Jones, responded to by Mr. Gray. The speeches were short, pithy and humorous, and the kindness of our hosts was highly appreciated.

Our Manual Training Department is humming with activity. The second floor, which is devoted to wood-work, just now presents a nautical appearance ; oars, paddles, fishing-rods, etc., lie around in profusion. Prominent above all the rest is a boat nearing completion, which is the work of the middle year. This boat, measuring eighteen feet in length and four feet in width, is of the lapstreak style, and has the patent folding centre board, and brass row-locks, all made by the boys themselves. The builders have labored with enthusiasm, and, we are assured by Prof. Clark, have put in it good, creditable workmanship. "The Woodstock," for so it is appropriately named, will be on

exhibition at the closing exercises, and we hear it kindly intimated that the pleasure of a trip in it will be gladly accorded friends of the school who may visit Lake Joseph this summer. A glance at the different departments justifies the pride of Prof. Clark in his well-taught "boys," as he affirms that never was better work done, or more enthusiasm shown in the manual training than this year.

Grande Ligne.

After the long, cold winter we are again permitted to revive our sports. Football, baseball and lacrosse share the attention of the boys, but the ground is still too soft for them. The warm weather will soon harden up the ground and then both youths and maidens can revel on the tennis court.

With the close of the winter term a number of our students have departed. We are in hopes that they will all return next fall. About thirty boys and eighteen girls remain for the summer term. We wish them success in their work.

A very successful closing entertainment was held at the end of the winter term on April 11th. The attendance was good, considering the weather, and the programme was interesting. Some, of course, were pleased and others disappointed at the results of the examinations.

There are this year a number of our students who will finish their course preparatory to entering other schools and universities. Some of the Feller Institute boys are already scattered in the different universities of our country and are making their mark. We have, therefore, little fear for the future of those who are going from here this year.

Sunday, April 7th, was another joyful day for the Church and Mission at Grande Ligne. Five more of our students who had lately found Christ then made their profession publicly in baptism. This makes fourteen of the students who have been baptized here this year. After the baptism the Lord's Supper was celebrated, when probably the largest membership in the history of the church remained for this ordinance. It did us good to see so many partake together of the emblems of our Lord's death. May still greater times of refreshing be our lot.

It is with sadness that we have to record the death of our friend and fellow-student, Eugene Bruneau. He had been working heartily and steadily as a student with us all the year up to the day before the April examinations began. He was then, however, taken violently ill with inflammation of the bowels. After a few days, however, with careful attention, he seemed to be on a fair way to recovery, and think-

ing he had gained sufficient strength, he expressed a desire to be taken home to Montreal. In the care of his brother, therefore, he was removed. But the journey was too severe for him. A relapse occurred and, after all medical aid had failed, he died on April 9th. We are happy to know that trusting in Jesus he died in peace. He left numerous messages to his friends and school companions, and expressed a desire that he might tell at Grande Ligne of his new found Saviour. His many friends have our deepest sympathy.

The following note in regard to the Mendelssohn Choir Concert came to hand too late for insertion in its proper place: Too much cannot be said in praise of the 2nd concert of the Mendelssohn Choir on May 2nd. Mr. Vogt, its conductor, has achieved results with his society in the way of part singing which far surpass anything ever before done in Toronto, and which place him in the front rank as conductor. The numbers given by the choir were pleasantly varied and given with a perfection of detail never before attained by a local Society. The assisting artistes, Miss Clary, contralto, of New York, Mr. Beresford, baritone, of Boston, and Herr Bluer, violinist, of Detroit, were all that could be desired; Mr. Beresford especially, creating a most favorable impression. Mr. Hewlett, the accompanist, gave great satisfaction.

"WHEN I REMEMBER."

Sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world,
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.
They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
When there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But, oh, this thread of gold!
We would not have it tarnish. Let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web;
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is possession.
When I remember something that I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I sometimes wonder, how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout;
It makes me sad to think on it, but yet,
My days would not be better days should I forget.
When I remember something promised me,
But which I never had, nor can have now,
Because the promiser I no more see
In countries that accord with mortal vow;
When I remember this I mourn,—but yet
My happiest days are not the days when I forget.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

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